

THE  
FAMOUS  
HISTORIE OF  
the Renowned and Valiant  
Prince ROBERT surnamed the  
BRUCE King of SCOTLAND &  
& of Sundrie Other valiant  
knights both Scots  
and English.

Enlarged with an addition of the Scot-  
tish Kinges lineallie discended from him to  
Charles now Prince, together with a note of  
the beginnings of the most parte of the antiēt  
and famous Nobilitie of Scotland.

A Historye both pleasant and  
profitable set forth and done in heroik  
verse by PATRICK GORDON  
Gentleman.

At Dort

Printed by George Waters.

1615.

At Adenburgh the twentie thrie  
day of december 1613.

This book seene and allowed and therefore  
ma y be published and put to the presse,

*Sanctandrous.*



**T**Heis is findrie Errours askep'd both in the Orthographe and want of single letters.  
But inspetiall their is two salts to my knowledge in the vears the first in the 2. cap.  
the 5. Line of the last vears to witt.

*Reed shours of blood in findrie pearts had beene*

The 2. is in the thrid cap the 3. vers and the 2. line to witt.

*VVheir was the wounted Loyaltie now gone*

This with findrie vther salts as *but*, whear it is reaine for without, (and vther *Scots* words  
which I haue rather chus'd to pas, then loise a sound runing line) I dout not but the reader  
will excuse in respect that this book was Printed in ane vther contrey wher the setters  
did not vnderstand the Langage.

To



To the most Honorable and most Accomplished Erles, William Erle of Angus,  
and William Erle of Morton.



Ight honorable & noble Lords  
presuming on the accustomed  
myldnes and affabilitie for the  
which your L. L. haue not beene  
a litle famous, It hath imbold-  
ned me to lay the barren feild  
of my Vntructfull braine be-  
fore the powerfull Sune, of  
your Perfections, whoes beams  
may Illuminat the dark shed-

dowes, Dispers the gros Vapores, and rype the enrypened  
Ears, that so you may receaue the increas of this my second  
Harvest, nether deserveth such a rare & excellent Fruct,  
anie les then such a fair and comfortable Summer, being  
the glorious actiones of that Illustrus and generus Bruce,  
which haueing bred in so sweet and ferteill a Soyll, hath  
made me ambitiouslie greeddie therewith to inrich my bar-  
ren fielde, hoping that my insufficiencie (if once supported  
by the unremouable pillers of your Vertues) shall be able to  
resister the stormie Tempests of wind-blasting Sicophants,  
and beat bak the swarms of Poisone, sucking Wasps, so  
that the Seed preserued by your means onlie, shall yeeld all  
aeges the tymlic Harvest of your L. L. Eternall glorie, I  
being bound by such admirable worth & undeserued cour-  
tesie for euer to Rest.

Your L. L. most affectioned and  
humble seruant

Patrick Gordon.

The preface or rather an aduertisement  
to the Reader before he read this Poem of some  
spetiaill points to be obserued in the  
whole worke with the vse  
of some partes see-  
ming Fabolus  
therein.



Hearing to be taxt of ambitious arragance for daring to  
midle with so rare a work I am onlie armd with the na-  
tural dewtie which I owe to my countrey the vant of good  
wil in the more excell<sup>t</sup> *Speirts* but about al the neuer en-  
ough praised vertues of that most admirable Prince *Robert  
Bruce* ambitiously desiring to immitat him, whose vn-  
quenchable loue & burning zeale towards his Contrey was such, as he being  
a Prince Roialy disceded delicately brought vp, beloued and honoured of  
all men, of large and great reueneues both in England and Scotland: so that  
it was thoght he had more contentment of mynd and more blisings-heaped  
on him by heavens then any liueing in his dayes: Yet such was his loue to the  
libertie of his countrey, as forsaking his reueneues, leauing his wyf & chel-  
dren, abandoning al his royel delicacies, plesurs, and delights, he betook him  
self to armes wherein when fortune had crofd him so far as it is sead he  
lost therein Battels before he wan one, so that heauens seemd to threat-  
en wengence for the wilfull refusall of thees former blisings and  
first was he crofd with mis-fortun in warr, the lose of his brotheren, his wife  
and daughter being taken presoners, at which tyme his brotheren was cruell  
lie execute his freinds become al his enameis and being persueit both of Scots  
and English was forsd in great miserie and powertie the space of thrie years  
to keip the montains wher herbs was his denticst meaits and watter his  
strongest wyne not withstanding that he might still haue bene restored to  
al his former digniteis and much more, if he could haue suffered to behold  
his countreyes miserie, as they saw his, but such was his meachles loue to  
them althogh they hated him that still he lamented their caus more then  
his owin, & in his manie soroufull discourfes wold alwayes reprat these werf-  
ses following.

Ni me Scotorum Libertas prisca moueret  
Non mala tot paterer orbis ob Imperium.  
*Robertus Brusius.*

THEIS verses written and subscribed with his owin hand in his Manual  
book which he alwayes carced about with him was extant within the  
few years, but so sett downe all his workes and fortitude of mynd ware to  
sedious, seing you shal find manie of them in the historie following and  
altho the old printid book besyds the owtworne barborous speiches was so  
euill composd that I culd bring it to no good method till my loueing freind  
*Donald farchersone* (a worthie gentil man whoes name I am not asham'd  
to expres for that he was arettles suer to me to raik this work in hand)  
brought me a book of virgine parchement which he had found amongst  
the rest of his books it was old & tosome almost inlegeable in manie pla-  
ces

es wanting leaves yett had it the beginning and had bene done by a monk in the abey of melros called *Peter fenton* in the year of god (one thousand thrie hundredth sixtie nyne, which was a year before the death of King *David Bruce*), it was in old ryme like to Chaucer but wanting in manie parts and in special from the field of *Bunnochburne* fourth It wanted all the rest almost, so that it could not be gotten to the pres, yett such as I could reid thereof had manie remarkable railis worthie to be noted, and al so probable agreing with the trewth of the historie as I have folowed it allweil as the other theris onlie two partes seeming fabolous the first is the *Baliols* Visioun which as it is of small consequence & doth no euil, so doth it chek and forbid a base mind to aspire, showing that a mightie & generous spirit onlie ought to be ambitious: the secound is the historie of the *Kings* which after I had fullie accomplisd with the rest of the booke, fearing it should be too tedious for the reader I have taken it out & in the place thereof insert thoes princes descended of the *Bruce* neither would I be offence for the adding of theis fragments for I know that sume curious heads wil allege I wrong the vnione but farr be it from me to think, muche les to doo anie thing that may offend his *Royall maiestie* or seeme to hinder so blessed a pace of the which it seemeth that the heauins has called him to be the happie instrument, my intension is onlie to eternize his predecessors & his own glorie being bound both by naturall love and dewtie to imploy my whole Indeuors therein: neither doo I therein wrong the *Englishe* but rather to my power extolle their valour and with more mildnes modifie that which our wyters most sharplie haue writin Therby to extinguish (if it be possibill) the euil opinion that hath been so long ingrestid in the hearts of manie by reading of thoes old historieis hoping yett this my work may haply mak thois that tretish of the sam mater to be forgotin by tyme being onlie desirous to steir vp euerie manes mind to the following of glorious actions: with that most praise worthie and admirable wonder of mankind that heauen ordeaned *Sidnie* who sayeth that the hearing of the *Martins* feats of arms betuixt the *Perfie* and the *Douglas* stierd vp his spirit to the search of glorious actionis: and as for the *Kings* descendit of the *Bruce*, comparing them with the constellations I have folowed *Bartas* who cheangeit not onlie theis portraits names, from names of *Gentils* giuen them by old *Philosophers* to names of holie men in the *Scripture*, but also concludeth with a libertie to anie christian to name them after sume good christian princes and yett that I should not seeme without reasone to aluede to theis princes more then to anie other I haue fundrie good arguments moving me theirt o. First then I say if thoes portraits must needs be designed by their names, without the which *Astronomers* can not proceid in the cours of *Astronomie*, it is les fault that they be named after such christian princes as haue leiued in the light of the *Gospell*, acknowligeing the creator of all things *Trinitie* in *Vnistie*, then after theis *Gentils* to whome god did not reuel him self and from whom the misterie of Saluatioun was hid: secoundlie the height of their royall station, the blessednes of their calling, the excellencie of their actions yea and euin their verie forme seemeth too haue a correspondence with them Simpatheising them so neirly, as they seemd to be the verie same Whom the eternal *Maiestie* hath meand by these portraits Thirddie theis is but the portraits of cleuin men and one woman and the twelf man some *Astrologians* asermit to be in the schipe *Argus* this agreable with the number of the *Kings* descendit from the *Bruce*, for counting him the first and prince *Charles* the

The ballie  
his vision  
not vnne-  
cessare for  
the Histo-  
rie,

The Histo-  
rie of the  
Kings pre-  
ceeding the  
*Bruce*  
cheanged  
for thoes  
succeeding  
after him.  
Thist Histo-  
rie not offe-  
siue to and

Sir Phillip  
Sidnie h  
laying.

Why the  
Kings dis-  
cended of  
the *Bruce*  
are Com-  
pard to the  
constellati-  
ons.

Resones  
why they  
are com-  
pared.



## *The Preface.*

Iust their is Iust twelf and one woman *Queene Marie* : As for anie other poetik floures I haue presume on *Aristotill* his opinioun, who saith that how tiew soeuer the historie be, it ought not to be formed in Poetic, without invention, wharin that excellent and wise *Philosopher* hath said must tiew for with invention the *Poet* must bewise his work of invention he frameth the curious winding knots of his Garding, of invention he composeth his colours, of invention buddeth his diuersitie of odoriferous flours, as the onlie ornaments of his whole framm, of invention he forgeth links to make as it wer a chaine of his work, theirby making euerie parte to depend and hang vpon vther, and so winding the reader in his laborinth delighteth the mynd without paine, which vtherwaies should be a vallaie full of diches wheer the traveller shold be forced to leap from on banck to an vther hea-veing no bridges to go ouer at his pleasur & those are the things wherof thou courteous reader should be aduertest, wishing the alwayes to reed my work to an end before thou take offence & the if neither the willingnes to pleas nor onwillingnes to displeas can satisfie let my first fault be forgiven for Ignorance sake and I never shall intend a second, So shall I euer rest,

*Thy silent Friend*

P. G.



## To the Author.

**T**hy sugred wearfes, and thy sacred fonge  
Shall make thy neame (O Gordon) glorious  
Thou make forgotte Bruce obsurd so longe  
Renewd to ryse againe victorious  
Thou crownis him with a lanrell in thy storie  
Thou greaces him, and he augments thy Glorie.

Thy greane heroik Muse disdainis to treat  
Of bass and seruill loue, or fond affectione  
But of a Kingdome, and a Contries staet  
Of naturs cheifest worth, and hir perfectione  
Of Fortuns Champions, Whom the world renounis  
For conquering Kingdoms, cities, touris, and townis.

Those are the first fructs of thy rair ingine  
The braue beginning of a virtuous mind  
Presaging plaintie what thou'l prooue in fine  
Whose lamp skasse first doth many lights outshine  
Long may thou lieue whose lins braue Bruce adorne  
And let Bruce Ghost be glaid that thou was borne.

A. Gordone.

## In prais of the prais worthie Author.

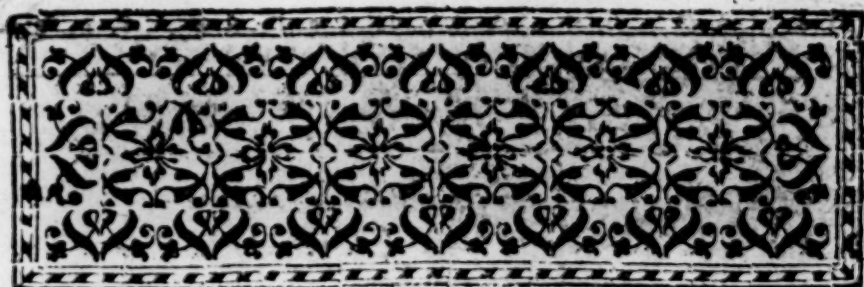
**V**irgill wreat Eneades long to prais  
Anchilis sone Whome he did not behold  
Ostauian lykd his heigh and loftie phrais  
And gaue the Mantuan monie myone gold  
The prais of Bruce (no questione) thou proclames  
To pleas and prais the faithes defender lames.

If Maroes figments leue in fresh request  
Which be of Stiks Cocitus Serber pend  
Of Charon hell Elisium and the rest  
Thy storie trew shall with the world tak end  
And to thy prais I darbe bold to say  
No lins prophaine can leue a longer day.

Crage.

Aiiij

To



To his deare freend the restorer of the  
famous Bruce his storie.

**N**to this age while thou of new restoirs  
The ruin'd storie of this famous King  
Thy noble spreet : in emulation gloirs  
Eu'ne in his praise thy proper worth to sing  
For lyke as he did re-erect his crown  
By Longeshankd Edwards subtiltie brought down  
Right so (thy song) from darke obliuions graue  
Hath now restoir'd the glorie of his name  
Ingraving it vpon this column braue  
Which thou has sacred to eternall fame  
And placed heir till time begone to shine  
As monument of his heigh worth, and thine.

Io. Wrey.

To the Author.

**I**F Allexander wish'd, (yit sighd') to see,  
That famous tombe, wher fierce Achilles lay  
Thow worthie chiftain, cuer blesd quod he,  
Had Homers penn, thy praises to display,  
And if Eneas danger, night and day  
And long some labours, bothe by sea and land,  
Are recompensd, and more: and he for ay,  
Famos'd, be Maroes martial pen doe stand.  
Mak Allexander judge, fame shall avow  
Bruce hath his guerdone of a Gordon now.

M. T. h. Michell.





*The first Booke of*  
**THE FAMOUS**  
**HISTORIE OF THE**  
**Excellent & most valiaunt Prin-**  
**ce ROBERT Surnamed the BRUCE**  
**King of SCOTLAND corrected**  
**and enlarged by Patrik Gor-**  
**dun Gentleman.**

*The Argument.*

*THE Douglas bears his Countries shame her fall  
And back returns from France with wofull Hearts  
Fewing her woes her ruine wrack and all  
He much laments her loss in euer parte,  
When to a Kinght from dumps doeth him recall  
With whom he fights with valour strength and arte  
When each of life dispaire and death attends  
They ether knoe, the fight in friendship ends,*

**Caput. I.**



**O**F Marſhall deeds of dreadful warres I ſing  
Of Potentates, ſirce Knightes, & Champions bold  
Who to maintaine, o're threw a valiant King  
Moſt brave atchievements well perform'd of old  
What flaming ſwords, blood, terror, death can bring  
Love, tyme, and fortunes wheele that ſtill is rold.  
My virgine Muſe doeth labour to bring forth  
Crownd with the golden ſtars which grace the North

Thoſe

*The Famous Historie*

Those Heroese old whose glory seems obscure,  
Of which in Farnes steel tables nought remains,  
I offer on your sacred shrines most pure,  
whose strength my labours weighty swey sustains,  
Those antients worth in you doth liue secure,  
which once may be the subiect of my paines,  
wherewith my laies adorn'd shal flie a long  
And make the earth enamored of my song.

Why heau'ns powrd out such a deludge of woes  
which to the world my weeping muse doth sing,  
And how those sad tumultuous broiles arose,  
O who can tell since heauens eternal King  
After his wil earths Empires doth dispoese,  
And fatal periods to all Rengs doth bring,  
Who shakes the earth assunder in his wrath,  
And melts the heau'ns with his consuming breath

But o what wast involu'd those daies in warres?  
Was't not that age by force gouerning al?  
Which now is reuld by arte, or was't the starres?  
From whose coniunctions these mishaps might fall,  
Or was't helbred enuie that al things marres?  
Forcing themselves destruction forth to call  
No no it seemes eternal heau'ns decree,  
That fines owne weight, by sine ouer'throwne, shold be

But soft my home-bred muse sore not too high  
• Least thou or'epas what erst thou did'st intend,  
Send passion hence, be modelt flie enuie,  
With pow're deuine bring this great worke to end  
Thou eu'erie verse, each line, each woord, must trie  
In my fraile brest thy sacred furie send,  
That who so reades these lines for those respects,  
Maie praise thy deeds, and pafdon my defects

To wit In that faier Land where floweth al delight  
Fraunce That heauen on earth whose paradisian plains  
Had drawne the *Douglas* farre from Fathers sight  
Where he both arts and elloquence obtaines  
He stai'd till dreidful warr with thundring might,  
Soundes forth his countreis ruin, woes & paines  
Then fortune, fate, reuenge & glories spoile  
Inuities him home vnto his natue soyl,

And

And once ariuing herce he might behold,  
The murnfull monuments of death & teare,  
It seem'd that heauen & fortune had controld  
The Fates, & *you* by hoaried *Six* did sweare,  
Those daies in vengeance bookes shold be enrold  
Those worthles times, al worthy time shold teare  
From memorie, as monuments of shame,  
The blotts of age and onely stains of Fame.

'As one within a Garden faire in maie  
Seis flora deck'd in bewtis brauest pride  
Sweet smelling Roses fragrant, fresh & gaie,  
Pincks, Violets, and thousand flowers beside  
That parradise there onely seemes to staie.  
Yer *Pisces* coolling once faire *Phabus* sid;  
That fruitfull place by frost & hailes disgrac'd,  
So seemd this pleasant land now quite defac'd.

For loe a straunger nation doth he sie  
Inhabit all the countrey round about,  
And al his natiue countrie men d'd fle,  
Yealding to feare fate, fortune, chance & dout  
Waste ruinde walls, tours, touns & hamlets be  
The meids and pleasant valleis in and out,  
Vntild' like d'serts voyd and quite forsaken.  
Abandon'd of their owne of strangers taken

And where he goes the ground did seeme to moorne  
Planing for lose of her deir naturall Brood  
The floodes their sweetest murmuring streames did turne  
From fair cleir cristall dropes to crimstone blood  
From Ferretts hore the whisling winds Retoorne  
Dwlce sounds of sorrows Melancholique Mood  
Thus in his Eares, Earth, water, winds, and Treis,  
Sad Musick make of sadder, Tragedeis.

To see so fair a kingdome desolate  
And snche a mightie Nation thus forlorne  
His Friends all lost him self disconsolate  
Tears, sighs, and grons made speiche Long time forborne,  
At last, those Doolfull words thus Intricat  
With sorrows deip his woful heart has torne  
Ah was I borne and must I leive to sie  
The Sone to shine on this Thy Infamie?



*The famous Historie*

Ah now Poore Cuntrey wofull is thy fall  
But ah moire wofull is thy wretched State  
Thy Blis to Bail the heavens to soone did call  
But farre too swift now comes thy helples fate  
For ere vndone and no remedē at all.  
Ah no remedē, said I? yea though too late,  
Can heuēns thy Croun of glorie from thy brow  
So soone teare of so famous stil til now?

Where was treue vallor found if not in thee?  
In thee was virtue neu'r by time outworne  
The source of Loue the Nurssē of Vnitie  
Where Faith and Treuth were bred brought forth & borne  
Witts habitation Fortuns Constancie,  
But now al theise euen theise are quite forlorne.  
And in a dolful den thy Genius lies  
Howling for Blood & vengeance to the Skyes.

Hence cursed time more wold the knight haue said  
But he beheld a warriour at hand,  
His furniture and Armour sanguin red,  
A bunch of fetters, on his Crest did stand.  
Him wold this scarce, sad, angrie Earle inuade.  
And in the other like desire he fand,  
Each other with tempestuous furie greet,  
So in the aer the bolting thunder meet,

Loth was each spear to wond his enemye,  
Their wrathful masters message while they go  
Al shiuered, moorning through the aer they fly,  
Complaining of vnkindly discord so,  
While that the Champions chafte with anger be  
For each disdaines, a match in armes to know;  
Each takes the other for an English Knight,  
And seeks reuenge, with force, hate, rage, dispight

Eu'n as two aged strong and sturdy Oakes  
Against a thundring tempest firmly stand,  
Or as two raggid Clifs of mighty Rocks  
Beare of the waisting surges from the land.  
So each abides the others pondrous stroaks,  
These onely two, trew vallor did commaund.  
Yea who so eu'r had sien that warlike fight,  
Feare wold haue bred, both terror and delight.

By

By thrusts and foins their bloes seconded be,  
 Each waits occation, each aduantage spying.  
 Each on the other hath a watchful Eie,  
 Each shuns the fents, for open wards stil prying,  
 Where plaies were iyonnd, and buckles ty'd they sic,  
 Yeat eithers foresight, others slight denyng.  
 Stil fretting in themselves, with rage and ire,  
 That neither could, their conquest wisht aspire.

Somtime their Swords, forth from their helm & shield  
 Send fire sparkles, spangling all the Aier.  
 Euen so the *Meteors* fighting lightning yeald,  
 Beneath the Northern *Pole*, that doe prepare,  
 To cleare the starrie firmamental *field*.  
 With cold extream, pure, subtil, sherp, and raire.  
 That els wold geall, the cloustred clouds aloft,  
 And make a bad confusion straunge and oft.

As fast as haile, in sharpe and *Isie* balles,  
 Vpon the tiled housses doth alight,  
 So thik, so fast each speedie blow down falles,  
 batring their helms, and shields with furious might,  
 They fighting, wishe each others funerals :  
 Four houres it was, since they began the fight  
 Some litle wonds, had each of others woon,  
 Yeat both as fresh as when they first begun.

Now was the Sun, declining, to the West,  
 When both did seem of Conquest to dispaire.  
 And yet, the Knight vnknowne, wes lustiest,  
 His Curage, and his strength, did still repair  
 For as, a loytring Slaue, in Lasie rest,  
 Has spent the day, that for his Task should care  
 And tho, to lait, at last to work doth stand  
 Repenting, that he took, so much, in hand.

Ev'ne so, the straunger Knight, did ferlie flie,  
 Against his Foe, with Vn-resisted Might,  
 And thogh indeed, he, some what Stronger be  
 His Breath, induring, Longer, yet in fight,  
 The Douglas, did that want with art supplie  
 For, holding forth, his Suord, and Sheild, outright,  
 He geuards him self, and bears, the others, Blo's,  
 Now, Out now in, now heir, now thair, he goes,

*The Famous Historye*

Both breathles now, both forc'd a while to staie,  
Botth leane upon their swords a while to rest:  
The vnknow'ne knight, thus to him selfe did saie,  
Ah, foolish man with madnes thus posselt,  
Thy labor's great, great pains, great workes, to daie.  
With sorrows new, new woes, new cares increast,  
Heated by heavin, by faits, Long Court, ere borne,  
Proud Fortune holds, Thy heighe attempts in skorne

Thy foile, thy shame, and thy disgrace receau'd,  
Not onely thou, but all the world doth know  
Fond man, of non but of thy selfe deceu'd,  
What vallor canst thou boast, what strength can show  
O thou, eu'ne thou, who once a kingdom crau'd  
Ah folly great, in great presumption, lo,  
Ah shame, that're thou shold'it be sien or knowne,  
Vanquish'd by one, ou'rcome, and overthrowne.

But so the Fates, and so, the heavin prouids  
That thou, thy strength, and weaknes, might perceave  
To Errors gros, Thy foolish Mind, Thee guides  
Which to abait, what doth Remaine, to Crave  
Lost is thy Crowne, lost be thy frends, besids  
Chais'd from thy kingdome, hunted, like a Slave.  
And savadge-like, thou liu'lt on herbs, and Root's  
In Deserts wild, those of thy panis, ar fruits,

Then, fertill Scotland, fair, Adew, for Ay  
Good was my will, and great, was my Desire  
On thy black *Hemisphere* to bring the day  
And to Restore, Thy Friedome, Crowne. Impire  
But to my fond Attempts, the heavins said nay  
Whil Thou'rt counsumd, by *Jov's* wraith, hot as feire  
Now, wo is Mee, (for my owne wois, I say not)  
Bot O Thee fain, I wold remeid, and may not,

The Douglas, also, was perplexed so  
For still him self, Condem's him self, of folie  
Art thou returnd from France, (quod he) to sho  
Thou vow'd, thy Syis revenge, A vow most holie  
This mighrie Task, when thou should vndergo  
Thy first Attemp, Thy shame returneth follie  
Why then, fond man if thou be ou'rthrowne  
Yeld not, but Die: and keip, thy vow on-knowne.

And



And if the heavins decree, Thy Ouerthrow  
And that thy vow must still be vnperfected,  
Yeat who the Victor is, faine would I know,  
If but a priuate man, then I dispit it,  
But if his praise, Fame, eu'rie where doth blow  
Then on my graue, these lines shalbe indit,  
Though chaunce, and fortune made him loose the fild,  
He merits praise, whose courage scorns to yealde.

Where are my Predecessors deeds of old,  
Which like a wall impregnable did stand,  
And did like Pillers, firme, & strong vphold,  
The weale, the peace, & fastie of the land?  
Though non of those I boast, yet am I bold  
The worthie name of *Scot*, for to demaund,  
Whereof so manie Worthies still procceds,  
As makes their Contrey famous by their deeds.

Yea and this present Age, augments our Fame,  
With warrlik knights, that al the world admires,  
As machles *Wallace*, and the ualiant *Grahame*,  
The worthie *Bruce*, most glorious that appears,  
If one of those it were, lesse were my shame,  
My credit more, and more my fortune cleers.  
Therefore to cleere this doubt he thought it best  
His speech shold thus be, to the knight addrest.

Stout, hardie, valliant man at armes. quod he,  
Before our combat end, I pray thee show,  
Whom I ou'rcome, or who ou'rcommeth me,  
Since non of vs, the quarrel yet doth know,  
No quod the other, Sir, that may not bee,  
For that you made the challenge first, and so,  
As challenger, your cause must first be know'n,  
The *Douglas* answer'd that shall soone be showne

Vnles I see, you are an English knight,  
I ame a Scot, and in defence will stand  
Of Scots free libertie, and auntient Right,  
So long as I can bear a sword in hand,  
It may be so, quod he, but in my sight  
You are too weake alone for to withstand,  
So great a taske, craues more then one I feare,  
Against great *Edward*, if you mind to warre.

*The famous Historye*

Quod, Douglas, tho I be alone you ſie  
I were enough, for to Revenge, Oure harms,  
If I had Edward heir, as I have Thee,  
Al tho the Matchles Bruce, with Conquering Arms,  
Has thouſands Mo, whoes valors, worth, ſhall flie,  
For dreed Revenge, with Trumpets, Loude, alar'ms  
Throgh all the Regions, of the English ſoill,  
And havok mak, with Rewin, blood, and ſpoill.

Yet know an other Querrell, for Oure fight,  
And my iuſt Caus, which luſt revenge requiers:  
My Syre, that ſomtime, Erel, of Douglas highr,  
In Edwards priſſon, ſpent, his Aged, yeers  
And their he deid, by wrong, without all Right,  
Whoes quietles blood, Blood-guilty Edward, beers  
For whoes ſad Death, eu'ne Th'ou, thy life, muſt loie  
And with theſe words, he thunders on the Bſo's,

Hold, hold, quod he, ſtay thy revenge, for ſhame,  
I am thy frend, no foe, nor English I,  
I am that Lukles Bruce, whoſe haples Name,  
Thou duſt ſo much Exalt, and magnifie  
Whoſe froward Fortun, fate, and far-knowne fame,  
Is turn'd diſgrace, to all eternitie,  
At theſe ſad words, the Douglas ſtood, and gazcd  
Bluſhing, aſtoniſht, ſpeichles, and amazed:

At laſt he falls, before the warlik Prince,  
And ſays, my gracious Soveragne thou may  
Pardon, my haſtie fault, my Rude offence,  
Or, my, Death-worthie Crime, with death Repay,  
That Duſt offend Thy worth, thy excellence  
Ah curled Tyme, Ah blacke, and diſmall, Day,  
No no ſweet freind, quod he, Thy peace enioy,  
Long may Thou liue, in ſpight of fate's annoy,

And thus, when he had Raiſd him from the Ground,  
He in his Arms, him Lovinglie, imbrac'd  
Whoes Love and Favour: alway, did abound,  
And alway did Indure, whill life did leſt,  
Now both their horſe, agane, at laſt they found  
And both, theme ſelfe, at laſt, from thence addreſt,  
Both, vows, their Cuntries wo's for to Revenge,  
Both, to Indur, cahe others, fortunes, ſtrange.

Togidder

Together then they rid: a plaine throughout,  
Til in a forrest faier, themfelues they fand,  
While night with sable curtens, Round about,  
Breaths darknes out, or shadding all the land,  
Vppon her lowring brows, fate feare and dobt:  
And round about, in horror trembling stand,  
The duskie clouds, that threts a second flood,  
Such Seas there swelling clusters doth includ.

**Cap. 2.**

*The Argument.*

**T**He Douglas courtlesly Requirs the King  
For to unfold the caus of al his Greif  
Wherby he tak Occasson for to bring  
To outward vew the ground of this mischeif  
He shewes the worthles Balwels haples Resgne  
That beapt new woes on woes without releif  
Braue barwick, Lost Scots fall at ods and yeld,  
Losing Their fredome, in a bloodie feild.



hose machles champions throw the forest gon  
At last allight, & then themfelues adreit,  
Til cheirful daies bright goldē lamp should  
within a arbour faier, to take their rest, (shone,  
But as ambitious minds, ar neuer alone,  
Til they haue honour, glorie, Fame posselt,  
So they no rest at all, cold here attain,  
Such high confusion in their brests remaine,

At last, the Douglas thus began, braue Prince,  
And my most gracious Souerainge quod he,  
Long may thou liue in Natures excelence,  
Iou's loue, Fates fauour, fortunes constancie,  
Thy worth exalted, by heauens influence,  
And thy braue selfe, long haue I wshd to sie,  
God graunt thy shining sonne with golden Raies,  
Our darkest nights may chaunge to brightest daies.

Let not my bold presumption thee offend  
If I require to know the woefull birth,  
Of sorrows which thy countenance forth send,  
For loe swift Fame, did found thy praise, thy worth  
In Fraunce, while carelesse, I on court attend,  
which cleers my clouds of care, with lamps of mirth,  
And did my sad, vnsetled, Thoughts, destroy  
Thy sweit report, so fild, my Eares, with Ioy



*The Famous Historye*

Then I returnd in hope of blest reliefe,  
Which I foresawe, thy worth would soone afford,  
And thou, eu'ne thou, would ease thy contrieis grieve,  
Whose glorie great, must be by the restord,  
Senc to Reuenge our blood, woe, wrake, mischief  
By lustest Heauens, thou onely art implord,  
Doe then braue Prince, what heauen for thee ordains  
Thy Knight I am, in warre, peace, loy, or pains.

The gallant Bruce, sat long tyme much amazd,  
Loth to vnfold his straunge misfortunes, rare,  
In wrath he star'd, he lookt, about he gaz'd,  
He sigh'd, he grond, as One, Into Dispaire  
His rolling Eies, at last, from Earth, he Rased  
And Cleird with heavenlie smylls, the clowds, of cair  
Whill as the Douglas, long did him, behold  
This sadd, and wofull, Tragedie, he told,

Sad may it seeme and sorrowfull, to Thee  
Thois wofull news Thou do's Requie'r to heare  
but much more cair, and greif, it breids, to Mee  
Who must not onely heare and lend my care,  
But must relate euen what my eies did see,  
Yea what my selfe did act, yet I'le forbear  
Those fond complaints, and make a true narration,  
What most offends me, and afflicts my Nation.

And to vnfold this tragick storie foe  
To know the moriue, first, it doth requier  
And eu'rie truest circumstance to sho,  
Whereof is much, that will delight the eare,  
Than to th'intentall may mor cleerly know  
The ground of this, so firce & crwel warr,  
Our various speach let vs devert and view,  
The dreidfull, horreid horrors, that ensue

Thrie Alexanders, thrise waere Scotlands, King  
The first, for valiaunt deids, surnam'd, the fierce  
Was Malcolm, Canmoirs, sone, the second, Kings  
Was after, good, king Will'iame, did, deceas  
Whois braue, vndanted, Deids, made fame, to sing  
The Lion-king, as histories Rechrs  
The thrid that did Oure, Crown, and scepter wear  
Henre, the thrid, of Englands, doghter, fair,

In mariage took which haple he devynd  
Should then conclud, A full, and finall Peace  
That both these Antient kingdoms, thus Combinde  
Those grear and Mightie Nations, might Imbraco  
A Freindlie League, and Concordance, in mind  
An happie Time to thair Ensewing race,  
By ending all the warrs, the broyls, the steir's,  
That had remain'd, full, thryse five hindreth zeirs.

But heavens decreed it, should not so Remaine  
For the appointed Time, was not foretolde  
Mans subtill plots, and wits ar, all in vaine  
In vaine their wais, in vaine this work, they wold,  
In vaine they go about, for to obtaine  
What loue as secret to himself did hold,  
In uaine was al these fond deuises thought,  
Since heaujn decreed, that al shold turne to noght.

For lo betwixt burnt Illion and Kingorne,  
King Alexander di'd by fall of horse,  
When thirtiefoure yeres of, his Raigne was worne,  
He no succession had, and which was wors,  
Blood-thrustie-warr by wings, of veng'ance borne,  
Did tear Our kingdom's bouwells but Remors,  
Waikining by oft Diminishings, at Lenght,  
The vains, the Nerv's the sinne vs, of oure strenght,

Six yeares the land gouerned was in Peace,  
By Regents six, at laste some broiles arose,  
Whereby soe straunge gouerna ment did cease  
Such bloodie factions, did themselves oppose,  
who from that boundage wold the land release,  
And of annot her King wold make a chose,  
For wel they knew what trains they shold imbarke  
To set this headstrong Nations once awaike

A councel then of all, they call to choose  
The neereft of the Roiall bloode for king,  
The Baliol there his right did wel peruse,  
From the first female his descent to spring,  
And from the first borne Male, I not refuse  
My lincall and iust descent to bring  
Thus plead wee both, nor can we once accord,  
No peace our haughtie stomaks cold afford.

*The famous Historye*

And thus our hate grew greater daie by daie,  
Both thirsting for a Princely Diadem,  
Nor cold the meanest thought of wise delaie,  
Preuent our wo, our wrack, our countreys shame,  
On wo, on wracke, on ruine and decaie,  
Ambition can not looke, nor thinke, nor dreame,  
But for the Croun, while wee're a spyring thus  
Wee robd of what shold make it Glorious,

For with vs two, two mightie armies rose,  
To winn the Croun or lose our selfe and all,  
Scotlands great Primat did himselfe oppose  
Betwixt vs then a treat of peace to call,  
Who did so much, at last wee made a choise,  
Thus to accord and to agreement fall,  
To iudge our right by Englands mighty King,  
Who shold decerne, which of vs both shold reigne.

Wherefore in haste to Englands King wee send,  
Requesting him to take the cause in hand,  
Who then prepar'd his conquest to defend,  
In fertill Fraunce, with many warlike band,  
And their his large Dominions to extend  
By force of armes, and by his valiant hand,  
Yet for to put our Kingdom to a rest,  
He turn'd, and bade to Yorke himselfe adrest,

Of learned men he twentifour there brought,  
Whose graue aduise in this great worke he vs'd,  
But lo my proud competitor bethought  
Him thus, If I and my iust right were chus'd  
Than were he all vndon, and therefore soght  
By some lewd meane to get mee quite refus'd,  
At last resolu'd to buie a Diadem  
With fowle dishonour, and eternall shame.

Wherefore he dealt in secret with the King,  
If him he wold preferre the Croune to weare,  
By charter, Seale, by Oth and eu'ry thing,  
He bound himselfe of him the Croune to beare,  
And for the same his homage to resigne,  
To whose base minde, at first he gaue noe Eare  
The most part of the Lawiers parted thence  
All iudging me iust heire and Righteous Prince,



*Of the valiaunt Bräce.*

But counsell caused this mightie King to err,  
Counsell of these that by dissention liue  
Still vrging him the Bailiol to preferr,  
That for his guerdon would a Kindom giue,  
But he that knew my right farr worthier  
Euen from my foes proud offer did deriue  
His argument, and vnto me presentes  
The Croune, if I fullfild the same contents.

Which offer bask I plainly did refuse,  
Wherefore King *Edward* in his wrathful Ire,  
With Baliol decreits, and did abuse  
My right, enstalling him whose blind desire  
Led him for honor, Infamie to choose  
And for a croune to slave a free Empire,  
For loe in him two contraries agrees,  
Base Avarice, and Prodigalitie.

Thus he returnd with pomp and Majesty  
Whom all the Lords and Princes of Estate  
Conuained to Skoene with royall dignity,  
Where stood the Auncient Marble cheir of late,  
There was he cround with Kingly Roialty.  
In Robs whose worth were longsum to repeat,  
Imbroadred al with stons, with pearle, with gold,  
Gorgious to weare, and glorious to behold.

But litle knew the Princes of the Land,  
That he to Englands King shold homage paie,  
The croune that sixtien hundreth yeers did stand,  
Gainst endles warr and cruel Armes Essay,  
Nor Romans, Danes, nor Saxons cold command,  
Vnconquer'd still, nor conquer'd wold obaie,  
Was now betraied by him whose haples name  
Became his countreis skorne and Kingdoms shame.

But when report had showne the haples losse,  
The commons gan to murmur here & ther,  
Against the Nobles, vowing that their choise  
Shold be with armes, their freedom to repaiere,  
And all the Princes of Estate by those  
Were schandalizd with shame, reproch & feare,  
Thus ciuill descord broghe a fearful fall  
On King, on countrey, Kingdom, croune and all.

*The Famous Historie*

For now the king in heigh contempt was brought  
With all the Lords and Princes Of Estate  
The Lords in hait and great disgrace were thought  
With all the common Multitude of Late  
When al with wit and valor should have wrought  
Thus Raise a fearfull straunge and new debaite  
That hardest A damantine hearts wold move  
But for Their sin so heavens decree'd aboue

Of these enfewing sorrowz now the King  
Forfeis forthinks and Meditats and Moins  
A Thousand greifs did in his bosome spring  
Assailing all his wofull heart at ons  
One day he wold be secret furth to bring  
The wofull birth of tears of sighs and grons  
Throune on his bed with Rageing Discontents  
At la't he thus burst furth in heighe complaints

Ah haples wretch Curst be the Fatall hour.  
Wherein I did Obtaine a Diadem  
By talke conceat by strong entysing Pow'r  
Not caring for Disgrace for los for shame  
While auarice and ambition did deuour  
Treuth, Knowledge, witt, discretion praise and fame,  
Ah Auarice, inchaunter of the wise,  
The blind devouror of faire honours prize.

O bloodie starres why did you thus agree,  
To make a bad conjunction at my birth?  
Why did you al power doune mischief from hie?  
To make vyle me, the abject of the earth,  
What shall al times and ages saie Of me?  
To buie a croune, that sold a Kingdoms woorth,  
The reuenews I sold to buie the Name,  
Exchaunging honour for eternall shame.

What woe or griefe but time can make it old,  
Yet Infamie time neuer can suppress,  
The meener sort their faults will pas vntold,  
But faults of Kings by Fame doe stil increase,  
Such spots are in my leaprous fowle enrold,  
As still accuse me of my guiltines,  
And while my wronged people me doe vewe,  
Me thinks their cies to death doe me persue,

In midst of this his sorowful complaine,  
His eyes grew heauie dround with floods of tears,  
His tongue, his throt no more their sound forth-sent  
Thus slummed he full fraght with greifes & fears  
At last this fearfull vision did present  
A dreadful founding noice that pearst his eares,  
Hee thought he saw before him all at once,  
Were nintie Kings, and two on golden Throns.

Each bore a close rich couerd glorious Croune,  
In forme like an Emperiall Diadem,  
With ribs of gold o'rthwart aboue & doune,  
All round about each bowing like a beame,  
In the fore-front were made of Iacinths broune  
Faire letters, shewing eurie Prince his Name,  
Beneath their feet an iron throne was made,  
Whereon of lead an Open croune was laid.

He thought they set him on the iron Throne,  
And cround him with that leaden croune in scorne,  
Whereon was written this Inscription,  
*This none but bastard Baliol hath borne,*  
Then saied the firste and grauest all alone  
Whose aged haire had many yeares outworne  
Thou wretched catine most accurst of all  
Thy place is great but, greater farre thy fall.

This Diadem Pointing his Ow'ne by Me  
Erected was with honor strength and Might  
And from my Aged loyns descendit be  
By Iust discent thes Nynty two in sight  
Eche bore this Croune with Royall dignitie  
Adding as much by Gonquest to ther Right  
Defending It gainst *Romains Saxons Dains*  
For witnes famous victories Remains.

But vn-compeld vn sought or on requierd  
By words by warr by Conquest or by gane  
Thou Randert vp what we aloft had Reard  
And what we keipt with travell cair and Pane  
The thretning trompet that all Nati'ons feard  
Which worlds of Armeis neuer could obtaine  
Yet this thou could not do without consent  
Of all the Thrie Estates of Parl'ament.



### *The famous Historie*

But for thy fault, thy shame, thy losse, thy wrong,  
This iust and heauie Iudgment shall correct thee,  
The Kingdom shalbe rest from thee e're long  
And thy owne subjects shamefully rejectt thee,  
In blinded darknes woes shalbe thy song,  
For want of daie, yet no man shall affect thee,  
And to all ages thy Infamous name,  
Shalbe a prouerbe of eternal shame.

For lo Thou shall be cal'd in littill space  
Thy countreis ruine and thy Nations wo  
Much harmles Blood shall pay for thy disgrace  
Theas yet onborne thy Doome shall feill and kno  
A mightie Nation shall thy land Deface  
Beneath whois haviē yok She grons, but lo  
She Viper-like brings furth vn nat'rall Brood  
That most shall waite her, wond her, drink her Blood.

At last her tears her Cry's her sad Complaint  
Shal Pearce the heavins and Iove to Mercie move  
Who pitis sinners when they first repent  
And looking Mecklie downward from above  
Shall Raife Them vp that shall her wrak prevent  
Whose manlie Valors shall her woes Remoue  
And bring to end the warr Thou wrought with shame  
But neu'r an end to Thy Infamous Name.

Therfor this leaden croune, base, worthles, poore,  
Thou hast as one vnworthy to put on,  
The croune which I the famous Fergus boore  
And al these warrlike Princes One, by one,  
And while this mightie Nation shal indure,  
Hauing a Prince to sitt vpon my Throne,  
Thou of a Princes name shalt be refus'd  
Because my croune vn-conquer'd thou abu'd.

At these last woords he wak'd with sodain fear,  
But nothing saw while in his braine was tost,  
These woful warnings buzing in his eare,  
That threatn'd was by great King Fergus ghost,  
Which burthen great his soule could skarlly beare  
Till moueing, felling, speech and all was lost,  
His vitall powers hemd in with thousand cares,  
At last burst forth in these or like dispaire.

O Sad and wearied Soull quod he depairt  
And leaue the lothed Lodge thou doest posse  
Stop vp my breath within my lothed heart  
My life make les if shame may not be les  
Hev'ne from aboue thy vengeance at me Daiert  
Heel from below thy Torment still Incres  
    Devouring Earth my damned bodie smoother  
    Heav'ne, Earth and hell destroy mee altogither.

Thus swallow'd vp of mankind most abhord  
If any should Inquire for worthles Mee  
Say that some Rav'ning monster me Devoir'd  
And let my Name, O? fame forgotten be  
Let al my day's r'obliu'on be Restoir'd  
Lest thou O tyme theirwith dishonor thee  
    Thus Rol'd in clouds of smook let it be said  
    That such a One was neu'r fram'd nor made,

Thus while he lay half dead for greif and wo  
A herauld came from Englands mightie king  
And straitle charg'd him haistelie to go  
To york and all his princes their to bring  
And homage dew for Scotlands kingdome sho:  
Which brought the Nobill's seeret murmuring  
    To light at last, and thus they work with all  
    To mak him fie his Error, shame and fall.

Saltons great Lord that Abirnethie hicht  
he had vniustle wrong'd ( A huinows thing)  
Wherefore from him in all his Princes sight  
He did Apeall vnto the English king:  
This heigh disgrace he took in great dispight  
For in Contempt with all it did him bring  
    At last he casts about to right the wrongs  
    That to his Endles Infamie belong's.

A message to the English King he send  
For to discharge that base infamous Band  
Since he without consent could not pretend  
Thus for to Slave a frie-vn-conquerd land  
But too too late Repentance Coms in End  
Thus shallow with deip Iudgment doth with stand  
    So children vse for to repent their Error  
    When nocht Remains but Punishment and Terror

### *The Famous Historie*

The mighty English rise in dreadfull arms,  
Still threatning Blood, wrake, ruin, vengeance, sorrow  
Performing still their vow's with griefs & harms  
That from their fire wraths new woes did borrow,  
Faire Fortune towks their Droms with lowd allarm's,  
And waits on bloodie Mars, from day to morrow,  
Whose dreadfull Trumpet blow's a deadly blast,  
And rowls our daie in doubtful night at last.

First Barwick tane was by a subtil traine  
Wherein seau'n thousand men of Arms were lost,  
Wcemen and children pitiles were slaine,  
None left aliue of Scottish blood cold boast,  
Now at Dunbar foure Princes did remaine,  
That had conueind of Scots a mightie holte,  
But hate of Baliol such dissention brings,  
In his dispiight they loue their foes design's.

Which caus'd a straunge vn-lookt-for long decay  
For English Edward Marcheing ther in haile  
Encountred them Impatient of Delay  
Amongst them selfs in wofull factions plait  
Now Edward Caus'd mee in his camp to stay  
For to my loue were most of them addrest  
So when the armys, ioyning did abyd  
Twelf thousand turnd vpon the English syd.

This was full sore against my will God knows  
Nor was I euer privie to this treason  
My Deids on Edwards side was but in shows  
Nor could I disobey him in that Season  
On no les paine then huntington to lose  
But ah these foolish Scots had no such Reason  
Whoe by their new discord struk blind with wrath  
Wold mak mee cloake vnto their brokin faith.

For they vnworthie of the Scottish name  
Against their Cuntreis friedome Rudlie stand  
Onworthie also of their Elders same  
That gainst them selfs dars lift thair conquering hand  
When foraigne force could not their stomaks tame  
Them selfs against them selfs opposd they fand  
The Sone the father, father kills the sone  
Eache kills his frend and help's his foe to winne;

Such



Such thinges were wrought by heaunes feire deſtanye  
 Becaus the land with ſinne did overflow  
 Evne as a ſtatelie ſhip with ſails on hie  
 If iuſtlic poysd with ballance feares no blow  
 Of windes, but if o're chargd with weight ſhe be  
 Her ſpeed is ſtayı'd impaired her glorious ſhow  
 Then angrie *Neptunes* foemeing ſurges beat her  
 And with decay the thundring tempeſts threat her

Ev'ne ſo whill as in Scotland did remaine  
 The ſword of iuſtice feare of god above  
 The loue of vertue hate of vice profane  
 And whill the ſpirituall ſtate the treuth did loue  
 We ſaild in ſeas of peace and did obtaine  
 Wealth, honor, all which landes moſt bliſd do prove  
 But once borne downe with pride, luſt blindnes error  
 Our calmes of peace heavnes tempeſts ſhook with terror

For mightie God that ſittes vpon the throne  
 Of iuſtice grace and mercie from that height  
 Did vew our ſinnes in burning rage anone  
 His countenance with ſyrie flammes grew bright  
 That heavnes did quack for feare and Angells mone  
 For men poore men at that aſtonicing ſight (ſtay'd  
 Dayes glorious lamp, nightes Queene, heavens tapers  
 Wrapt vp in clowdes at his dread lookes affray'd.

Within his wattrie pallace *Neptun* quackes  
 The roating ſtreames were quyet whiſt and ſtill  
 His azurd crowne from criſped lockes he tackes  
 His monſters all the lower Regions fill  
 His forked ſcepter then for fear he breakes  
 And to obey his lord and makers wil  
 He myldlie ſals before his mercies throne  
 Whoes glorie made the heavnes with lightnings thone

The ſolid earth did quak with trembling feare  
 And downward ſeemd to change her wonted rowme  
 Such grevous weyght and burdene did ſhe beare  
 Of hynous ſinne, whoſe puniſhement to come  
 She did ſorſee as when throw ſubtel aer  
 Dame *Thetis* ſoull with Alabaſtre Downe  
 Fleis downe with wofull plaintes and mutafull cryes  
 Before a dreadfull tempeſt doeth ariſe,

### *The famous Historie*

The hellishe feindes that scatterd were abroad  
Through all the earth and for mischeif still soght  
Reann headlonges downe vnto their greillie god  
And was through these infernall kingdomes broughe  
Where *Proserpin* with *Pluto* grimme abode  
Whoes rustie scepters were of yron wrought  
On thrones they sate bout which ferce feinds did rore  
Two heaue crownes of burning brase they bore.

Prodigious signes and wounders then were scene  
Which did presage what after might befall  
From the cold North did in our climat shyne  
A bright and blazing Comet and with all  
Reid showres of blood in sundrie had beene  
The last the latest warning of our fall  
Yet dreadfull signes and fearfull wonders sent  
Sinne made not lesse but iudgement did augment.

### *The Argument*

**G**reif haueing som what interrupt the Prince  
He shoves at last his caus of discontent  
And followes furth with eurie tragick chance  
Where with praud Fortune erst did him present  
The wittie Count comforteth him and thence  
Desires him goe where *Fergus* ghost him sent  
Whereon they both conclude and with a dreame  
Sleep downes discours at last in silence streame.

### Cap. 3.



Subiect sad o sad vn-solid Muse  
In Cypres wreathd in murning blak attyre  
Blott comfort out and in your layes refuse  
All mirth yea in your wofull task desyre  
Sad tragick tuns the which while you peruse  
In Nightes dark Inn's her dreadfull cave retire  
Tears serve for ink and if you ayme at mirth  
O fighes let all be smotherd in their brith,

But wailing Muse Ay mee why do you sho  
To outward view the onlie staine of Time?  
Why in rememb'raunce of such horred wo  
Do you not weip to wash your wofull Rime?  
O thry's Infamous! Tims Inglorious! O  
That this their shame had ended with their Cryme,  
But hev'n and Time, fate, Fortun, chance and all  
Had with Them selfs decreed them selfs to fall

Where

Where was the Conquering Arm's the valliaunt heart's.  
Where was wonted Loyltie now gone  
When for their faith their valor their deserts  
Oure Elders mount d vp to honors Throne  
When Rudelie They Opposd their Arm's and Arts  
In Belgia fair, against this foe alone,  
Such prais they wan beneath those temp'red Clim's  
As maks them famous to Eternall Tim's.

Indeed such praise and Glorie great they wan  
As these whoes grevous wrong's they cam to right  
Ingratelic and Vnnar'allie began  
T'Invy thair greatnes and to feare their might  
How soone their Suord freed them of fo's eu'ne then  
Of them they make a, Massacre by night  
And as a sad Remembr'aunce of this Acti'on  
Scots onlie gwards their king for satisfaction.

O had you foght your contreries honor still,  
As those for honor from theier contrey came,  
Your golden praise had gilt my rusty quill,  
And with perfumes, had fir'd my sacred flames,  
But now my wofull song kinde Eies may fill  
With teares, and harts with sorrow for the same,  
For had the Scots trew to themselves rem and,  
Long-shanks had not soe great a glory gain'd.

But O why am I thus with passion led?  
For pardon curteous Reader must I sue,  
Earths brauest Prince wee left within a shade,  
Who hauing made a period, did renew  
His woefull historie and thus he saied,  
Now doth our endles tragedie ensue,  
The Scots wee left still fighting at Dunbarr,  
Them-selues against themselves: O cruel warr!

The rest of wofull Scoots that did remaine,  
Perceauing this new losse and sodaine chaunge,  
They fainted, yet they fought for to obtaine  
That honour which their fellows did infringe,  
Each one thus by his second selfe was flaine,  
While as the English smils at such reuenge,  
And thus when nought but death to Scots ensue  
They yeald to Fortune, not to Valor trew.



*The famous Historie*

Now onlie English Edward was Renownd  
all yeelds to him and to his fortunes Rare  
He with our Auntient Diadem was Crown'd  
To him the Princes of the land Repaire  
Whill Baleoll in seas of sorrows Drownd  
By english Scots was broght in blak despair  
Before great Edward when he did deny  
All title, Right and soveraguitie;

Thus Edward made a conquest of oure crowne  
And homage did Requyre of all the lande  
Which sundrie Lords and Princes of Renowne  
Refus'd nor wold they yeeld to his demand  
And while the wrathfull heavins lookt mildlie down  
They for a space wold flie his vengfull hand  
Wherefore two hundreth yowths he with him led  
These were the first borne son's of those that fled,

Th'Imperiale Treassour hence he did convoy  
With all the Jewells of oure Diadem  
Oure antient monuement's he did distroy  
And from all time to blot the Scottish name  
He burnt with fyre what ere we did enjoy  
Wreits, Books and works and to augment our shame  
The marbill chear oure oldest Monument  
He rest away wheiron these lyns were pent

*Ni fallat fatum Scoti, quacunq; Locatum  
Invenient lapidem, Regnare tenentur Ibidem.*

If fatall destinies be trew thescots shall find this stone  
And wheirsoew'r They find the same their theyshall Regne allow.

King Edward thus of all our welth posselt  
And all wheir to we did good Right pretend  
To curie toun a garesone addrest  
And to each Strength his captains did he send  
And english lords did in the land invest  
Of those that to his Scepter wold not bend  
Thus long we leu'd in care in wo and sorrow  
that alway did augment from day to morrow,

In this tyme leu'd a worthie valiant knight  
Most fortun at who Wallas heght to name  
Wallas by wit, by valor, fate and might  
Who Scotland thrise from Bondage did Reclame  
His coadherent in that cause of right  
Was that braue Mars of ment the val'aunt grhams

Both fortunat and famous both wheirby  
Tho dead They Liue to all Eternitie.

Scotland the fourth tyme was in thraldome broght  
After good *Wallas* had relev'd it thrice  
When him betrayde by that accursed thought  
Of fals *Monteith* the English did surprise  
Eu'ne curst manteith by heauin's for vengeance wroght  
By fortun, fate and cruell, *Desteneis*  
His Nations shame lynes blot and Cuntreis scorn  
By furies broght from hell or he was borne.

Whoes lawles act, whoe is leud and haetfull name  
Polluts my virgin vn-polluted rymes  
Yet theese so calld As faultles I reclaime  
Thoght I vnfold his neu'r concealed cryms  
Let them not greive at me nor at his shame  
If they leue spotles to Eternall tims  
I blame the Man but not the lyne descendit  
The deide but not the name is reprehendit

Poore Scotland thus in all calametic  
While Bondage like ane Earth-quaik Rents the state  
Assunder quyte, and still oure Infamie  
Increffing by the Means of priuat hate  
Oure selfs amongst, oure selfs divided be  
Which maks this vncouth straunge and new debait  
Comfussion thus cast down from heavins aboue  
Doth still Increase and can not yet remove,

Much I lamented this my cuntries wo  
And oft desird to remedie the same  
Till fortun, heau'ns and fate at last did sho  
A meane to blaze abroad my secret flame  
To mak the variows wondring world to kno  
My great desire my Countreis will to frame  
Yet fortunes frowns on my designe s attendid  
And hevi'ne was with my rash attempts offendet.

The cumin euer Infamous for that crime  
Of mee a secret Parle did require  
And thus he said now fortun fits the Time  
wherin thy right may to the crowne aspyr  
The variws mynls beneth this variws clime  
Do now more stedfastlie them selfs Retire  
Wissing their curst allegaince now were broke  
Yet groane they still beneth the English yoke

What glorie great the warrlike Scots haue woon,  
From age, to age, all time can witnesse beare,  
Scots onely keeps a free vnconquer'd croune,  
Scots onely gaue the mighty Romans warre,  
At whom beg'd peace the Romans of renoune?  
Was't not the valiant Corbred they did feare?  
Who but the Scots the valiant Pichts subdu'd,  
And warrlike Danes whose force seau'n times renewd?

But we, eu'ne wee degenerat and bare,  
Doe challenge yet from them our blood, our being  
Tho prostitute to infamie and care,  
Our selues eu'ne with our selues still disagreeing,  
For courage, feare, for worth & wit dispaire,  
To vice inclining still, from vertue flying,  
Thus haue wee made our selues a woful praie  
Vnto our Foe (ne're siene before this day)

Where is becom our Elders vallerous hart?  
Their deeds, their virtue, and their conquering sword,  
Their dignities, their office, place & parts,  
Their victories with Monuments decoird,  
Their auntient Armes woone by their braue deserts?  
Can these noe good, noe strength, noe wit afford?  
No no I sie wee faint, wee feare, wee fall,  
From honour, Greatnes Libertie and all.

Yet that we may at their desertes but aime,  
As those who shold inherit them by right,  
Rise thou in Armes, thy right for to reclaime,  
My selfe, my power, my strength and all my might,  
Shall follow thee my race and all my name,  
Shall with Victorious Armes maintane the fight,  
Giue me thy lande, but when the Crown is thine  
Or for thy right therof Receaue thou mine,

Soone to these sugred words I did accord  
And then betuixt vs two a band was made  
That when I to the Crowne should be restord  
Assisted theirt by the Cumins Aide  
The Cumin then of Carrik should be Lord  
This don we both Reioisd and both seimd glad  
But loe, the Cumin traitrouslie repented  
Ew'n to his endeles Infamie lamented.



To Englands mightie King the band he send  
 Declairing how that I him would betray  
 Whoe gravelie did advise their with in end  
 I soone was chaig'd to court without delay  
 At mee the King requird if that I kend  
 That band and seall yet did I not dismay  
 But framd my countenance more hold and stout  
 Offe'ring on morrow nixt to cleir the dout

My *Patrimony* for a pledge I left  
 And after to my Innis reteird Anone  
 Our *Hemisphere* of day was then bereft  
 Whill night spred fourth her fabel wings alone  
 Such fearfull darknes ou'r the Earth she wext  
 As seind to say in friendschip now begone  
 Thus secreitlie alone I took my flight  
 Helped by *Yone* and by the freindlie night.

Five Tyms had *Hesper Titan* warn'd away  
 Five tyms agane did *Lucifer Apeir*  
 Wiueing the glorious *standard* of the Day  
 On tops of Touring clouds reid, whit and cleir  
 And cheng'd their fabel hew to siluer gray  
 When fyre Steids the golden carr drew neir  
 Whill sullen night in towney sutes addrest  
 Did schrink abak and shrewd her in the west.

When as I then Arriu'd like *Fortuns* knight  
 Within the confines of oure kingdome old  
 Then presentlie appeard vnto my sight  
 Two valiant knights stout, hardie, scarce and bold  
 The one wherof my brother *Edward* hight  
 The vther fleiming vnto those I told  
*Cumins* deceat and how by heau'ns revenger  
 I had escaip'd so imminent a danger.

Thus tallked wee and thus along we pas  
 Till by good hap a *Messinger* we met  
 Who after streat Inquerie did confes  
 He was vpone a secreat *Message* set  
 To Englands King for *Cumins* busines  
 Whose letters did requyre the King to let  
 Mee soone by death from my revolting Mind  
 Els *Scots* to mee shold shorthie be enclind.

*The Famous Historie*

Wheir *Cumin* was we vrgd him to declair  
Within the *Cloister* of *Drumfreice* quod he  
Thither with restles speid we did repair  
And in the *Church* he seimd deuotiuslie  
To kneile, for as he sat, we kild him their  
The which I fear his caus'd my miserie  
For that *foe's* sacred *bows* we thus defild  
Rashlie with his sin gultie blood so wild.

Then was I soone receau'd of al as King  
And on my head I weere the *Crowne* alone  
I did a great and mightie *Armie* bring  
To rais my state cast down from honors *Throne*  
In whose brave strength good hope I had to wring  
The reull from *Edwards* hand and Marching on  
With dreadfull Terror on the trembling *Earth*  
I pitcht my *Tents* before the *Wall's* of *Perth*.

Whill thus I did my rightfull *Claim* beginn  
With warres sterne shok and Trumpets dreidfull blast  
My kingdome by victorious *Arm's* to winn  
Trew *Scots* with my *Imperiall* standart past  
The *Lion* fierce a feild of *Gold* within  
Which seimd throw th' air agrumling Noise to cast  
Whose *Chaine* thus brok made mightie *Edward* quake  
Fearing much blood wold not his *Fuerie* slake

But then eu'ne then began my Endles caire  
My sorrou's great my wo my wrack and all  
Proud *fortun* then did all *Her* frouns prepair  
Wheir with *she* ever siinee my haire do'th gall  
For then *she* broght mee with a wondrous snair  
My *Insamie* my wrak my los and fall

A *Period* long heir made the wofull king  
Sob's from his *Breist* send secreit Murmwing

Yet in the sad confussion of his mind  
This too too sad a *Tragedie* he told  
Within the towne of *Perth* then did we find  
The *Englisb* armie with their *Captane* bold  
My Sold'ours harts to *Battel* all inclind  
Oft darr'd them forth with bravads from their hold  
But they nor we in warre more wys and warrie  
Knew by what means to make vs all miscarie,

The Scots  
arms a lion.

The

Other wayes  
odomer de l  
walenc eil  
of perabrok.

The Gentall who Sir *aymer Vallans* hight  
A herold send and thus he do'th direct him  
That day the *Sabbath* wes he wold not fight  
But on the Morrow nixt we should expect him  
And he wold soone abait My pride my might  
That was so bold thus fondlie to neglect him  
Yet I not cairing those his vantage words  
Would answer him with nought but spears and sword's,

Then chusing furth aduantage of the Ground  
Neu'r doubting that he wold his word infringe  
Made all my *Camp* that eirst no rest had found  
Refresh them selfs in hope of blest revenge  
Thus all at rest when eche was sleiping found  
No rest I got ( and which was yet more strainge  
A kynd of vncouth fear assaild my heart  
I neids wold ryis and furth I walk'd aparte,

Now was't about the dead hour of the night  
While as the *Watch* in heauie sleip didly  
When noys of neighing horssis heare I might  
And throug the *Airmen's* voices found neir by  
I stood amazd till *Phebe* with her light  
Piteit my cause and made me to discry  
A mightie *Armie* Marching hard at hand  
As many thryse as those I did command.

I caus'd to sound allarum presentlie  
Which made them with a shoute to hast their pace  
And with their Drums and Trumpets roaring cry  
They make a sadd and dreadfull noyse alas  
Fyve hundreth of my *Camp* no more had I  
Yea those half arm'd with faintnes fear Embrase  
The rest were sleiping kild some fled along  
For lo oure foes wer tuentie thousand strong.

And nat'rall *Scots* the greatest parte of those  
Naturall said I no most vnnatrall rather  
For these ew'ne these were still oure greatest foes  
Most *Viper* like and worst then *Vipers* ether  
For vs at last They forst, Much ground to lose  
Freind gainst his freind the Sone against the father  
I stay'd behind their furie to gaine stand  
Till softlie thence retir'd my mangled band,



*The famous Historie.*

The randell  
was an of  
the six.

As *Hunters* keen that douth a parke enclose  
To take or slay the staige Deir, hynd or hart  
So were we now en compast by our foes  
Six and my self the rest were fled a heart  
All which wer tane thought honor none did lose  
Each hardie bold each bare a valiant part

Yet I escap'd out through these *Squadron's* strong  
So del't my fate to work my greater wrong,

Nor was proud *fortune* thus suffeild at al  
With those misluks and these my greuous mo'ns  
Triumphing on my shame my fate my fall  
And heaping on a thousand wo's at onc'e  
But when my brok'ne force I did recall  
Vniting them for new Invasions

I fand seuen tymes as many mo had left me  
As my fearce foes revenging sword bereft me.

And yet with those all hopeles hartles faint  
I forc't was to the *Montans* for to flie  
Wher nothing els but penurie did hant  
Much trauel paine and sorow suffred we  
Yet none at all did pitie this oure want  
Tho we abode for them this miserie  
And which was wors this Terror did enseue  
Ev'ne native *Scots* did most oure liu's persue

Ev'ne native *Scots* my life persew'd indeid  
Altho for them this task I vndergo  
Their welth to winn broght all my want my neid  
Yet for my Love, dispight, and hate they sho  
And this my love did to all bounds exceid  
I made my freind my foe; becaus their foe  
Yet whill I seik Their honor wealth and ease  
They seik my death my fall this \* foe to pleas,

Ye with Ed-  
ward King  
of England.

Like to that fishe the mightie *Whale* doth gu'ide  
From craggie Rocks and shallows throw the Deip  
In the want bosome of the *Occeane* wide  
The *Whale* her brood wold fain deuoure to keip  
Her self aliue, and yet she stealls aside  
When she espy's the *Monster* rest or sleip  
Brings forth her brood with care to keip them frie  
But they doe her deyour Immediatlie.

So.

So fair's with mee that cair's to keip alive  
 My *Natioun* frie from mightie *Edwards* Iaw's  
 The greater pairt of my owne *subiects* strive  
 Who shall devoit mee first with tearing Paw's  
 For lo when to the *Mountain's* I arive  
 Left of my owne and left without a cause  
 The lord of *Lorne* a mightie armie bring's  
 To bring my self to end with my design's.

The Lord of  
 Lorne his  
 armie was  
 abowe fyve  
 thousand.

Of all my *Armie* was five hundreth left  
 That took a pairt with mee in weile and wo  
 Which Number few of strength was clene bereft  
 For pining *Famine* had opprest them so  
 In their pall *Face* was pailer death ingraft  
 Vpon their wereid lims they fanting go  
 Yet curage did their weikned strength renew  
 And willinglie they with the fight & infew,

Thrice they their fo'es with woundrous strength assaild  
 And thrice agane their deing forces spent  
 Thrie tymes with matchles valor they prevaild  
 Thrie tyns their foes their Number did augment  
 Yea which is most of all to be bewaild  
 Oure foes tho ten too one did still prevent  
 Oure *victorie* with fresh and new supplis,  
 For one cum's in still, as ane other deis.

At last their forces did so much abound  
 That we're encompassd in on eu'rie syde  
 Whill as dark night ou'r shaddow't all the ground  
 As piteing vs whill she our lose espyde  
 Thrie hundreth lost of my best Knights I found  
 The rest sore wounded fighting still abide  
 Nor wold they once be tane or yeeld or flie  
 But wold their blood revenge and fighting die.

Yet when I causd to found a sad Retreat  
 They hewd a passage throw these *Squadrons* strong;  
 Still fighting they Reteir and still their date  
 With valors endles praise thay do prolong  
 At last they entred all a narrow streat  
 On each side stretch'd a mounting rock a long  
 When I by *Fortun* last of all did stand  
 Them to restraine that wold oure lyves demand.

*The famous Historie*

Thrie Knights was their mee by my armour knew  
And were suborn'd before my life to take  
Who seing mee allone did fast perfew  
Two lights theirby aduantage for to make  
The third befor me did the fight renew  
Whill they mount vp the crags and wins my bak  
Thus was I fore assaild on ew'ric side  
But mightie *Love* my saiftie did provide.

I did of *Victorie* almost dispair  
But *Love*, hev'ne fate and fortun wild not so  
To end my wrack my miserie my care  
Preserving me to greater shame and wo  
To fight whill as the formett did prepair  
It was my luke to kill him with a blo  
The one a foot essay'd with mightie force  
By my one leg to pull me from my horse.

And in the Stirro'p thrust all his arme weel nye  
The third leapt vp vpon my hors behind  
And thrust his dagger in my side awry  
Whill as the wther draw's me to the ground  
But in the Stir'p his arme so bruized I  
And with his heills my hors such way has found  
That he the vse of feit had quyte bereft him  
Then I cut of his arme and so I left him,

But now the third that all this time allone  
Was surlic set behind me on my hors  
Did wound me thrice altho not mortall one  
Whome in my arms at last I straind by force  
And on my hors befor I laid him on  
The dagger then wheirwith he wrought my losse  
I made to digg a passage throw his heart  
And thence his Curfed *Soul* did sone departe.

Thus fred of all my foes and frie from danger  
For all the rest did long before retein  
I wandred through the Desert like a stranger  
And of my mangled Band no news could heire  
So dois a *Shipbeard* sad and wofull rainger  
That holds the *Wolf* in chase till night draw neir  
Then to his fleecie flock returneth back  
But of their fearfull flight has lost the tracke.



At last when I a Forrest did espy  
 Grim night look't furth with greislie countenance  
 Her smookeie breath in duskie clouds doth flie  
 From her pail lip's, and darkned heavins bright glance:  
 Ou'r vailling all the earth and azur Sea  
 With shaddow's dim thar dreadfull sights aduance  
 I stray'd a fortnight in this wood vnsterv'd  
 Roots herbs and water still my life preserv'd,

Wearie at last with feantnes all posselt  
 Amongst the *Flowers* I layd me down to prove  
 If my fore wearid Soull could find some rest  
 Since daeth did scorne my wois for to remove  
 Neir wheir I lay from mightie Roks increst  
 A siluer Brook doun tumbling from above  
 With cheirling Murmurs sweit and dulceit sounds  
 Whose *Echo* from a hollow *Pit* redounds,

The treis about me *Arbour* like did grow  
 With busshie topps and tender twitts aloft  
 Whilst *Zephyres* milde sweit gentle breath did blow  
 The leav's with muttring made a marmor oft  
 That with the bubling of the streame below  
 Had Rock'd my senses in a slumber soft  
 Whill as my *Spreit* was trubled from above  
 Straunge *Aparitions* in my *Soull* did move.

Mee thought great *Fergus* did before mee stand  
 With ghottlie looks with fearce and angrie cheir  
 I hard his voice like thunder to demand  
 A compt most sharp of all my labors heir  
 So great a task as thow has taine in hand  
 With greater pains quod he thy loys must cleir  
 Vp then arise this life wold blot thy fame  
 And shuld redound to thy Eternall shame;

In the waiste bosom of the western laike  
 Of *Albion* neir *frish* montains hore  
*Neptune* a pene *Isula* doth make  
 Stretching his azure arms along the shore  
 Their must thow all thy sorrows quite forsaike  
 And comfort find for all thy greifs of yore  
 Vp then with speid I say and thither go  
 Wher thow *Zeus*'s will and *Mereie* both shall know.

*The famous Historie*

This said through Shaiples air he went away  
I suddantlie awak't and was agast  
Yet weyghing weill the sentence he did say  
I soght my hors in haste and thence I past  
When as I traveld had but half a day  
Within that *Valey* I arriv'd at last  
    Where yow I fand thus may yow sie with all  
    How greate misfortuns works my greater fall,

Then quod the *Donglas* Sir I yow desire  
Forget these passions straunge, too straung alace  
Since *Fortune* now shall change her sad attice  
And ever after look with cheirfull face  
An hard beginning to an end aspire  
Of ewerlasting happines and grace  
    The mightie minds to honor still repare  
    Throw rare difficulties and daungers rare.

Where *Fergus Ghost* directs their must yow go  
Winter draws neir heir must yow nocht abide  
Their havin's your fortune fait shall to yow sho  
Eu'ne vnto yow and all the world beside  
In these and suche like speeches past these two  
The long some night till *Morpheus* provide  
    For drowfie flight, who ou'r the *Earth* soone past  
    And lights on them with lazie wings at last,

When nights swift cours with silence was outworne  
She givs a kinde fairweill vnto the day  
The wing'd *Musicians* which awake the morne  
With hollow throts and horned bills did play  
The *Nightingale* whose *Musik* Match dooth scorne  
The *Maues* that throw *Forrest* Echois ay  
    The *lark* that warns the craftsmen of their paine  
    And laborers that daylie toyll for gaine.

Eu'n as a Man in sleip that seems to heare  
Of Instruments and song a hev'n'lie sound  
To them in sleepe such sounds did now appeare  
Their *Souls* transported were when Ioyes abound  
They hard the *Angells* heav'n'lie *Musick* cleir  
In *Paradise* it seemd them selfs they found  
    Cloy'd whill they walk throw groves of all delight  
    Sweet to the smell and pleasant to the sight,

And

And in this pleasant *Slumber* whill they lay  
This fetherd *Crue* with their enchanting sound  
Above them on the tender twists do play  
Wher *Musicks* weilset descant did abound  
When in the east arois the glorious day  
His crisped *loks* in siluer *Cisterns* drownd  
Waueing his golden vaill bright poure and cleir  
Wher throw the *clouds* like crimsons flames apear.

*The Argument.*

*The Bruce dispersed host their Lord doeth know  
Who to Kintyre retereis and their doeth sie  
An aged Syre that vnto him doeth show  
The heauenlie constellations curiously  
And his bledd race and princelie stemm doeth draw  
From these rair purtrates in the heauens that be  
He shewes eche Prince and doeth the lyne aduance  
To that fair matchles Douager of France.*

Caput. 4.

**S**oft now my *Muse* and do not sore to hye  
Waed not in curious questiones too deep  
Let thy pure ground be trueth and veritie  
And learne the cheefest pointes & heads to  
Altho thou somtyme wantonize awry (keep  
To recreat thy self yet softlie creep

So neir the treuth as none may heare nor se  
To taint the chastest eare nor sharpest eye.

The chylde doeth learne his lessone euerie day  
Yet play doeth oft in recreat his Sprite  
play sharpes th ingyne makes pregnant witt's they say  
After long studie honest mirth is meet  
The purest trueth doeth harshlie rune away  
But sau'ed with *Parnass* streames it sounds more sweet  
The strengthes stomak waek and wanting power  
With sugar sweet accepts a portion sover.

Whill *Bruce* and *Douglas* sleepe and dreames of toyes  
That in their moystned braine impression makes  
Eve as the Day comes in they heare a noyes  
A noyes that suddanelye them both awakes  
Yet makes them both therafter to reioyse  
And greif's sad vale from their sharp eyes it shaekes  
For heaune blisfd *Bruce* was so with patience cround  
Adversitie his mynd could neuer wound.



### *The Famous Historie*

Altho he gravelie did vnfold his ill  
Vnto the valiant Count his woes bewaeling  
Yet with a constant minde he actes them still  
His cheerfull lookes and words so muche prevailling  
As in their heartes all thought of feare did kill  
And winnes their love their curage still appealing  
Who were his followers in eche wofull fight  
And could no danger feare if in his fight

Which made them all way vp and down to rainge  
Throw desarts *Mountains plains* and *Forrests* hore  
Bewailing their hard lots and fortunes strainge  
Their want of food, but want of him much more  
They did lament: and in this wofull chainge  
They sweare to venge his death or die theirfore  
For sure they thoght he by mishap did stray  
Amongst his foes when night did parte the fray

Now were they come neir to the grove where ho  
And *Douglas* slumberd soundlie in a dreme  
Who both awaekt rush'd furt he and streight they go  
An armed man the King knew weill his name  
whome when he cald the rest did quicklie flie (shame  
furth through the groves; some feares, and some thinkes  
Yet lone and ioie recald them all at last  
Before his feir them selves they humblie cast.

So haue I siene a moore-hen in the spring  
Missing her tender *Brood* throw desearts straying  
She in her throat some chirping notes doth sing  
Which when they heare with naturall loue repaying  
Her kyndlie cair in haist them selves they bring  
And flocks about her all her will obeying

She seems right glad to see her yung ones so  
Scap'd from the Daunger of their rawning foe

When he vnac'd his burnishd helms of gold  
His milde, Sweet, manlie countenance they knew  
Vertue and Grace diuine they might behold  
Like *Phebus* beams from his fair looks t'enflew  
As *Phebus* draw's the dew vp from the mold  
His eies their hearts so from their bosoms drew  
Before him still vpon their kneis they fall  
To gracious hea'ens they render thanks for all

He thanks them for their faith their trueth their love  
And to eche man did seuerall favores sho  
Soone after they from thence did all remove  
And westward to *Dumberson* glaedlie go  
From thence great *Neptunes* freindship wold they prove  
And th' *Oceans* warrie force they neids wold kno  
Shipd for *Kyntire* fleeing the wind before  
Ere morrow nixt they saille came to shore.

The king his men in throgh the cuntrie sent  
With them the Erll of *lennox* for their Lord  
An vther way he with the *Douglas* went  
To sie what fauour fortune wold affoord  
They trawelling allong with this Intent  
At last their way them to a wod restord  
Where half a myll at most they had not riddin  
When both to ryd one way were thus forbiddin.

Two vglie monstuous wolfs they might espy  
Had kild a harte and on the same was feiding  
Eche choosd a wolf his hors swift Paixe to try  
For Boare-spears serud their launce in this proceeding  
Eche wolf his follower leads a sundrie way  
Their eger chase and ther persuit deriding  
What fortun hevins for *Douglas* had apointed  
We'll after show, now to the Lords anointed.

I mean the *Bruce* that brave and valiant *Prince*  
Who with an eger mind persequ'd the chace  
The wolf had left the wood and for defence  
Vnto a mighte *Rock* he rins a pace  
Breathles he seimd so slowlie runing thence  
As made the *Prince* hope weill to winne the race  
He guyts his horse rins vp the *Rock* in haiste  
But soone he losse the sight of whome he chaist

His trevell lost he wold retorne o're night  
Yet anye where to ryd he doerh not knoe  
The *Rock* he seis of such a wondrous hight  
As all the countrey round about would show  
Vp then he goes to view so fair a sight  
Whill he ascends the sone descendet low  
But ere he could vnto the top attaine  
Night spreds her painted vaile o're all the plaine.

### *The famous Historie*

In heavns heighe court the lampes all lighted shynes  
Which him constrained to searche some place of rest  
The montaines top was deckt with oakes and pynes  
Where nature had a garden rairlie drest  
With fontanes walkes and groves without ingynes  
Of arte: yet seemd of artes best skill po'ssest  
But sad it seemd to Nightes sad shad: inclyning  
Showne to the Prince by Phabes feble shyning.

At last arryving by a fontane syid  
Beneath a leavie aged oak he lyes  
A heartie draught of the cold streame he tryed  
Which for a daintie maill did him suffice  
And now his cogitation deeplie weyghed  
Earthes glorie vane and wordlie fantasies  
Comparing all beneath heavns syluer boures.  
To cloudes of smook to shaddowes dreames or flowres.

Thus rap'd with admiration whill he lyes  
He vewes the starres and all the heavenlie lightes  
When as he heares a sound pas throughie the skyes  
Lyik to the noyes of floodes impetuous flightes  
Or as when fearfull doves in numbers fleis  
Aer and their winges with noyes them selves affrightes  
Suche was this noyes yet nothing he perceaves  
Nor was there wind to movè the trembling leaves.

A dark gray clowde past furthe o're all the air  
But nightes pale Queene cleird all the heavns at last  
When to him did an old grave man repair  
Whoes head and beard had youthes freshe cullor past  
A cristall glob his trembling hand vpbeare  
Where heavne o're earth did move from east to west  
Their starres and planets shynd most bright and cleir  
Which by a sprit was mov'd as might appeare.

A Spherik glob within hung lyk a ball  
That figurd rairlie furch the earth and sea  
Which round about was frie from heavns cleir wall  
Whose restles course round o're this glob did flie  
The glassie sea now calme then seemd to swell  
Where wind-toft shipes with tydes and tempests be  
Whill *Nephtunes* azurd armes the earth embraceth  
That cirquits yles and shore from shore vnlaceth.

Thus



Thus with a curious Pinsell th' eathth was drawne  
 Heir meadows, th' ir floodes, heir wodes their mōtanes were  
 Heir townes, their towres, with flowrie gardenes shoven  
 Heir vines, their figges, pom granates Cydrons fair  
 Heir plowemen teill, their heards and flocks ar knowne  
 Heir Bowres doeth proyne their vines with wōdrowes care  
 Their sicklee cutts the corne heir sythes the Hay  
 Heir peace, their warrelyke armeis in array.

Vnto the Prince this aged Syre drew neir  
 Whill chaste *Diana* shynd more fair and bright  
 Cled in a horye mantle white and cleir  
 He seemd devote in prayers to spend the night  
 Leane flesh d, his wattrie blood sweld vaines appar  
 His ghostlie lookes still offerd death his right  
 Whoe pausing long with stedfast staering eyes  
 This salutation did at last devyse.

Peace be to thee my Lord and *Prince* sayd he  
 Whom great and mightie *Ioue* has hithert sent  
 That thou might kno his mercies great by me  
 And of thy bad and bypast life repent  
 The shame the foyle the losse that falles to thee  
 Is *Ioues* iust doome because thou gave consent.  
 Vnto thy will wrathe vengeance and defyld  
 His sacred house with sinfull blood so vyld.

Thy Nationes foyle their wrak and their distres  
 Thy countreis shame her woe her desolation  
 Thy subiects lose in care all confortles  
 Whom mightie *Ioue* has hade in detestation  
 For their great sinnes their faultes their cairlesnes  
 Of his soule feidding word o wicked *Nation*  
 That still with folie blindnes pride abuse  
 Did sacred thinges apply to sinnefull vse.)

Their filthie life their lewd lasciuious lust  
 Their walloweing in sensuall delight  
 Threattens a dreadfull storme ere long that must  
 Swallow them vp in their owne sinnes dispight  
 But leave we them and their affliction iust  
 And now behold this day succeding night  
 These burning balles to thee and thyne shall prove  
 Heavns for sight wisdome mercie grace and love

## *The famous Historie*

This counterfite of those bright orbs behold  
 The earth and sea but heavns of greatest wounder  
 Whose restles course about the poles is rold  
 With contrare motiones their first *mobill* vnder  
 The firmament with fixed startes vtold  
 Whoes various shapes and rare effects we pondre  
 Lynges tropickes circles *Zones* and *Zodiack*  
 Wherin *Sol* doeth the yeirs four seasons make  
 Almightye *Joue* whoe made heavns wondrous frame  
 Has made manes witt so rairlie excellent  
 That he can vivelie counterfite the same  
 And his great makers worke can represent;  
 With heavnlie furie: rap'd with sacred flamme  
 Of artles artes invention, nought content  
 Of his all working wonders heir below  
 But e'vne the heaunlie mansiones heir must show.

The diurnall  
 motion of  
 the sphaers.  
 Their natu-  
 rall motion  
 is shaued  
 lyikwayes  
 beginning at  
 the Mount.

Lo where the *Planets* eche his sphere within  
 Keeps time and course with heavnes trew planets all  
 Forced by their *Primomobill* for to rinn  
 In twice twelf houres about this earthlyk ball  
 And their owne course they end and they beginne  
 With heauns bright lampes for thus they rise and fall  
 Chast *Phebes* course iust in a month goes right  
 Now poore then wealthie of her Brothers light,

To wit Iupi-  
 ter.

*Mercur*e and *Venus* follows *Phebus* Teame  
 His tender wings her dows on him depend  
 Whose lead of light and life-reuiuing beame  
 About a yeer his nat'rall course doth end  
 And *Mars* in twice twelf months resumes his game  
*Saturns* mild *Sone* in twelf twelf months rescend  
 Cold horie *Saturus* leaden coach that rins  
 In threttie years lea u's aff wher he begins,

All these heavns azure cannabie surrounds  
 Sprinkled with eies speckled with tapers bright  
 Spangled with spangs throw all his boundles Bounds  
 Sowin all with glistring sparks of glansing light  
 Sett with gilt *flaods* and golden skowch and grounds  
 Powdred with twinkling startes whoes kapring flight  
 Glanseth down right and with their myld aspects  
 Works in th' inferior hodeis strainge effects.

Those

Those sparkling *Diamonds* this ritche vail contains  
 Whoes number numberles ar past account  
 Hath twalf that bras way's ouerthwart her lains  
 With pourfull virtue decks her glorious front  
 And those ar signes wheirin the *Planets* reignes  
 Whill they discend or rise or fall or mount  
 For they pertake in their swift revolution  
 From echo of those strenth, virture, force & motion;

Beside all those about the *Polls* yow se  
 Figurs of what almost in earth is found  
 For the all-knowing-minde of maiestie  
 Before he fram'd this ritche embrowdred round  
 The plot in his *Idea* seemd to be  
 And forme of all his future works profound  
 Thus working in his spreit divin' lie rare  
 Long ere the world was made the world was their;

Vnfoldg then that ritche and glorious Tent  
 He portrayd with a Pinsell most diuine  
 Vpon the all-enlightning firmamene  
 Those tabls of his future works in fine  
 Wheir lo behold thy braue most brave discent  
 That Solhie in the letter aige fall shine  
 Bearing *Christs* standerd and his *Churches* defending  
 Bounding their *Empire* with the worlds ending.

Eathniks not knowing God al provident  
 Haue names of eathniks to these forms assign'd  
 But lett it thee suffice and be content  
 That I heirin vnfold what *Ioue* design'd  
 By these bright *Portraits* portreyd in the Tent  
 Of azur gilded heavins *Pavilion* sign'd  
 By his owne hand, and for him self their mark it  
 For ew'r Immortaleisd for heavin Imbark-it,

Greate *Architector* of this wondrous frame  
 Raise vp my Spreit to thy celestiaall *Throne*  
 Let my poore soule contemplat in the flame  
 Of thy all dazling beautie wheir allone  
 Thy glorious beams reflecting may ou'r quhelme  
 My waikned sight and more then Sun-like shone  
 On my poore soules all darkned *Sinners* eyes  
 Mak her to earth ecclipt, sleir toward skyes,

The Pre-  
 phets Prayer.



## The famous Historie.

Heir follows  
the constel-  
lations about  
the Polls al-  
luding to  
the Kings  
descendit of  
the Bruce.

Constellatiō  
Hercules  
holds a Lion  
bound in  
chayns allu-  
ding to King  
Robert Bruce  
holding the  
Scots arms.

Constellatiō  
Iason in the  
schip argus.  
David Bruce  
that sailit to  
Frace wher  
he stayit  
nyne zeirs  
Induring the  
warrs  
against the  
Baleoll  
ayded by Es-  
gland but  
when here-  
turnit he  
broughthome  
peace allu-  
Constellatiō  
auriga  
draueith a  
cortch full of  
galēt youths  
Robert Ste-  
wart the  
of whom the  
Kngis of  
that name  
descended  
Constellatiō  
Zepheus a  
Weiping for  
Andromada  
swane and a  
eagils one  
ether hand  
of him allu-  
ding to Ro-  
bert the 3.

Wher with the *Prophets* face began to Shine  
Hee suddanlie with *Sacred* furie glows  
His *Soule* cleiv's throw the ten fold *orbs* in fine  
And from sole *Maiesties* bright *Glorie* drow's  
Her all celestial *Sacred* food divine

A Sun like brightness on his forehead grow's  
A schining luster from his eies furth sent  
A fire glance of goldlyke Blandishment.

First thow, said hee, the Rampand *Lion* tyis  
Wha wandering from his *Den* goes farre a stray  
Intrap'd in snaires and foraigne subtilties  
Whoe erst subdew'd all prays becoms a pray  
To craftie subtil *Foes* yet doth arise  
With glorious *Triumph* to their greates decay  
And hee whoe scorn'd a *strainger* could command  
Now yeelds his Neck to thy *victorious* hand.

Heir sailis the *Schip* wher in thy young *Sone* sitts  
Slyceing the vau's of *Azur* trembling plains  
And waits into a forren land that sitts  
For greenish youth (wher all delight *Remains*)  
Whill heir sterne warrs remorseles furie frets  
And tears oure Bowells a shunder, strip's oure vains  
Yet this blis bark oure *Iason* brings from *Greece*  
And of sweet *Peace* brings home the *Golden Fleece*

But lo heir cum's the loftie coach-man doun  
That after him draw's furth suche lamps of light  
Such *Jems* such *Pearls* and *Jewells* for the crune  
Such *Ornaments* such onlie rare delight  
That Sun like schyns with evir blest renowne  
And all from *Po* to *Gangis* feiris their might  
Yea and him self his chaarge so weil discharges  
Earth's sole *Impire* *Ioue* for his Seede enlarges.

Then cum's that holie Prince *Gracie* wife and old  
That for his children murning still laments  
Whoes spotles life heirby the *Swans* foretold  
His thoughts and looks the *Eagill* still presents  
For lo his Eies bent vpwads still behold  
Fixt on his *Phobus* the one trine *Essence*  
Hee for his children plains to *Ioue* abow  
Whoe shall regaird his looks his life his love.

Heir

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

*I. Booke*

Heir cums that Prince of wrongfull Boundage frie  
Who that myld *Virgin* iustice did releace  
From that wild Monster raiging Tirannie  
And set her frie to all his happie race  
Hee rewels the land with laues and equitie  
In Whoes blist regne flous knowlege welch and Grace  
Of iustice in his hand hee holds the \*heid  
Whois splendor striks all malefactors deid

Heir monted doth that valiant Prince advance  
Whoes heavin-wrocht lance his enemies ov'r throuis  
In w home shal schine pure virtues radiance  
Rais'd vp on hie by *Ioue* gainst all his foes  
The ravening *wolf* hee foilles with Temperance  
And the trew Path to treew *Religion* shois  
Moueing his subiects hearts their minds and all  
Greate *Ioue* to feare and on his name to call,

Now in thy time quod he shall heir arriue  
A worthie knight that from his native land  
Shall flie becaus he brauelie shall deprive  
In glorius fight a knight that shall with stand  
Thy Praises deu whill he doth thee descriue  
Yea ewin this knight shall with victorious hand  
Come heir whoes name his *Seid* shall eternize  
And still they *virtues* line shall sympathize

From this great man shall one far greater spring  
Whom fortune fair and fate shall itil attend  
*Bellona* fearece and *Venus* myld shall bring  
*Laurells* from *Mars* but to greate loue shall send  
A *Garland* ritche sprung from this worthie King  
Whose royall *Stem* vnto the endles end  
Of his greate line their *Tempels* sall adorne  
With neuer setting ever ryling morne.

For lo the Daughter of this worthie \* Prince  
Sall wed this knight this Lord of heigh renowne  
Whose hight whose greatnes and whose excellence  
Whose Schuldurs seims ane *Atlas* to the crowne  
Of him shall come that mightie Lord whoe thence  
Shall go and proud rebellious *Danes* beat down  
He to obey his Princes great commaud  
Shall tak this bold and wighrie charge in hand.

G

And

Constella-  
tions  
Perseus re-  
leues the  
vergin An-  
dromadce  
Iuding Iames  
the first who  
institute the  
colledge of  
iustice.  
\* Medusas  
head constel-  
lacione chir6  
the centaur  
with a lance  
holds a wolf  
by the nek  
alooding to  
Iames the 2.  
a Zelous re-  
former of  
sinne and  
wyce.

Heir the Pro-  
phet take  
occasion to  
Intreat a li-  
tel of the be-  
ginning of the  
humilitie

Sir Iames  
hamiltoun  
that marcit  
King Iames  
the 3. his  
dougher.

K. Iames, 2.

King Iames  
the 4. send  
hamilton  
Erll of Arran  
with ane Ar-  
mje with the  
Danish King  
whom he  
reestablist in  
his kingd6  
and after re-  
turned to his  
contrey with  
great glorie.

## The famous Historie

An *Armie* and a *Natie* he shall bring  
 ou're thetis glassie montans groundies Deip  
 Vnder his wings that disin throned King  
 Shall go: whose crowne rebellious *Danes* still keip  
 Ou're all these northern worlds his name fall ring  
 Terror in Eurie Ear: whill he doeth steip  
 His sword in their most valiant *Princes* blood  
 Whose might his all-commanding will gane flood,  
 And to his wounted height that King shall raise  
 And Inthronize him in dispight of foes  
 With fame With glorie and with endles praise  
 He shall retorne vnto his land but lose  
 When he hath spent in *honors* height his dayes  
 Fauord by heau'ne fred from vntimlie Woes  
 Of him discending shal a Greater ryse  
 And lift his *Glorie* farr above the Skye.

The Earl of  
 Arran pro-  
 mitor of Scot  
 lād in Queēe  
 Maris mi-  
 noritie who  
 the King of  
 Fraunce maid  
 duge of chas-  
 taut.

He shall this land Gouverne *Protect* defend  
 Prom forangne force from home-bred *Cuill* broills  
 And the Emperiall swey shall swetlie bend  
 Whill the right heyre is Yung in these great toills  
 Eune the most christian king fall seuin end  
 For his greate freindschip and his favor whills  
 To *Dignitie* aloft he shall him rear  
 Thus fall his greatnes schyn both heir and their.

Nor yet this Prince allone shall be the last  
 That shall surmount his Predicessors farr  
 But this great famelie shall spred so fast  
 As *England* shall in'uy that such a *Starr*  
 Schot from their *sphere* hath their cleir lights surpast  
 And like a comet blazing blood and warr (error  
 Streams furrh their beams that eche w heir purge from  
 And warmis their freinds but burns their foes with terres

This famous line shall flourish more and more  
 Greate *Columns* faire rare *Pillars* of the crowne  
 Ritche ornaments that shall the land decore  
 Sune-glistring-lights with euer blid renowne  
 Heaune-blazing lamps whoes flame fr om virtues store  
 Brings oil wherein they hell-bred *Hydras* drowne  
 But leave we them, and of thy royall race,  
 Show heavins-rare *blessing*, greatnes, hight, & grace.  
 Then



Then comes that *Serpent* berar furth in view  
In base borne venomous blood to much delighted  
Our all the land their poysoned goir they spew  
And all his weil borne *subiects* much affrighted  
Wheirof greate harme greate vengeance doth ensue  
For those foull *Beasts* of eche so much dispyghted  
Shall be the caus of this greate Princes fall  
Their *Poison* so infects heart minde and all:

And *Archer* like the nixt doth marche on foot  
Amidst his armie rashlie to persue  
His craftie fo'es whill his brave minde to stout  
Shall scorne the *Counsel* of his subiects tiew  
Their shall vnwarsthis war-like *Prince* no dout  
Be lost whoes want thow *Scotland* long shall rew  
For so too soone his sone of glorie Bright  
Is chok'd with mists of feats vntimelic Night.

And heit behold that *Magnanimious* King  
Most iust in peace most valorus in warr  
his royall *Scepter* bravelie managing  
Whoes glorious fame shall pears all *Europes* ear  
From him fair Beuteis faerest floure shall spring  
Whom heir you sic sett in a royall chear  
And their her dangling golden loeks intreyld  
Much these have blist her but much more ner child.

The Argument.

The south and North crownes ioynd by that great King  
Who of all *Kinges* hea'uns blisshinges most embrace  
His works his witt hea'uns care him safe to bring  
To happie end: his twor air inapes of grace  
In whom heis bles'd more then in anye thing  
By warr the youngest reules the earth in peace  
The Prophet leaues the Prince amazed at last  
He joyles six *Knights* then to his armie past.

Caput. 5.

**B**Ut heir o *Scotland* heir beginnes thy spring  
of honor wealth fame glorie praise & blisse  
Eune now & not til nou high hea'uns doth  
Thy happines thy good thy al I wish (bring  
Thy fame thy name for e're eternizing  
If sinfull pride beare not thy wayes amis  
Hence shall thy glorie and thy greatnes grow  
Swelling o're seas and o'ra all landes shall flow.

Constellatio  
A Serpent in  
ether hand  
of Serpenta-  
rius alloding  
to Iames  
the 3. Reuld  
by chiochris  
& the dafie  
who lik ser-  
pents poiso-  
ned the land  
with vice the  
caus of his  
fall.

Constella-  
tione Indus  
ane archer  
marching to  
fight on fur  
Iames the 4.  
who fight-  
ing on fur  
was fleane  
in flouden  
scild.

Constella-  
tione Bootes  
is a ma strög  
and powerfull  
Iames the 5.  
Constella-  
tione Cassio-  
pea is a  
queen se-  
ting in a  
chyre queen  
marie dou-  
ger of Fraçe.  
Berinicia cri-  
nis or cel-  
ries cald the  
garland of  
hear.

Constella-  
tione die  
north and  
south crow-  
nes on ether  
syde of Po-  
lophix be-  
fore him an  
after Alla-  
ding to Ia-  
mes the 6.  
who ioynd  
the North  
and south  
crounes of  
Britane.

## The famous Historie

An *Armie* and a *Naue* he shall bring  
 ou're thetis glassie montans groundies Deip  
 Vnder his wings that disin throned King  
 Shall go: whose crowne rebellious *Danes* still keip  
 Ou're all these northern worlds his name fall ring  
 Terror in Eurie Ear: whill he doeth steip  
 His sword in their most valiant *Princes* blood  
 Whose might his all-commanding will gane flood  
 And to his wounted height that King shall raise  
 And Inthronize him in dispight of foes  
 With fame With glorie and with endles praise  
 He shall retorne vnto his land but lose  
 When he hath spent in *honors* height his dayes  
 Fauord by heau'ne fred from vntimlie Woes  
 Of him discending shal a Greater ryse  
 And lift his *Glorie* farr aboue the Skye.

The Earl of  
 Arran pro-  
 tector of Scot  
 lād in Queene  
 Maries mi-  
 noretie who  
 the King of  
 Fraunce maid  
 duge of chat  
 elant.

He shall this land Gouverne *Protect* defend  
 Prom forangne force from home-bred *Cuill* broille  
 And the Emperiall svey shall swet lie bend  
 Whill the right heyre is Yung in these great toilla  
 Eune the most christian king fall seuin end  
 For his greate freindschip and his favor whills  
 To *Dignitie* aloft he shall him rear  
 Thus fall his greatnes schyn both heir and their.

Nor yet this Prince allone shall be the last  
 That shall surmount his Predicessors farr  
 But this great famelie shall spred so fast  
 As *England* shall in'uy that such a *Starr*  
 Schot from their *sphere* hath their cleir lights surpast  
 And like a *comet* blazing blood and warr (error  
 Streams furrh their beams that eche wheir purge from  
 And warmis their freinds but burns their foes with terres  
 This famous line shall flourish more and more  
 Greate *Columns* faire rare *Pillars* of the crowne  
 Ritche *ornaments* that shall the land decore  
 Sune-glistring-lights with euer blisd renowne  
 Heaune, blazing lamps whoes flame from virtues store  
 Brings oill wherein they hell-bred *Hydras* drowne  
 But leave we them, and of thy royall race,  
 Show heavins-rare *blessing*, greatnes, hight, & grace.  
 Then

Then comes that *Serpent* berar furth in view  
In base borne venomous blood to much delighted  
Our all the *land* their poysoned goir they spew  
And all his weil borne *subiects* much affrighted  
Wheir of greate harme greate vengeance doth ensue  
For those foull *Beasts* of eche so much dispyghted  
Shall be the caus of this greate Princes fall  
Their *Poison* so infects heart minde and all:

And *Archer* like the nixt doth marche on foot  
Amidst his armie rashlie to persue  
His craftie fo'es whill his brave minde to stout  
Shall scorne the *Counsel* of his subiects tiew  
Their shall vnwar this war-like *Prince* no dout  
Be lost whoes want thow *Scotland* long shall rew  
For lo too soone his sone of glorie Bright  
Is chok'd with mists of feats vntimelic Night.

And heir behold that *Magnanimious* King  
Most iust in peace most valorus in warr  
his royall *Scepter* bravelie managing  
Whoes glorious fame shall pears all *Europes* ear  
From him fair Beuteis faerest floure shall spring  
Whom heir you sie sett in a royall chear  
And their her dangling golden loeks intreyld  
Much these have blist her but much more ner child.

The Argument.

The south and North crownes ioynd by that great King  
Who of all *Kinges* hea'uns blisinges most embrace  
His works his witt hea'uns care him saif to bring  
To happes end: his tior air impes of grace  
In whom heis bles'd more then in anye thing  
By warr the youngest reules the earth in peace  
The Prophet leaues the Prince amazed at last  
He joyles six *Knights* then to his armie past.

Caput. 5.

**B**ut heir o *Scotland* heir beginnes thy spring  
of honor wealth fame glorie praise & blisse  
Eune now & not til nou high hea'uns doth  
Thy happines thy good thy al I wish (bring  
Thy fame thy name for e're eternizing  
If sinfull pride beare not thy wayes amis  
Hence shall thy glorie and thy greatnes grow  
Swelling o're seas and o'ra all landes shall flow.

Constellatio  
A Serpent in  
ether hand  
of Serpenta-  
rius alloding  
to Iames  
the 3. Reuld  
by chiochru  
& the dafio  
who lik ser-  
pents poiso-  
ned the land  
with vice the  
caus of his  
fall.

Constella-  
tione Indus  
ane archer  
marching to  
fight on fur  
Iames the 4.  
who fight-  
ing on fur  
was fleane  
in flouden  
scild.

Constella-  
tione Bores  
is a ma ströe  
and powerful  
Iames the 5.  
Constella-  
tione Cassio-  
pea is a  
quein sea-  
ting in a  
chyre quein  
marie dou-  
ger of Fräce.  
Berinicia cri-  
nis or cel-  
ries cald the  
garland of  
hear.

Constella-  
tione die  
north and  
south crow-  
nes on either  
syde of Po-  
lophrax be-  
fore him an  
ster Alla-  
ding to Ia-  
mes the 6.  
who ioynd  
the North  
and south  
crounes of  
Bruane.



## The famous Historie

The north  
and south  
crowne Corona  
na Borealis  
Corona au-  
stralis

Their o're the glob of Sea and earth he stands  
Whiche to the North ioynes fowthes fair *Diademe*  
And *Boreas* spacious *impire* all commands  
And all wheir *Titan* coolls his fire team  
If thou can number furth the *Ocean* sands  
Or all those spangled golden wonders name  
In radiant coache that course heauns lifts a pace  
Then may'it thou compt his blid and frutfull race

This, this, is hee, eu'ne hee, whome havin propoines  
Greate *Iou's* eternall *motto* for to beare  
whoes *Soule* refyning sighs heart-scolding grones  
shall on this *Altar* of *Deuotion* reare  
Trew zeall trew faith and trew repenting moine  
From whence ascends the sweet perfums of Pra'ise  
To the one-trin whoe from his merceis *Throne*  
Shall rain down plenteus showrs of Grace anone.

Gods won-  
derfull loue  
shown to  
him in his  
many and  
notable de-  
liueries fro  
treason,

From so great Dangers shall the Lord him saue  
And to suche hight of happines him bring  
That tho nought els could eche ones ears bereaue  
Yet this shall be ane eue lasting Signe  
For eche to sing, his mild Sweet virtues grave  
Without correction bent to eche designe  
His Bountie clemencie and equitie  
His constant minde and his stabilitie.

The least of nothing can my *Muse* record  
Whoes wings is lag'd with vapors gros and fatt  
but this I know that his imperiall sword  
shall Slyce down sinne and scheild the desolat  
But should I thus with seiming scheuis debord  
His praise so Infinit so intricat

No no deir *muse* serche not wheir is no end  
Onlie him self him self can comprehend

For all the *Aduses* at his Birth descending  
Throu the cleir Welkin of oure western clyms  
As when a fire flashe of lightning Bending  
With twinkling rays glids downward often times  
A mid the ruffed plains so they attending  
On his blist Birth, infuse their sacred rims  
His spreit within, and with *Ambrosiall* kisses  
In his blid soule, they breath a heau'ne of blisses.

This

This done they with a wreath of starrs haif cround  
 His Tempills which a *Tripill* croune adorne  
 With dowble Bayis and *Lawrell* much renound  
 They give two glorious titles new'r outworne  
 And maks his voice diuinlie to resound  
 Our all the earth on wings of fame still borne  
 O miracle his voice lyik lightning darte  
 The golden schowrs of poleist witt and arte.

Sol monarch  
 of ye north  
 and Prince  
 of Poets.

His *Muse* shall flie with sweitest eloquence  
 In learned layes to charme all spreits all sences  
 And like a *Queene* in pomps magnificence  
 Sche's richest still when laigest in expences  
 In Scarlot heir in crimsone their and thence  
 In purple robs adorning royall prences  
 More ritche then golden *Tessen's* swelling coff  
 Withrairest *Jems* and pretious stones imbott,

His eloquēce  
 compaird to  
 a *Queene*.

His Booke to  
 the Prince.

And then anone in *Arm's* adrest for warr  
 A steill bright sword she is brauelic brandishing  
 Heir dois she place the thundring conons their  
 To *Mars* she bids the roiring trumpets sing  
 The victor getts her lawrell for his schare  
 That bring him more then *Cresus* gold could bring  
 But now in sabel blak her self she suits  
 And *Magick* spells diuinlie she refuits.

His wark  
 calld the Bat-  
 tle of Iapan-  
 to,

His booke  
 against *Ma-  
 gik*.

Then *Sant* like sits she in a secret *Cell*  
 And sacred phraises sent from heuin above  
 Furth from her pen in plentie doeth distell  
 Confounding all that quest'ouns vaine wold prove  
 And from her witts deip tressour springs a well  
 Whoes source from Gods celesti all throne doth move  
 On golden channell flyds this siluer streame  
 And drouns her foes in groundles Gulfs of shame,

His answer  
 so that booke  
 sett furth in  
 the nam of  
*Dellarmin*.

Yea how soew'r her self she list t' adorne  
 With *Diadems* or coats of warlick steill  
 Or wisdoms grauer suits she list haue borne  
 Yet curie thing becums her schaip so weill  
 That still her self she seims whoes rising morne  
 Shall haue no night whoes mightie flowing *Nile*  
 Our flows all lands and with hir swelling wawe  
 Holds hirs in peace and ythers all in awe.

*The Famous Historie*

This Prince more wealth peace honor greatnes brings  
Then all that swey'd his Scepter ewer before  
But heir since heaune him by his worth desings  
That to all times and aige shall him restore  
Since all and ewrie thing his praises sings  
I can but lessen what all tymes makes more  
But in his seid rare blessings shall attend him  
Which it fall pleas almightie *Ioue* to send him

In midst of famous *Scotland* does their ly  
A valey grac'd with *Nature* airt and care  
As fertill as the soill of *Araby*  
As plefant as *Thessalian Tempe* fair  
On which from heaune no blustering Tempests flye  
Nor *Zephire* blou's but sweit and wholsome air  
A long whoes side the *Ocheli* montans rise  
And lifts their swelling topps aboue the skyis,

The descrip-  
tion of Stir-  
ling the birth  
place of  
Prince  
Henric.

Doun through the midst of this fair valey glids  
The cristall *Forth* with glansing siluer hew  
Whoes roaring stream on golden channell slides  
With murmur sweit in *Thetis* bosome blew  
Of brooks supply'd with lib'rall store besids  
Which tops of trowing montans still renew  
Whoes springs the dry insatiate meids suppleis  
And moister lends to herbs to fructs and treis,

In midst of this fair valey doth arise  
A mightie mounting roche of wondrous height  
On whoes ambitious bak as in the skyis  
A *Citie* stands impregnable to sight  
A *Castell* on his lostie crest espyis  
The valey's rownd about the montans light  
Below the roch the glancing *River* glids  
In whoes cold streams hee coolls his horte sides

When *Titan* doth vp to the sowe aspire  
Ascending through heauens vanlts of brightest azure  
These lostie turrets seim to haue desire  
To view their beauteis pride whill thay haue leasure  
Then sett they all the rowling flood on fire  
Whoes trembling billons shew their golden Treasur  
The smiling flood Illustrats them with beams  
Whill as their beutie beautifeis her streams.

Within



Within this *Paradise* of all delight  
Thus grac'd with airts proud wealth and *Natures* care  
Shall to the world be borne that lamp of light  
Whoes schyning shaip yow ar beholding their  
But ah too soone snatcht vp from humane sight  
Whoes lose shall mak the western-world dispaire  
That heauens can raise them to their former blis  
Since they haue rest so great a Good as this.

Constellatiō

Antinous a  
must rear &  
beautifull  
youth a loo-  
ding to  
Prince  
Hendire.

O could hee leine he were a worthie Prence  
By nature in her rithest wealth enrold  
And fraught with all the guifts of excellence  
That either Man could wisch or heauins vnfold  
But O too wise and too too sone raine hence  
Heauin scorns that earth so great a good should hold  
*Albions* be war least heauins vpon the lowr  
Who thus vntimelie cuts thy fairest flowr.

Then shall arise a Prince of his owne kind  
Borne of his *dame* and of his *fire* begot  
Whoes matchles haughtie and heroick mind  
Shous heauens assignes great empires for his lot  
Heir doth he marche in arms to warr Inclind  
Ou'r *Danub Neill Euphrates Ganges* hote  
And treds on all as on that fearfull here  
Gainst his victorious Arms that dars prepare.

constellatiō  
Orion  
Merching in  
arms ouer a  
river and a  
heir vnder  
his foot a  
standing to  
charles Prince  
of wails a-  
cording to  
the proph-  
etis.

Heat his royall fathers heigh command  
This greato and weghrie charge shall vnder go  
For drea reuenge with warts hote burning brand  
Send from that angrie *Monarchs* beist shall thro  
A thundering tempest ouer all sea and land  
With schame lose foyle blood ruin wrak and wo  
For why his waiting slaues ar warr and deash  
Tunbind his browes knit vp in cloudes of wrathe,

Hee as gen-  
erall vnder  
his father.

To whoes braue sone thus sent the lord hath granted  
If hee his thoghts hoord in that heauenlie place  
With him and his hee sure hes conenanted  
To pour ane *Ocean* of his plenteous grace  
Nor his greate *Syrs* dominions shalbe wanted  
But all from fertill *Inde* to *Oscades*

The yearis  
following ar  
translated  
out of the  
Prophecieis

All shalbe his and his victorious hand  
Ou'r sea and earth all nations shall command.

Agreing  
with the  
Prophecieis

## The famous Historie.

Hiedra  
bluding to  
the greates  
Turk.

Corona  
australis  
Corona  
Borealis

Cruz.

And lo that dreadfull *Serpent* scourge of earth  
Whoes pride aloft him to the heauens doth rear  
Shall yeeld to his all-conquering arme whoes worthe  
From his prowde head this *Diadem* shall tear  
And Ioyne it to his oune by right of Birth  
Then to his sauours sacred tomb shall bear  
This glorious standart this triumphante *Signe*  
Of sinne of death of hells great taming *King*.

Nature and all her train on him attend  
Putting the golden key Into his hand  
Of earth and seas ritche treasure to the end  
That all obey and he may all command  
*Ceare* *Wisdome* foirsicht *virtue* to him send  
*Fortune* fast bound with many thousand band  
*Loue* *Beautie* youth strue to adorne him more  
Then *virtue* grace and wisdoms plenteous store.

Hercules  
ewell labo-  
ris.

The tuelf greate *Labors* of that antick Lord  
Was Iustlie praisd and magnifeit allone  
Yet much more worth to him fall be restord  
Then Men beasts monsters conquerd one by one  
Whier onlie strengtb noght witt did aide afford  
Ou'r mured beasts his glorie shall not shone  
But Kings subdew't and mightie nations strong  
Shall to his fame and endles praise belong.

This Prince shall always feill heauens gracious loue  
And happie fortunes shall confort him still  
Proud conquering *Mars* still by his side shall moue  
Fair victorie shall eu'r obey his will  
His infancie she nwrting shall remoue  
To noble hoppes and his strong yeers furthfill  
With statlie *Trophes* and his aige with balms  
With crouns with *Lawrells* and triumphant palms.

A digression  
Ascribing  
the River  
Po.

The boundles sea shall seeme to him a brook  
Heaun threatning *Alps* shall seime ane easie way  
Two horned *Po* shall his proud streams rebook  
Beholding his victorious armie stay  
His glassie *Cave* he leaus and cums to look  
Whier as a thousand cisterns eu'rie day  
To pay their endles siluer tribute hyis  
Whic htil that time did neuer view the skyis.

The

The aiged flood cums grauelie from his cell  
 Doun from his head hings dangling siluer tressis  
 From eu'rie hair a christall spring doth fall  
 Ay when he sweats a roaring Steams foorth praisis  
 Eche sigh raise vp a wane eche groan foretell  
 A fearfull inundation following passes

His wrinkled Brow's a pearly dew distelleth  
 His greenishe eis with endles tears still filleth.

The *Nymphs* with daunsing round about him trips  
 Aganes the *Sonne* their azure mantils shone  
 From vau to vau the wanton faries skips  
 Whole scoolls of fishe heir swims their leaps anone  
 Their watrie Lord with Ice cold schivering lips  
 Thus chydys his streams you foolish streams allone  
 Ah will you thus heatns champion ganestand  
 When sea and Earth obeis his conquiring hand.

Proud brooke becalme abate thy raging torrent  
 Gainst him whome *Ioue* hath loude list not thy horne  
 Rol smothe youe waues lash not your swelling current  
 Furth at his glorious fleet, which should be borne  
 On youre smooth backe but dance an easie currant  
 With me your aged flood with years not worne  
 Till his victorious armie march before  
 Their glistring ensing's; on our eastern shoro

His fear'd renoune like thundring *cannons* roars  
 In eche mans ears through all lands touns and tours  
 And tempest like it beitts the baltike shoars  
 Clouds of his wrathe in hails scharp stormie shours  
 Tumbling throgh mightie winds aloft still soar's  
 At whoes dreid sound all nat'ions sadlie lour's

And ou'rall lands it fleis at last it falls  
 And beats doup bulwarks touns tours gates and walls.

This valorous Prince wise cumlie fair and neat  
 In eurie thing him self shall bravelie bear  
 His *Enemeis* he shall no sooner threat  
 Than hee shall ouer throw with schame and fear  
 The terror of his name fall tyrannes beat  
 Doun from their throns who yeelds before he warre  
 For *Ioue* noght geu's him sparinglie good hap.  
 But alway pours doun plentie in his lap.



*The famous Historie*

Thus thy greate house thy race thy of spring faire  
Vnbred vnborne all those and mor's enrold  
On heauens brasle leafe by the almightieis cair  
For all ensuing aiges to behold  
Be thankfull serue loue Praise his merceis rare  
That in heuins birth did frost their Births vnfold  
So thy blis'd race shalbe more blessed still  
Nor time nor age thy blesse'd Seid shall kill.

And thou deir Countrie with all Grace contented  
That heau'ne on fertill Earth can thee afford  
Let not thy mind with pride be once atteinted  
For those great blessings of thy greatious Lord  
Let not fair rates approch be so prevented  
And Bhsf. Once geuin with shame soone bak restoord  
But O allace heir my poore Soule doth faint  
O then I feare a thankfull mynd thou's want.

*Prophecies.* Which if thou doe th'almightie's smyles shall turne  
To hote consuming warre he and coales of fire  
That shall thy intrealls all thy bouells burne  
Thou's feill his iust sad wrathe and dreadfull ire  
For which thy maids and hearmles babes shall murne  
Nor shall thy Plagues watre famien death retire  
ill thou be wallowing in a crimsons flood  
And dround almost in thy oune guiltie blood.

*Glaide  
moor.* Greate *Ioue* shall send straunge *Nations* fair and neir  
Within thy natiue land thee to destroy  
Earths farrest ends thy widowes plaints shal heare  
Where weiping aer thy mornings shall convoy  
From *Pole* to *Pole* beneath heauens volts so cleir  
*Echo* shall sadlie soond thy sad annoy  
Annoy cuts his discours, thus wofull harted  
Where with the *Prophetizing* spreit departed.

Long time he silent stood at last againe  
He thus began braue Prince in time bewarr  
Lest when the crowne thou freilie shalt obtaine  
Thou le not sinn and vice creip in so farr  
That *Ioue* his endles Blessings he refraine  
And thee and thine with endles vengeance marr  
Which if thou doest not than thou heir hast sene  
What hath for thee and thine prepared bene.

Thus.

Thus said the *Prophet* whill the *Prince* reioisd  
 Those of his royall of spring thus to sic  
 In heauins so framde by *Ioue* so weill disposede  
 And rendring thanks to his greate *majestie*  
 Eune then a vow hee on him self impoisd  
 His Kingdome once at peace his crowne made: frie  
 Hee with ane armie great *Christs* tomb wold view  
 And with sterne warre wold *Sarasens* Persew,

He deli on  
 performed  
 this vow  
 whar for he  
 send his  
 heart to the  
 holis groue.

Then said he to that graue and antient *Syre*  
 Wife holie father let me once be bold  
 Thy blis and happie name for to require  
 Of whom my verie soules content I hold.  
 Great *Prince* quod he I yeeld to your desire  
*Rimour* I hight your slave and seruand old  
 My ldue and my last duetie to discharge  
 I hither came as you shall know at large.

This was  
 Thomas Ry-  
 mour and  
 old *Prophet*  
 who died a-  
 bout six  
 months af-  
 ter this time

For the appointed time is drawing neir  
 Wh n my poore soule mult leaue this ruind toure  
 Know then an *Angell* did to me appeir  
 And of these reuelationes gaue me power  
 Onlie for thee, becaus the Lord doeth heare  
 The wofull plaintes and groninges curie houre  
 Of thy still torterd land which hea'uns surmonted  
 And mercie begd where mercie neuer wanted,

That onlie thou selected for reliefe  
 By the one-trine eternall maiestie  
 Crost with misfortune sorow paine and graif  
 For that vilde slaughter sacrale gioullie  
 In *Joues* sole sacred house but that mischeif  
 Hath thy vnfaired repentance freed from thee  
 Should heir by me hea'uns endles bountie know  
 For to remoue thy cares, and confort show.

Persist thou still then in thy iust desire  
 For mightie *Joue* stands Arm'd against thy foe's  
 Now all thy Bad misfortuns shall retire  
 Hence shalt thou euer winn and neuer lose  
 Thou frielie shalt Posses a frie *Empire*  
 And such renoune such fame and glorie goes  
 Of thy greate name that thou shalt haue more praise  
 Then euer had a *Prince* before thy dayes.

## *The famous Historie*

King Robert  
hade a bafe  
foone that  
was erill of  
Ros of who  
is difcerend  
the two fa-  
mous fami-  
lies of elak  
mannan and  
erthe both  
furnemid  
Bruce.

Now quod the Prince old father I wald know  
If theis great kings shal beutifie my name  
No no quod he but from thy loynis shall grow  
One trie whois fruiet shall flurifhe still with fame  
And one the bankis of filuer forth shall show  
Tuo branches faire for to adorne that stream  
Who turnis and bous his crooked fchoris about  
To keip fuch heazune blest treasur eon got out.

And fo fairweill this said throu fchaples air  
Hee went away, a light cleir bright and fchining  
Enlightned all the Place fo cleir and fair  
As *Phobus* feimd but *Phebe* thence refining  
His pail old Beautie spent with aige and cair  
The Prince his kneis and dafled eies inclining  
Downe fals he ftraight lyfe feemd to leaue his ftatione  
Stroke blind with light and dumb with admirations.

When hee recoverd of this brain-ficke trance  
He look't, about but could no wheir behold  
The caufe of fuch a golden rediance  
Nor anie wheir fie that graue *Prophet* old  
Which chang't and alired much his countenance  
Tixt dout and feare yet neids from thence hee wold  
Finding a beaten Path down to the plane  
That leids him wheir his horfe doth yet remane.

Hee taks him ftraight and dotlr from thence depar t  
Revoluing ofr into his Princelie mynd  
If by Illufioun vifioun dreame or airt  
Or if he reft in Spreit fuch things dewynd  
But weying weil eche things with ioyfull heare  
He nothing think vnpossible to find  
By mighte *Ioue* altho mans shallow witt  
Can hardlie be induc'd to credet it

Thus whill he thinks thus whill he mufing rides  
Six knightis all arm'd weill monted he efpyis  
Cum towards him he for defence provyds  
Yeild yeild thy felf or die the formeft cryis  
He noght replyd but boldlie them abyds  
Drauing his noble brand them all defyis  
And in fchort tyme fo quaild them with rebook  
That thrie he kild two chaf'd and one he took.

Then



Then foreward on his Iournay doth he hold  
 And of his prisoner desirs to know  
 Who reul'd that land hee thus vnto him told  
 To day this cuntrie did me homage ow  
 But I too rasche my fond attempts to bold  
 Hearing of straungers landet heir below  
 Wold with these few my cuntries-wrong prevent  
 But yow allone hath marr'd my fond Intent.

And If yow to King *Edward* doth pertaine  
 Or to oure Prince I pray yow schow to me  
 Or with theas lait cum troups if yow remane  
 Whom I but forsight thus wold go to sie  
 I hold of *Edward* said the Prince agane  
 Thei of I'm sorie said the knight pardie  
 Great pitie war't in such vnlaughfull warre  
 So excellent a Knight should armour beare.

Thus lest they thus they talk till they haue gone  
 Farr on the way at last they might discry  
 A warlick troupe in glistring armour schone  
 Whom by their arms the Prince knew presentlie  
 They knowing him with heigh applause eche one  
 Made know'ne how weill they lyk't his companie  
 He to his prisoner him self reuield  
 Whoe pardon begd and thanks to heaune did zeild.

Whill days great Lord ou'r heauns giult roof farr past  
 Beholding *Thetis* beautie where she lyes  
 Redarting bak his armors til at last  
 Her loue fird smiles scimd to Inflame the skyis  
 He hurlls his golden Quells down in the wast  
 Breathles for haist he blusht yet down he hyis  
 Wher on the trembling siluer waues she stood  
 Than diue they both doune throghe the christell flood.

Eune then the Knight the King and all his trane  
 Intreats that night beneth his rooff to rest  
 Wheir too the King doth yeild thus bak agane  
 Right to his Pallace they them selfs addrest  
 But this brane Prince not long did heire remane  
 For why a Ioyfull hope his heart posselt  
 Wheirfore he schipt in haist and took the Sea  
 Hoping on his prouid for reuengd to be,

## The Famous Historye

### The Argument.

By Fortune Valor and a duentrous chance  
The Douglas doth releue thrie Scottish Dames  
In Arrans Ile and doth from thence aduance  
Whill hee is brunt with lowes Insulting flames  
Yet shewes he that on Mars not Cupides launce  
Glorie prouids to him triumphand Palmes  
He finds his Lord to Scotland whoe returns  
And Turnberrie he sacks distroys and burns.

### Caput. 6.

**N**ow may you think that I haue lost the sight  
Of Douglas and forgot his warlick deids  
Whoe still persues his chaife till Sable nighte  
To saue her frend & end his game furth speids  
Then from his weill spurd hors he doth alight  
To rett till heauns smyld on Apollos steids  
But long he rests not when he hears a noyse  
Confus'dlie Iarring with a weiping voyce.

He takes his hors and their in haist doth ride  
Wher as him thocht he hard the wofull sound  
By Phebes light at last he hes espi'de  
On horse some fiftie knights whoe led fast bound  
Fiue knights thrie Ladeis all behind them tyed  
Vpon their horse the knights from many a wound  
Dyit the grein grasse in reid that seemd to call  
For dread reuenge shewing the way with all.

Hee follous still but lo they ride so fast  
That they by this had gottin to the shore  
And in a Tall schip soone from thence thay past  
He seis Sextein in arms their him before  
That them persew'd with those he gois at last  
Vnto a Baire oft wissing to restore  
To libertie those poore distressed wights  
The wofull Ladeis and the woundit knights.

Now these were led he met vpon the shore  
By one Sir Robert Boyd a val'aunt knight  
They from the Armie stray'd not long before  
When on thrie Gentlemen thay hap'to light  
Whoe them besoght to aid them to restore  
Thrie Ladeis tane by crewell English might  
And coming neir to Arran they conlude  
With Douglas onely for to spend their blood.

Wherefore

Theris war  
his frends.

Theris  
englishmen  
whom they  
folowit was  
kepers of  
the castell of  
breithwick  
in arran.

Wherefore he causd them presentlie to land  
In haile to get betuixt them and their hold  
Which straight was doune o happie they that fand  
So braue a Guide: Wise hardie fearles Bold  
In whoes myld look in whoes all conqu'ring hand  
They *Victorie* alreddie might behold

Now were they to the *Castell* neir hand by  
Where all in secreit they did cloislie ly

By then the *Englishe* to the shore had brought  
Their Prisoners but all their wealth and store  
Within their Schip they left which all for noght  
From merchands schips they had bereft of yore  
And now straight to the *Castell* when thay soght  
The *Douglas* gius the signe and steps before:

His warlick rout and with his sword and sheild  
He cuts a bloodie way out throgh the feild.

Thus in a raige furth throgh his foes he dreue  
Whoes virtuos valor thrusts for glöreis croune  
With eurie blow a soull bids earth adew  
Their new array he breaks their ranks beat doune  
So many sheild he cleist and knights our threw  
That too much *Valor* hindred much renoune  
For lo a wall of bodeis deid he layid  
Whereof the rest in neid a Rämpere made.

Transported thus with heat with wraeth and Ire  
Now heir now their he wofull Slaughter's wroght  
Astonisht then some did with feare retire  
Yet some for shame stikx to t amrazde in thoght  
Others that scornd such wounders to admire  
Vou's dread reuenge and on him still they soght  
Yet those that foolles were thoght did wiselie fle  
And those that wiselie stays like fool's they die.

Whill he not weried thus with killing fights  
Their Captane stout that *Hastings* heght to name  
Furth from the Castell cumms with twentic knights  
Whoes freshe supplies with furie most extreame  
Beats down their foes and stäys eu'ne in their fights  
Faie *Victorie* with glörie prais and fame:

That croune was cum and smyld on them before  
But now ~~the sunne~~ bak and threats them fore.



*The famous Historie.*

Wich when the noble *Douglas* had espy'd  
Viewing their fierce and val'aunt captane bold  
He leaues his task and furthwith thither hyr  
Whoes cheirfull sight his manglid band did hold  
From present flight whill he so weill applyr  
His matchles strength that his kene blaid groune cold;  
In their warme blood his heat so oft renew'd  
That now they first did flie whoe first persew'd.

Thus rairlie chang'd the fortune of the broyll  
*Hastings* with threats manace them still that flie  
And now in equall ballance stood the toyll  
Ah heauins yow feble Soldiors said hee  
Shall yow almost a hundreth haue the foyll  
Of but few more, then half a scoir yow sie  
Ah shame you euer hence the name to beare  
Of *English* so victorious in weare.

This said hee gaizd and staring round about  
At last he flees with fierce and angrie look  
Furth throw the throng against the *douglas* stout  
A stiff steill pointed dait he stronglie schook  
And as an bow an arrow swift schoots out  
Singing throghe *air* such founding aire it took  
Whill as the hardie fearles knight opposd.  
His sheild against all daungers on disclofd.

This straunge and mightie throw peirft *douglas* scheild  
And in his armour stayed which queiklie done  
The warlick *douglas* doeth the wapin weild  
And gaue his foe no leasure for to schune  
Gainst whoes strong arme his arms could be no beild  
Quyte through his right syde past it too too soone  
For at his heart he aynd yit forced him fal  
Which doeth abate the curage of them all.

Loue sorrow feare threu furth confusion fast  
Yet quicklie they resolue and in their fray  
Taks vp their wounded Lord and thence they past  
Yea soorlie this had bein their laitest day  
But nights dark schaid betwene them slipt at last  
And forst them both a syd their arms to lay  
For if heauns cheirful lamp had biddin in  
The val'aunt *douglas* force the towre had winn.

Now

Now they the wofull Prisoners vntye'd  
Whoe fell with humble reverence on the ground  
Praising almightie *Ioue* whoe did provide  
The *douglas* that their way to fastie found  
When he the ladeis Beauteis weill espy'd  
He wondred what wyld sauage wold haue bound  
Their mingled bodies with their daintie hands  
Fitter for arms embrace then iron bands.

For their neat bodies-daintie sweit and rare  
Was exquisite and excellent he thoght  
That eune almost his *martiall* mynd, all care  
Of Arms forgot and loues delight he foght  
The youngests beutie did his thoghtes Insnare  
Her face, Eies, hair, her all, by nature wrought,  
Was in the rarest and the finest Mold  
That heart could wishe, hand touch or eie behold,

But now becaus the Night was waxing dark  
He did from thence vnto the shore retein  
Where they at anker fand the English bark  
Which they of all resitants soone did cleir  
And lancing from the shore they did remark  
What store of wins they had what daintie cheir  
And as ther former task greate Praise obtaynd  
So by the last a woundrous wealtch they gaind,

With dainteis cloid at last they go to rest  
And setts their weatch but lo no rest at all  
The *Douglas* finds loue did him so moleit  
Now he's becom inchanting beauteis thrall  
Loth was he that his loue should be posselt  
By one to whom he was a debter small  
And by her changinge passiouns sore it seimde  
That she of late sum knight had much assemd.

But that you may the treuth more cleirly knoe  
Thrie sisters borne were these fair ladeis thrie  
Their noble syr of children had no mo  
Great was his wealtch his house and linnage hie  
His reueneus he whollie did bestow  
On those thrie ladeis yet did thus forsie  
To giue theyongest whom he most affected  
The better half whoes worth he most respected.

### *The famous Historie*

All thrie to their old Syr suche reuerence boore  
And eche to vther had suche mutuall loue  
As still his pleasure was their pleasure sure  
His will they did with willing minds approue  
A braue yung knight the yungest wold procure  
In marriage and still his soote did moue

Whom she did nather loue nor hait outright  
Sir *Andrew Murray* heght this valiant knight

Those ladeis chanc'd one day abroad to go  
To *Neptuns* sandie shore for their delight  
With whom this knight went foorth and tuentie mo  
No Armour but a sword had eurie knight  
It chanc'd eune then hard by a crag belo  
Those *English* came a shore whoes suddant sight

Putts those poore ladeis in so greate a fray  
That they obtaind a ritche yet else pray.

*Murray* long time the ladeis did defend  
With cheirfull words encouraging the rest  
But lo their was no saiftie for in end  
Fiftein their dyit the remander, posselt  
As prifoners they hold and then extend  
Their wreth which in that land their walth increst  
At last they fled with shame and withrebook  
These folloud thame whom *Douglas* overtook.

And onlie by this warlick Erlls brave hand  
Warre they repaid Of all their former wrong  
Amongst the rest of Prifoners he fand  
This *Murray* who had looud this ladie long  
All this the valiaunt erll did vnderstand  
Informed by conference the rest among  
And thought indeid he loued that gallant knight  
Yet in the ladie was his cheif delight.

Now on the seas they stray a certane space  
Till on a night the count that silent lay  
Vp on his bed did heare one cry allace  
Will thus my ladie all my hope betray  
is my long loue rewardit with disgrace  
Ah greif allace whar will the world now say  
On wings of hope I mount aboue my might  
And now am forst with *Phaeton* to light.



Ah who so feids on wemens double wordes  
Runs with a straingeling *Toue* to meit dispare  
Who kyndnes to their wantoun looks affords  
Heaps on them self a hell of endles care  
Who to her smills applies *Loues* sweet concords  
With scorne and shame they shall their thoghts insnare  
Yea whoe vpon a Womans voues shal dreame  
Can neu'r bered of *woe, greif, cair* and *shame*

But I must *loue* her I must *loue* her still  
And loueing her eune loving I must die  
Or shall I leue my freindly foe to kill  
That thus deprius my hops, O no not I,  
I will my verie soule in tears distill,  
In sighs consume my heart, with groans I'll cry,  
On willing death vnto my torterd mynd,  
And with all pains, end to one paine shall find,  
Thogh this disdained disgrat'd and quyte forlorne  
Yet her poore soule eu'ne her I can not blame  
But fortune proud that to this knight hath sworn  
Ou'r all the Earth she will extoll his name  
And *nature* that did weip when he was borne  
For all her wealth hangs at his virtuous beame  
Yea she in him her self excells so fare  
Compaerd with him all vthers she douth marre,

Ah thrise vnhappy I that eu'r did yeeld  
As Prisoner vnto the english foe  
Thrise happy I, if slaine into the feild  
Then had she piteid if not lou'd I kno  
But o this knight did with his sword and scheild  
Frie me from bands and yet he fred me so  
As giving life and sauing this my Breath,  
He sends to me a farr more cruell death

Heir sorow cuts his sad discours at last  
With manie greuous groans, with sighs and tear's  
Whereat this warlick Lord was much agast  
When as this wofull song had perst his Ears  
His ladeis *loue* all other caer's surpast  
Her diuine shape graft in his mind he bear's  
And yet he thinks he wrongs that worthie knight  
Whoes faithful *loue* long since made knowne his right.

### *The famous Historie*

Wherefore in time hee wold command these fitts  
And loues fond flammig passiouns wold remoue  
But o commanding in his heart she fitts  
Ruelling the motionis of his soule aboue  
It wold him kill or neir distraught of witts  
If he the meanest thoght of lose shuold proue  
Yet itreight he thinks with reasone man's Indue  
That by him self his lusts might be subduet

Thus tossing thousand, Passions in his mynd  
At last he vouis him self for to command  
Now *Phebus* had his golden locks vntwind  
And them in *Thetis* cristall glas vpband  
When cuttinge *Neptouns* back a fare they find  
Thrie warlike ships come toward them from land  
Wherefore in Arms each one them self addrest  
And at their Lords deuotion then they rest.

Now all of them did in his presence stand  
And furth he cau'd the ladeis to be broght  
And thus said hee fair Dames yow vnderstand  
What I and these most valiant men haue wroght  
By *Ioue* his Onlie, aide we took in hand  
Your honors fastie your releif we soght  
Tho Heauins did fauor this our interprise  
Yow know it was more desperat then wise.

And thogh all knights indeid should Armour beare  
For ladeis and in their defence to feght  
Yet I more shameles then the rest I feare  
Of you fair *Eue* for so the yungest heght  
Wold craue reward which you may weill forbear  
Yea I wold haue your oth in all their sight  
That what I charge you with you will obey  
Nor what I seik may you offend I pray.

The modest Bathfull dame in silent mood  
Her mild swit looks she bent vpon the ground  
Throgh sone bright beautie shind her crimsons blood  
Which suddain *Tempest* past she quiklie found  
This answer (whill the Gallant trembling stood  
Expecting that which his poore *Soule* shold wound)  
Curst be the child his Dame ganesayis in Oghe,  
Whoe his deir life with her lifes basard boght.

Glade

Glade was she for to grant what eu'r he wold  
 Whoe wold to him haue geu'ne her self and all  
 Wheirfore againe she made this answer bold,  
 Braue knight your will I promesse and I shall  
 (Myne honor saiff) performe so shall you hold  
 My fate cume life or death or what you call  
 To which my grant I heir the heauns attest,  
 Let me be plagd if I refuse the rest.

A shiuring cold throgh all his *Vains*, forth-went  
 Stopping the Organe of his speache a space  
 To what he wold he should nocht giue consent  
 And what he should he wold nocht that imbrace  
 Proud *Cupid* from her fire looks foorth-sent  
 Loue burning dairts that more and more increas  
 His thoghts at last he thinks his oune he'll make her  
 Her heart fleis throgh her eies and prays him take her,

And whill he goes within hes arms to catche her  
 Casting his Eie aside he their espyis  
 Her faithfull knight who all this time did watche her  
*Loue, Furie, Wrathe, Disdain*, a combat tries  
 In his sad looks and Rage bids still dispatch her  
 But blak *Despair* did thus to him deuise  
 More honor is't thy self to Sacrifices  
 And tell disloyall her thou loyall dyes.

A stryffe  
 betwix the  
 passions of  
 the mynd  
 and reason.

So shalt thou end thy els eu'r endles paine  
 And die with honor to her endles shame  
 No take his life quod *Jealousie* againe  
 Quod *reasone* why he does not bear her blame  
 Quod *Curage* shall hee vn-reprou'd obtaine  
 Then thou no man much les a knight by name  
 Quod *Reasone* if he die she hate thee shall  
 Then quod *Despair* kill Him, her thee and all,

But *reasone* says and Pitie taks her parte  
 O will thou kill thy Nation's lamp of light  
 No rather go to him with all thy heart  
 And giue him all thy intrest all thy right  
 So shall thou winn great praise and heighe desert  
 Quod *Beautie* first depriue thine Eies of sight  
 No then quod *Loue* thy heart first must thou tear  
 Foorth from thy breist for her *Jeads* their.



*The Famous Historye*

Which is the starr that reulls thy life thow knois  
Whill he thus reuld with Iaring passions stands  
Sad pitie mou'd this braue yung erle mak chois  
Beautie to flie and brak loues mightie bands  
And thus he said if heau'ne will that wee lose  
And that those pirats get ws in their hands  
No torment shall sufficientlie assuage  
Their cruell will their furie and their rage

So gladlie wold they wish reuenge to tak  
Of fourtie which we last of theirs did kill  
Wounding their Lord tho we but few did laik  
But so Eternall Maieitie did will  
Now theirfoir first I wish you to forsake  
Our companie let hap ws good or Ill  
And tak those knights which heir on you attend  
Those shall with you home to your counttie wend.

And in the light swift sailling *Bairge* yow may  
Be out of reache or these oure foes cum neir  
But this is it I will you to obey  
Which of your heauins sworne oath fall mak you cleir  
That presentlie you tak without delay  
Braue *murray* for your Knight and husband deir  
Tho I my self yow to my self could wish  
If to my taste were tyed no other dish.

Let him your chest and sportles hart receaue  
Him self and his trew loue deserus no les  
And so your sisters hee and you shall leaue  
Ws to oure fate whill his greate worthines  
With these your knights shall you from daunger saue  
God grant in wealth ease honor you increas  
When with good *Murray* efter thanks reply'd  
Not so braue sir I will with you abyde.

Till this sharp threatning storme be our bloune  
Or els I furlie were to much to blame  
Yea and the like goodwill the rest hath shoune  
But none wold he accept nor none wold name  
Except braue Boyd in fates of arms weill knowne  
And with him ten bold fearles full of fame  
But *ene* thus gone proud loue must neids obey  
She deis for greif braue *Murray* murnes for ay.

Oure

Our gallant Earle the fight abids by sea  
And verye long in fearfull hazard stands  
At last he winns and Sinks one of the thrie  
And mightelie the vther two demands  
To yeild, till both in end ar forc'd to flie  
By the approche furth from the western lands  
Of one new fleit eu'ne quikle riggid forth  
By *Bruce* that famous Prince and full of worth

Whoe glad was *Douglas* thus againe to find  
Whose lose with wondrous care he oft lamented  
All what the *Prophet* had to him diuind  
He told him there whoe therof much contented  
Praisis almightie *Ioue* with thankfull mynd  
Now that their foes might quicklie be preuented  
The King his armie their wold set on shore  
Wher *perse* reul't and hee was Lord before.

To witte  
Carrik

Two tymes heauns glorious golden *Post* had past  
Mesuring the boundles bounds of all the skie  
When *Auster* to the shore their fleit had chaft  
With cheirfull shoutes eche one a land did flie  
With thundring sounds of *Trumpets* inter aist  
They rear aloft the royall standart hy  
Wher as the princelie *Lion* in his Iaus  
Wold so's intombe a slunder torne with Paus.

Their Tents they Pitch down in a pleasant plaine  
Whill their glade rumor through the land aroise  
Freshe troupes from eche part to them fleis amaine  
All wisht to shak ye yok of their proud foes  
Braue *Eduard* hear's his brother's come againe  
To him he with a gallant troupe forth goes  
This dantles *Prince* so scarce was and so bold  
He threning *Fortun* by the hair did hold.

Now oure great King a *Nece* had neir hand by  
A Ladie full of wisdom wealth and worth  
Who marchis to the *Camp* Maiestiklie  
To view her Royall *Cusing* cam she forth  
And with her broght a gallant companie  
In *Arms*, dreid *Mars* the Lord was of their birth  
Into his *Warrs* those knights she did conuoy  
Hee thanks her, her he intertains with Ioy,

*The famous Historie.*

She vnto him those sad misfortouns told  
That by mischance had chanc'd since he departed  
How his fair *Queene* to his proud foe was sold  
His brother *Neill* and *Mares* greate Earll had smarted  
*Kindrimme* also woon, and how that hold  
By filthie treason brint was, she imparted  
And how his greatest foe King *Eduart* dyit  
Whoes sone young *Eduard* now his place supplyit

Through all the *Camp* these rumors sadlie goes  
Of these misfortouns that eche one abased  
For all doth ade these new mislucks to thoes  
That had so much before their fames defaced  
Their Prince that seis their curage now they lose  
And for trew worth hade frantik fear embraced;  
Causing them all before his royall throne  
And wiselie thus encorag'd curie one.

Braue gallant freinds with mee that haue remaind  
Against so many fearfull dangers past,  
So many painfull trauels that sustaind  
Nor from your necks my yock for want wold cast  
Of hunger thritt and lose you neu'r complaind  
Nor nothing could your noble mynds agast  
Thogh fortune thus hath smyld vpon our foes  
Shall we of feare and not of fame make choise?

No no the Lord forbid we should refuse  
This warr so iust wheirto we all ar borne  
Tho conquest with our foes soe long doth vse  
And our poore wofull cuntrie seimes forlorne  
It is not destenie but Sinns abuse  
Nor man but God that hath oure cuntrie torne  
That wee may euill and tin and pride reiect  
And with repentance murne for our defecte.

Yea if wee do with sad repentaunce murne  
No doubt but his sweet merceis he'el extend  
His loue and fauor bak he will returne  
So hard beginings haue an happie end  
Our foes hee will consume distroy and burne  
To cruell them hee this rewerd shal send  
That when wee haue triumphd on their decay  
Them selfs shall be vnto them selfs a pray.

So it fell  
furth sone  
after.

Thae



Thus endit his Prophetik speach devine  
Which breathing life in their dead hope they leiuē  
His countenance with lightning seind to shine  
From his bright looks did courage them reuiue  
And humbled all befoir *Joues* sacred shrine  
With fasts and Prayr these starrie walls they cleiue  
Before the Lord them selfs they humble lay  
With brokin hearts and weiping soules they pray

The King and all his Princes of estate  
Of Godlines and faith ensampills be  
With fasting publike prayr and sins regrait  
The one eternall euerlasting thie  
They do beseich to Pardon them ingrait  
And vieu with mer cie this their milerie  
Thus they inuoeck and from the Lord about  
On them discends grace, mercie conquest, loue.

Now whill they broght their solemm fast to end  
And holie vns vnto the lord had made  
To turnberry their haistie course they bend  
It wold they first besige and first invade  
Which toun the warlick *Perse* did defend  
Within the castell strong him self abade  
By warlick bruce inuironed so about  
That noght but feare getts in and curage out.

So suddantlie so vnawars They came  
That they no time had left vnto them so  
Their towne to victuall or their strenghts to frame  
Them to defend or to offend their foe  
No rolling forc no Ingine nor no ram  
Oure Gallants soght the walls to overt hro  
By force hee enters at the first essay  
And to his armie giu's it as a prey

But still the *Perse* did the castell hold  
Built on a rock impregnable it stands  
Thrice feirslie he assaults and thrise the bold  
*Northumbrean*, beats bak his valiant bands  
At last the warlik *Perse* yeild it wold  
For want of victalls in the Prince his hands  
Not mou'd forsd feard by Gold by strenght nor terror  
want breeds his faultlesse fault his guilteles error.

## The famous Historie

This worthie Prince his armie heir wold rest  
Wereit with trauell both by sea and land  
His foes disigns to vieu he thinks it best  
Which charge he putts unto the Douglas hand  
For this attempt him self he soone addrest  
With him twise twelf hid dangers to withstand  
And furth they went the Contreie for to vew  
What they by valor wroght doth nixt enseu.

### The Argument.

*The warlick Douglass on his iourney goes  
Where his most loued Lord did him command  
He finds a deing knight that sadlie shoes  
A tale most pitifull to vnderstand  
Which dooth a wofull Iniurie disclose  
Whereof he vouts reuenge and in that land  
He know's a knight whos counsell doth obtane  
Douglass chesif strength the English bands at flame.*

### Caput. 7.



Airfortun's knight that erst had tane in had  
The cuntrie al about to vieu and sic  
And all the fois designs to vnderstand (sic  
whē titanes spous with purple wings forth  
The golden barrs heaunis silver gates vpbad  
She straight vndois when with dreid ma-  
On silverpauid heaunis her Lord of light (jellie  
Rolls forth his golden whils and chareot bright

The weestern lands in clouds of night enrold  
From shaddowis dark of death he doth releas  
When as the earle so strong so stout so bold  
Brings foorth his troupe weill armd and thence a pais  
He marcht ou'r daells, hills vails and forrests old  
And paissaige frie he finds in eue rie place  
For being oft encountred by his foes  
Fair victoorie still foreward with him gois

This conquering Lord thrie dayis furth Iournay't right  
When in a wod hard by a riuier side  
They sadlie hearea wofull groning knight  
Forth throu the growns to him in haist thy ride  
Who deidlie woundit lay a wofull fight  
His gorie blood the flourie verdir dyit  
The erle with pitie sadlie him desoght  
What murderers that cruell act had wroght.

A pitifull  
reild told the  
douglass by a  
gentleman of  
douglasland  
cald benedic.

He

He weaklie leans his head vpon his hand  
 Wan was his face paile death haith dim'd his sight  
 An holow sound his deing voice yet fand  
 These words he braethed faintlie as he might  
 Ah shall the conquerd *conquerours* with stand  
 When eu'ne them selfs against them selfs still fight  
 Ah heauins thy wrath procur'd doth nou descend,  
 Ah *Scotts*, your name, fame, glorie, nou must end,

In *Douglas* duelt I kennedie I hight  
 My wife a ladie was allace too fair  
 To fair allace my sorrous doth indight  
 Her too chaste mind was frought with virtues rair  
 In her was all my ioy all my delight  
 With her remaind my heart my thoght my cair  
 Yea she me also lou'd as much and more  
 She me esteimd all earthlie ioyes before

A hundreth soldiers and a captane bold  
 In *Douglas* strongest castell doth remane  
 These hath the land in all mischeiff inrold  
 Which nou by wrong to *clifford* doth pertane  
 By wrong vsurping *Edwards* gift and gold  
 whill the right heyre deferrs his right to gane  
 And all the land obeys this captains will  
 Ether in right or wrong in good or lil.

This captane  
 his name  
 was Reddill-  
 rag.

One day hee chanced my ladie for to vew  
 Whill she one diuine seruice did attend  
 Whill as enamord straight of her he greu  
 Whom not enioy't death wold affection end  
 Freindship he vrg't on me thus did enfeu  
 Tuixt mee and him greate loue but still he faign'd  
 For all his freindship was for to desceaue me  
 And of my cheifest ioy for to bereaue me.

Such freindlie loue he seim'd to me to bear  
 Conferm'd with words with vons with oaths not feu  
 That my too trustie mind could noway fear  
 From such fair sugrad words decept t' infeu  
 But lo he whisperd in my ladeis ear  
 That I to her did bear a mind vntrew  
 By this one Slight to winn his soot he tryit  
 When by all vther means he was denyit



*The famous Historye*

No head to this fond taill at first she took  
At last he vrg'd so far he taks on hand  
She should it sic her eie theiron should look  
Prouiding that she wold but cloisslie stand  
And nothing wold beurey to his rebook  
Wher to she yeilds at last which erst I fand  
Then foorth into a *Groue* he did her bring  
Our which a mightie clisted rock did hing

Neir to my house this quiet walk doth ly  
By which a cleir swift runing riuier glyds  
A *Sister* hath my ladie neir hand by  
That with her sire a graue old knight abids  
For her the captane seimd in loue to dy  
When Pensue oftentims allone he rides  
He hants my house and yet no Ill I deim'd  
His virtuous worth I still so much esteim'd

Whill oft he pensue seimd and sad with greif  
I much desird the caus thereof to kno  
Oft wishd I to his woi's to find releif  
When after greate and much Intreatie lo  
He so disgueis'd his thoghts that to be breif  
He made me to beleue his ceasles wo  
Proceids from ladie *Anns* fair beauteis beame  
For so my ladeis *sister* heght to name

I pitied him and glad of this his loue  
Promeis'd his sute should cunninglie be wrought  
For which in sacreit I her mind wold proue  
This he allous for this was all he foght  
But praied I to my wife sould nothing moue  
Nor she nor any els shuld know his thoght  
But trist her to that secret *Groue* I should  
And ther allone to moue her if I could

When night driu's day down from the westernne lands  
Eu'ne then he brings my ladie foorth to vieu  
Wher I and her fair *sister* cloisslie stands  
Within a *Groue* of bussis thik that greu  
My Aarms Imbrac't I gript and wrong her hands  
And of these words I softlie did reneu  
Thow then most worthie fear not lou's annoy  
Be secret still and thou shall all enioy.

*This*

This hard my ladie like to burst for greif  
 Tortred with burning love and cold *disdane*  
 Whilst I poore *Soule* knew nog ht of this mischeif  
 Whiche to aquite my paines he doth ordane  
 Yet to his loue this finds him no releif  
 Her spotles name for this she wold not staine  
 But clossie heapes her pane her greif her woe  
 In her poore heart till it sould burst in two,  
 As dooth a neu fresse strong and mighte wyne  
 Perse throw and burst his vessell ould a shunder  
 So wold her sorrous split her heart in twyne  
 So oft she wisht to fall her *Burden* vnder  
 But hee that could not worke with this *Engine*  
 His lust to furie turn'd almost o wonder  
 Yet loth by force to work this cruell fate  
 Lest hee were thoght of all the most ingrate.

Not that he cair'd for credet faith or fame  
 But that he fear'd some fatall punishment  
 Whill as his *passion* birneth so extreame  
 As if it lested death wold all preuent  
 For seiknes doth him quite from health reclaim  
 His vitall pour's a burning ague spent  
 Wheirwith he seim'd tormented so indeid  
 As his disease all humane panes exceed.

Such greif for his diseas I did conceaue  
 And such the loue was I to him did beare  
 Of food of rest of sleip did me bereaue  
 Nor can I half expres my louing feare  
 One day I hapt of his diseas to craue  
 The ground or caus wich long I could not heare  
 Ah if your health were in my pou'r said I  
 Or that my life with death your life might by,

Doe then to mee your Sorrous all declare  
 That if I can both wold and should relieue you  
 Hope helith woe wisdom our cums dispare  
 And counsell can remeid all paines that greiue you  
 By craft by strength by witt or forights care  
 Wee shall haue hence all hurt that doth mischiefe you  
 Let not fond shame gainst health and faistie strue  
 Elic willing death whill hope is yet on liue.

*The Famous Historye*

So earnestlie in woe these words furth brak  
As he at last to tell me seind content  
And haueing pausd a little thus he spak  
Deare friend it fear's me much you shall repent  
When yee haue knowne what doth my sorrous mak  
And to my death you will giue soone consent  
For in my death much pleasur does belong you  
In life I can not leiu except I wrong you,

No then said I, I feare not let me know It  
Come weill, come woe, come death, come life, come either  
Weill then said he vn willing I shall show It  
Your wife her beautie nay my folie Rather  
From both of these or either loue doth droue it  
Or shall I say more treulie fate and nather  
Which secretlie I smotherd haue so long  
And rather chuisd to die then do you wrong,

To chaifs this framie passion from my mind  
I you desired to moue her *Sister Ann*  
For to her beautie had I bein inclin'd  
I haplie had left off wheir I began  
But since remeid at all I can not find  
Except of all the earth the onlie man  
Whom I lou'd best I should so fare injure  
Death first vnto my loue shall end procure.

These speiches pearst my heart in throgh mine eare  
Nor tongue nor hand nor fute could sturr or moue  
Greate was the loue I to my wife did beare  
Him both I lou'd and pitied as did proue  
Who rather chuisd to die without all feare  
Then me to wrong this all the rest aboue  
This this I say eu'ne this allone d.d kill me  
This one respect his life to saif did will me,

Wheirfore at last I said first shall I lose  
Both her my self and all my Ioyes beside  
Then such a worthie friend should mak a choise  
Of death if I can for his life provide  
And to be short at length we did dispose  
The matter so that kind too kind I tride  
For in my place I did him so conuoy  
Her thoghts vn-stain'd he did her self enioy.

But



But I my self such greife did soone conceaue  
A thousand deaths vnto my self I wish'd  
For *Jealousie* did in my soule engraue  
Such endles pains that I no torment mis'd  
Such eating *corrasius* my witts bereaue  
That my too wofull heart was like to burst  
Ah woful acte which doth my soule afraie,  
My self consents my self for to betray

But he all reasone did exceid so farr  
And with *Ingratitude* so much was staine'd  
That of my ioy he did me quite debar  
For when he had his filthie lust obtain'd  
He then bewrayt him self which all did marr  
And whiche was more of mee hee also faign'd  
That I contriued the *Plot* that I did sende him  
Her *Disdain* her I did gladlie lend him

Whereat she did conceaue such endles greife  
That presentlie she doth resolute to die  
Whill hee eu'ne he that wrought this greate mischeif  
Departs in hast and to his strength doth flie,  
I all this Time of cares found noe reliefe  
Wondring that to his bedd returnd not he,  
Wherefore I in the morning straight arose,  
And to the *Chambre* where she laie forth-goes.

But there I found her, ah I found her there,  
As she was then, would God that I had been,  
A purple streame with milke mixt white & faire,  
Ran her more white and snowie brests between,  
With child she was, the milke cold wel declare,  
Ah too vntimely fate, ah death I meane,  
Thus past al helpe forth from the bed I drew her,  
And in my arms (ah woful sight) did view her.

Eu'en as the *Lillie* cliere, fresh, faire & white,  
Widdred with drught, grows wrinkled pale & blak,  
So her faire face faire bewties choice delight,  
Did swartish seeme, that life, bloode, moisture lack,  
In her dimm Eies, death did my Crime indite,  
Once lookd shee vp, and once these words she spake,  
*Ah let my guilty blood wash forth the staine,  
That cruel you, to my chaste-bed did gaine.*

*The famous Historie.*

Ah let my Soule mount to heighe Iustice throne  
And their sound footth a sad still sad reuenge  
Heauins onlie viewed my *Chaste Chaste* thoughts allone  
Heauins onlie may forgiue this murther straunge  
Heauins onlie oues my chaste vous eunie one  
Heauins onlie wrongd since I my voues infringe  
Heauins onlie then your wrath fierce wrath surceas you  
And let my blood thus sacrafiz'd appeas you.

These words Apeasd you seal'd vp de this sad birth  
And her last breath deir breath deir life deir all  
Ah curfed death bereft earths rarett worth  
Ay me for shame whill hee on shame did call  
Shame clofd his lips the sound went warklie forth  
Shameing to shaw what after did befall  
His moueing, speiche, his sight and all was lost  
Doun fals his head and hee yeelds vp the Ghost.

Him self had kild him self they surle scand  
But when they wey these his first speiches right  
Ah shall the conquerd *conquerours* with stand  
When euin them selfs against them selfs do fight  
They think some freind of hers that their him fand  
Had doone the deid or els some English knight  
Aidet by *Scotts* had kild him for the same  
Surmiseing that him self had kild his dame.

But why or housoeur he shed his blood  
They all lament this wofull tragedie  
Whill their braue Lord auou'd to taist no food  
Till he had tane reuenge most rigoruslie  
Of that same English Lords Ingratitood  
Wheirto occasion fitlie did applie

A present meane wheirby he might forthfill  
His weell made vow and wirk his warlick-will.

By this the light gaue place to schaddous broune  
And sable *clouds* had maskit all the skie  
When from the hills and forrests they come doun  
And in an *valley* fare they might espie  
Ane staitlie pallace far from anie toun  
To which this warlick creu did haist in hie

\* Wheir they a reuerent aged knight did find  
That gius them Entertainment to their mind.

\* This ould  
gentilman  
was callit  
dictione and  
is now cald  
sumintone of  
yat ilk and  
duelleth as  
yit kard by  
the castell  
of douglas  
and hes his  
liuing of  
that hous for  
the same.

Toane

To a Chambre richlie heung the *Erle* was broght  
 And their disarmed by a ladie fair  
 The rest was all vn arm'd and with a thoght  
 Thay to a staitlie hall did then repair  
 Wheres *Tables* ritchlie spred their soone was broght  
 All kynd of meats all kynd of dainteis rair  
 Thus were they seru'd to supper in such sort  
 As might become a king for Princelie port

The supper done the worthie count began  
 To questioun with his *hoasts* both graue and wise  
 His linage house and name requird he tk in  
 And who doth reule that *Prouence* when he lyis  
 Braue sir quod he, Ile till you treulie when  
 Fair *Schotlands* glorie mounted to the sky's  
 When in sueit calms of peace her natie borne  
 Dekt her fair front whoes wealch did thame adorne.

Eu'ne then I seru'd a too too noble Lord  
 Heir silent long scarce could the rest essay  
 Greif kindnes, *loue*, and *pitie* weill deploird  
 His greuous lose, tears did his woes beuray  
 This quandarie once past and speiche restoid  
 He thus began agane eu'ne him I say  
 Whom english *Edward* did by wrong surmeis  
 In prison close and their ah their he deis,

*Douglas* great *Erl* dome did this Lord enioy  
 A sone he had both young strong fair and wise  
 The fruct that kept his yeers from age annoy  
 The *Caskat* ritche wher all his tressour lyis  
 Sent vnto fraunce whill he is yet a boy.  
 And to returne it seems he still denyis  
 Whill heir the *Clifford* holds his reueneus  
 Whoe tirranizing all the land subdeus.

Ah were hee heir aige from my wrinkled brow  
 Wold sone depairt and youth wold once transport  
 Those siluer hair's with strength and vigor neu  
 That wold my limms and weakned arms suppo rt  
 This arme should mak him way for to reneu  
 His iust reuenge in such a woundrons sort

That *Englands* King shold quake for feare and shame  
 When in his ears fame thunderd foorth his name.



*The famous Historie*

Why said the *Erle* and if him self were heir  
Hou could he be reuengd vpon his foes  
Whoes strenth nor his mutch greater doth apeir  
Which maks our Prince eu'ne *Bruce* so oft to lose  
No nq said he God shall his wraith retein  
And mak braue *Bruce* shine like the morning rose  
Whose beauteous brâches eche wheir spreds & springe  
Whose odours sueit the fences confort Brings.

The count for Ioy cutting his speiches short  
In quir's his name who told he *Dikson* heght  
And then he call's to mynd his fathers court  
Wheir he hade sein him many a ioyfull night  
So that Embraceing him he doth report  
His name and hou he was his Lord by right  
Whereat hee humblie Kneills and doth Imbrace  
His feitt for Ioy whill tears bedeu's his face

Nou eche of vthers sight did much reioise  
And after they had talk'd and argu'd long  
The *erle* inquires what way he might oppose  
Him self against his foes inflicting wrong  
Braue Lord said hee too Morrou all oure foes  
Will muster foorth their glorious forces strong  
Vnder the conduct of a valiaunt knight  
Whoe heir reulls all beneth the *Cliffords* might.

This man within your cheifest strenth doth byde  
His proud commanding Garesone with all  
Palme Sonday is to morrou : All prouide  
Their Palms to bear at that cheif festuall  
They all to *Church* in sumptuous maner ryde  
Yow by the way may caus hem catche a fall  
My self shall lead the way vnto your transe  
And if I can the formeit Bront iustane,

Glaide was the *erle* so fitt a mein to find  
Wheiron they both conclud then goes to rest  
And on *Olimpus* or proud *Tian* shind  
The antient knight in arms him self addrest  
He raide the *Douglas* whoes still restles mind  
Had baneist sleip and for reuenge was prest  
Nou with this knight he and his train departs  
Reuengfull fire still burning in their hearts.

And

And neir into the Church when they were got  
 They hapt to meit an horie aiged fire  
 Whose wofull looks his wofull lose did note  
 At whome the Erle did earnestlie inquire  
 What did he laike. Sir knight quod he my lor  
 Is for to laike what most is my desire  
 Which is allace my long desired Graue  
 Aige, lose greif sorrow, doth all ioy bereaue;

An daughter had I which was all my ioy  
 In whom I more then in oght els delighted  
 But her from me an English did conuoy  
 An English that my nation ay dispihted  
 I to the captane Plaine of this annoy  
 The captane that my wrongs should all haue righted  
 But greater wrongs then these him self hath doone  
 Wherefore to right all wrongs he still doth shune

And thus my Doughter with my foe doth stay  
 Her wring to his pleasure for to yeild  
 Whill me thus scornd and mock'd with long delay  
 Eu'ne nou the captane with proud words reuild  
 As he with all his troupes from church to day  
 With Palms in hand was marching throu the feild  
 They all reioysing whill my Greifs renew  
 And nou they come my life for to persequ.

The aintient knight looks vp that dysone hight  
 And seis a hundreth Armed men drau neir  
 And facis braue Lord to heare the long wishd fight  
 You of your vous and me of mine shall cleir  
 Then with these words he doth begin the fight  
 Whill as his Lord the rest with comforts cheir  
 Whoes countenance their curage all appeill'd  
 Their Eis, hearts, hands and all their foes assaild.

Then burnt with hate of Glorie praise reuenge  
 This all subdweing Erle rushd throu the rout  
 Bright schind his looks, of sun-like beams a reange  
 About his head did flame, his curage stout  
 did his mild looks to sparkling furie change  
 That shoots forth noble anger round about:  
 On eu'r they fight, and yet with valiant hand  
 Their noble Lord, made way to his small band.

They war  
 one a place  
 cald the bred  
 libank  
 ouer against  
 the church  
 from  
 the which  
 they come &  
 ioinde with  
 the English  
 as they come  
 out of the  
 Church.

*The famous Historye*

Who hemd about in midst of all his foes  
His valiaunt heart and curage weill made knowne  
His *name* and *fame* his *deids* did weill disclose  
And curie one to vther has him schoune  
All runs to him his life to mak him lose  
Which fondlie whill they seik they lose their oun  
For on his sword accusing eche of error  
Sat dreidfull death all armd with feir and terror,

Long foght he thus imbreud with goir and blood  
Till he at last their captane did espie  
Whoes knightlie valor long he vieuing stood  
By whoes strong hand four knights did breathles ly  
Wheirfore he steps to him with angrie mood  
And him to mortall Battel did defy  
Which long in equall Ballance did abide  
Whill eche his strenth and vtmost valor tride,

The angrie *count* at last with wrathfull heart  
Did in his stirrops raise him self on hie  
His foe with force wold set the blou apart  
But nou no force his force could beir away  
On his left shoulder to his greif and smart  
The crimsons collord Brand did light whereby  
His warlike arme was from his bodie shorne  
Him self with force and pane to earth was borne,

Nou he who late did captanlike comand  
Was as a captiue forst for to obey  
Whill as this noble *Erle* with conquiring hand  
No longer with his prisoner wold stay  
But where the rest in Battell stronglie stand  
He thither hails, his sword sheirs fourth the way  
And shortlie *victor* was of all the feild  
Forcing them all to die to flie or yeild,

The *victorie* by heaunis decree obtaind  
They thence depart the castell to supprise  
Wherin no souldiour at all remaind  
Nor anie to gainstand them did arise  
This fortres since he had so brauelie gaind  
Heir wold he rest and heir wold he deuise  
To mak his Captiues by ane vucouth death  
To know his vou and iustlie kindled wraith,



Low in a vault the captaine first he band  
 And all the vther captiues him beside  
 The grane and flour the Beir and wine he fand  
 Which they before could neu'r yneuch prouide  
 With this he filld the house wherin they stand  
 Thus chokt with meit and dround with drink they died  
 Whoes gredie gorgis neu'r suffisd with Ill  
 Now in their death might gurmandize their fill.

It was enen  
 efter called  
 the douglas  
 Ladner.

Then all the tours he raids vnto the ground  
 And leueld all the ditches with the plane  
 Poisond the springs, and fontans which he found  
 And to the wonted libertie againe  
 Restorde that land which long before lay bound  
 Beneth a Tirrants seruill zoak with paine  
 But this estate they long remand not In  
 Such was the wrath of angrie heauins for sinne.

*The Argument.*

Scotlands great King from greasone ill contrined  
 By heauens and his owne valour is relined  
 In sight of twyce two hundred he re prind  
 The victorie which he alone atchiued  
 He resteth their till all his knightes aryud  
 The wittie Hay is with his hast agriend  
 Ferce Eduard ayd vnto his brother lendes  
 Douglas to win his strength agane intendes.

Caput. 8.

WHill fame with brasen breath did sound o're all  
 What she had heard in Scots faerest land  
 Of Bruce returne, whoes arme imperiall  
 Now our the western regions did command  
 Grate Edwards Viceroy did a consall call  
 Wherin with grane aduise he chuisd a band  
 Of warlik Soldiers and ther Captane bold  
 Sir Iugrham Bell, Achampion wise and old.  
 Now these for to gane stand his poure he sends  
 And for to keip him still Into the wast  
 For he him self with greater poure intends  
 To pull the wyde vp be the root at last  
 That Squadron then their Warlick poure extends  
 And marcheing to the toun of air they past  
 Wheiras their warie captane minds be slight  
 To work his valiaunt foe a foull disight.

*The Famous Historye*

Within this land an antient kinght did dwell  
Whoe of oure prince had secret frendscip got  
He *liebail* heght whome th' Englihe did compell  
Of his sad death for to contriue the plot  
Two valiant sons he had nay sons of hell  
Who stainis thair fame with filthie treassons blot  
Nor this their treassone wold at all reveale  
But waits to tak occatioun by the heale.

Neir to king *Roberts* camp a *Groue* their lay  
Low by a riuers side and out of sight  
Wheir aiged oaks their branshed arms display  
And maks dimm shaidis with dark and glomie light  
Heir oft oure prince in secret vft to pray  
Heir lay the murtherers till on a night  
Doun to this groue the Prince allone descended  
On whois returne a paige without attended

No sooner mong these thickets did he go  
When he beheld wheir thay had cloisslie lye  
By what intelligence I do not know  
Or rather reuelatioun most diwyne  
He calls his paige and from his hand does throw  
A crosbow and a bolt both sharp and fyne  
The auntient knight he killeth with the same  
As he vnwar'stood rashlie fordward came,

All armed the vther tuo in wraith and rage  
Began him cruellie for to assaill  
But his good sword did both their wraiths assuage  
And did so much against them both preuaill  
Eu'ne then expird the daits of both their aige  
They in their death dispaering curse and raill  
Against their fate and fortunes bad decree  
Of God who cairles leues shall cairles die.

Thus to the camp the Prince returns agane  
Loud, honor, feard, admird, and praisd of all  
When night of day the victorie did gane  
The *Scouts* returnd befoir his feit thay fall  
Whill in his *Regall Tent* he did remane  
Presenting their a prisoner with all  
Whoe to this worthie Prince in secret shooes  
That he should be assailed by his foes,

And

And how they wold aproche that veray night  
Vnder thik darknes blak and cloudie vaile  
And wold assault his *Camp* with suddain fight  
Nor wold strong *Trenches* noght at all preuail  
With fire throune furth their Tents shold burne so bright  
Yet could not this his wonted curage quail  
But with a glaide and cheirfull countenance  
He doth inquir what way they wold aduance.

Beyond this riuer at they yet said he  
And by a secreit foord they pas vnknowne  
Then quod the Prince heauins oure *Protector* be  
As is oure caus such be oure fortions shoune  
Now he commands his captans for to sie  
That his small armie from the *Camp* be drowne  
And rank't in Battell furth vpon the plane  
Wher they in arms must all that night remane.

To *Guarde* the *Camp* he sixtie maks to stay  
And brings four hundreth foorth with speir and sheild  
With this small armie he wold neids eslay  
To force his subrill foe to flie or yeild  
And that braue Lord that bears the name of Iay  
He doth creat as *Gen'rall* of the feild  
Him self with onlie two wold go and view  
The foord wher they sould pas that wold per few.

Now down the *Riuer* side his course he bent  
From whoes steep banks heighe crags and rocks arise  
And still he seis the farther that he went  
Heigher the *Shoer* lower the streame still lyes  
At last wher as the rocks in two was rent  
Their nature did a narrow path deuyis  
So to the *Riuer* down or vp might go  
But one in rank or at the most but two.

When this braue Prince this strength did weil behold  
Quicklie these two that with him thither went  
He bak derects and prays in haist they wold  
Drow vp the rest his foes for to preuent  
For heir quod he oure foes to ws ar sold  
To die what death we list for to inuent  
Craft without craft we should with stand in vane  
Heir wil I stay till you retorne agane.



*The famous Historie.*

When they were gone he softlie nerer drew  
Whill as he hears a noise and ratling sound  
Which still the longer heard the greater grew  
At last horse Braying mens shrill voice confound  
Yet these he vouts his flight shall neu'r perfew  
Nor oght but death fall mak him lose his ground  
When lo pail *Phebe* shynd so bright and cleir  
That he discryis four hundreth horse well neir,

These crossing ou'r the *Riuer* did ascend  
The passage wheir with sword heighe borne he stands  
And with an blo th first bright *Crest* doth rend  
Nor head nor breist the mortall blaid with stands  
Doun falls the knight his reilling horse doth bend  
And forward leaps but lo in both his hands  
The Prince his sword sheirs throu his hoarie syde  
And for his Lord a bloodie *Tomb* prouyds,

Now with a shout the rest of this proud crue  
Throngs vp the path and stronglie him Inuaid  
Part climing vp the crags vpon him flew  
And at his feitt they fall *Leam'd*, *Brus'd* dismayd  
Troad by their frends they die the rest furth drew  
Their swords each other hurts, haft *Lone* betraied  
Strait wate, darke night, fire raige doth blind them so  
Each hurts his frend, for haste to harme his foe.

But as a Roke, a Craig, or Cap of lande,  
That fire air water raiging wold diuide  
Doth stedfast still and vnremoued stand  
Gainst thunder lightning tempests storme or tide  
Eu'ne so the Prince ganstands this warlick band  
And all their raige their wrath their strength doth bide  
Still as they came in troups confoold to find him  
He marcheing leau's them flaine in heaps behind him,

Their Leader formest now to speak began  
Ah shame quod he now neuer leiu we more  
So manie hundreth beat by one poore man  
Should die a thousand deaths death cloisd the dore  
An organe of his speache he staggering ran  
And telling twice he fall's the Prince before!  
Whoes sword had perst his hart he lifts his eies  
With half groned words he threats & threatning deis:  
The

The captains Brother thirsting for reuenge  
Thrusts throu the throng and to the Prince he hyis  
Wrath from his eies foorth sparkled lightning straunge  
And with an Angrie voice he sternlie cryis  
Ah villans you your credet thus infreinge  
Ah soldier s you no soldiers thus that seis  
Your captane slane ah now retorne yow neuer  
You *Fasards wretches* *Outcasts* curst for euer

Waik feble faint for horse for sword or spear  
More fit for iron tooles then Armour bright  
Your heads Breists baks should haue burdens beare  
No helms nor sheilds should you adorne with light  
In curage place, is entred shame and fear  
No hope is left but in your feit and flight  
In darkest night your cheifest strenth abyds  
Darknes your shame your feare and faintnes hyds,

And full of raige for eu'rie word a stroak  
He gius oure Prince whoes sword bears eurie blo  
And whill he yet enraig'd wold more haue spok  
He cuts his words and with them cuts in two  
His Iaws on him death spreads his mistie cloak  
He on his brother falls whoe leiuing lo  
Him doth imbrace both kish both soules remoue  
O! *Pitie*, great, O! *Blesd*, O! *wandrous love*

Now foreward rushd this single Campioun stout  
And inaks such hauock alway wher he goes  
As *Boreas* when he has blasted out  
His storms; of *Herbs*, *Treis*, *Beists*, and *Fowls*, the foes  
Or as the raiging *Floods* that rore and rout  
Gainst *Rooks* Or *Thunders* that heigh *Tours* down throes  
As *Earthquaks* threat to burst the eairh a sunder  
His force so shaks thois bands O *Strenth*! O wonder

Whill thus he kills and driu's them bak by force  
And all their bloes vn-harm'd vn-hurt sustaind  
Horse bruisd their Maisters whill he treds the horse  
In and beyond the stream they all remaind  
Forst down with might the passage quite they lose  
When lo the armie cumes and quiklie raine  
A storme of swords whill trumpets roaring blast  
Warr's thundring tempests foorth with lightning cast.

## *The Famous Historie*

Death, horror, murther, feare Greif sorrow Paine  
Came fate before and with thier tallons wide  
Seale on their hearts and chilid in eurie vaine  
Their vitall Breath, that fleis it self to hide:  
Nou art hey so benoum'd that scarce remiane  
Strenth for to flie Or force for to abide  
Some flee some fall some droun dispaired allone  
Eche vther hurts for haist for to be Gone

The Prince by this of al his foes was cleird  
And setts him doune vpon a stone to rest  
Sueat on his face Blood on his arms appeird  
His breath was short faint heat his haire opprest  
Wearie his arms his hands so stiflie steird  
He could not weild his sword which he possesse  
And lo the sword did seeme no sword at all  
So blunted was the Edge and hack't so small.

By this his *Troups* were come vnto the place  
And for him calls and for him loudlie cryis  
But when they fand him when they kneu his face  
In heaps they run to feid their longing eies  
And down they fall his fett for to imbrace  
With thanks and praise to God they rend the skeis  
That hee allone overcums a thousand foes  
They doubt who wonders most or most reioies.

They find the captaine and his Brother slane  
And fifein more ly wallowing in their blood  
Some *English* were some *Scotts* who felt the pane  
They gane who gainst their king and cuntrie stood  
In *Galloway* these *Troups* did all remane  
Holding that cuntrie in great feruitude  
They took King *Edwards* pay their captane bold  
Brought them in hope of gane praise, *Glorie*, gold.

But the Lord *bay* and vthers graue and wise  
Against his rashnes bitterlie did chide  
Quod they what proue you in this interprise  
No Generall nor no captane Prince nor Guide  
In whoes deir lose eu'ne all oure losse nou lyis  
Nor ours allone but all this all beside

Ah should you not to mind oure nation call  
That but for yow no nation were at all

Allace



Allace do you of *Glorie* so account  
That It to gane ane Empire you wold lose  
Nor can you not to endles glorie mount  
But to all dangers you your self expose  
In vaine poore valor doth for *Glorie* hount  
If nocht for Goode of wisdome he maks choise  
Be wise deare Lord since of our croun and camp  
You ar the head the heart the life the lamp,

He litle answer to these speeches made  
But said he forced was ether fight or flee  
Now to the camp triumphand waies they ryd  
Whil day shurtes furth his siluer hornes on hie  
*Fame* flees oure all on *Warr's* winges sanguino reid  
And stroues the feid of this great victorie,  
Which back vnto the camp brought manie skore  
Who crost with fortunes bad hade fled before,

*Edward* the bold in *Lennox* nou remiand  
And with thrie hundreth did that land subdeu  
Who hearing what his brother late hade gaind  
Returnes vnto the campe with all his creu  
The *Douglas* with his traine that late obtaind  
His oune cheef strenth which last he ou'r threu  
Heases that the *Clifford* hade with wondrous care  
Reedified the bulding much more faire.

And lest a warr-like man a valiaunt knight  
To keep the hold with him three hundreth strong  
And he who thus commanded *Thirswall* hight  
A man who hade in warre experience long  
Yet wold the *Douglas* needs essay his might  
And to the world mak knowne his right their wrong  
To sixtie now his traine augmented werre  
With those he wold essay the chance of warre.

*The Argument.*

*An English visard with great arte shewes  
The Douglas of spring great to these our daies  
And how that happie famelie arise  
To fortunes height whereat the world may gaze  
The second time he doeth him self apoise  
Against his foe and their with endles praise  
Oure throwes the capt ain of his cheifest streim  
Then back to ead his Prince returnes at leinthe.*

*The famous Historie*  
Caput. 9.

This capten  
heght thir-  
uall wha  
kipt the  
castell of  
douglas

The race of  
ye douglas is  
from Sir Ie-  
mis to yis  
our tym

Sir Iamis  
Douglas  
lord Dou-  
glas.

He tri-  
umphed  
seuintie  
seu'n tymes  
ouer his  
enemies.

He buir his  
Princes  
heart to the  
holie graine.

He was thir-  
teue tymes  
victor ouer  
the saracens.

He died in  
Spaine fol-  
louing the  
victorie too  
rashly, being  
inclosed  
behiscue-  
mies.

Anno 1330.

**N**ow with this *Englisch* captaine did abyde  
His *Uncle* old graue learned wise and trew  
Whoes iudgement deep was rairlie deified  
Highe misteries and secreitts hidd he kneu  
One day by chance the *Douglas* he espyde  
Who thus vnto the Captane quicklie drew.

From this infused spiriet and flowing minde  
This Historie by hea'ue long since deuinde.

The righteous heire of that most famous line  
That shall the *Scots* ferce natione still adorne  
To whome and not without right doer it incline  
These Lordshipes great which *Chfford* holdes in scorne  
Who once hath wunn this strength without ingine.  
Whoes virtue be no time can be outworne  
Shall winne the land againe and it posses  
In vaine wold mightie *England* him oppres.

O're him to triumphe ne're shall *England* boast  
But victor he shall ouermore remaine  
He shall not feare to meet their mightie host  
With his small troupe the garland still to gaine  
Whill fortune his attempts hath neuer crost  
He cloi'd with conquest heir shall croce the maine  
His Princes vnperformed vow to beare  
Where infidells his worth shall know and feare

Nought without cause the west shall feare him still  
Their cheefest nationes force his sword shall tame  
And all the *East* his worthie praise shall fill  
To *Ganges* foundes the terror of his name  
But there a dreadful tempest shall him kill  
Yet of his death none dare the conquest clame  
His courage fearce shall arme his foes deceat  
And thus him self subdewes him self to fate.

Heer silence staies his tounge his speech is crost  
Both *foie* and *greef* at once his heart opprest  
Greet for so rare a knight that should be lost  
Ioy that his death should cure riche *Englands* pest  
But now enamord of his worth almost  
The Caiptaine him intreats to sheu the rest

And needs wold know if heauens should nature will  
From such a roote to bring such branches still.

Ah quod his vnkle thence doeth greef proceed  
For as great ~~one~~ ordaind ane hatred still  
Betuixt the serpent and the womans seid  
So shall his line beare vs and oures il will.  
Whill their ambitious mindes on fame doeth seid  
Yet heaune shall raise for to with stand this ill  
A famous race their dreadful wraith to beare  
Whoes worth shall proue right fortunat in warre.

Now first of him discendes that valiaunt Lord  
Whoes heighe atchiuements shall his foes with stand  
His victoreis most rare shall be decor'd  
With valour flowing frome his conquering hand  
Yet crueltie in him shall be deplore  
Which hermitage doeth fatallie demand  
But for his valour worthelie renound  
Whoes deades almost are all by fortune cround.

Then cums his vnkle whoes all matchles brood  
Seems thundring flammes with fire consumeing breath  
A new deludge ane ouerwhelming floode  
A storme that nipes our springes fair floures to daith  
For he like thundring *Mars* embred with blood  
To dreadfull armes shall all his daies bequeath  
But reuling for his Prince with roialtie  
Too forwad in his countreies cause shall die.

His brother bold ane Englishe dame shall beare  
Whoes famous line in wondrous giftes exceids  
This man a mightie familie shall rare  
That shall the world astonishe with their deids  
Which at this time to sheu I will for beare  
Till thou haue knowne who from the first proceeds  
Who valiantlie in battell spends his lyf  
To bring to end his countreies endles stryif.

Then shall appeir that first great sheining light  
That dimes those blazing stars his heauins brighte fume  
In midst of armes and thondring warrs dread fight  
At him is honoures title first begune  
Conquestes first fruits deoth much ogment his might  
*Penwick* his wraith they wealch shall ouer rune  
And *Berwick* strong his angers birning fire  
Shall turne to ashe yet shall not quench his yre.

The petres  
of North  
umberland.

Willia Lord  
of lindsail  
sone too Sir  
James of  
whom is dis-  
cended the  
hous of *Ke-*  
*uers*.

Archibald  
brother to  
sir James  
Lord of  
Douglas was  
regent of  
Scotland he  
faught hali-  
done hil and  
being too  
forward  
was slaine  
Anne 1333.

John Lord  
of dakeit of  
whom the  
hous of Mor-  
toun is dis-  
cended.  
Whoes mo-  
ther was ane  
English ladie  
called *Feres*.

With first  
Erle of Dou-  
glas,

His brother  
was,



## The famous Historie

Archibald  
Lord of gal-  
lavay his son  
was Lord of  
middeall he  
maried the  
Kings doch-  
ter, whome  
the King of  
France  
sewed for in  
marriage of  
him is disce-  
ded the hous  
of drumlen-  
reik.

James erlle  
of Douglas  
sone to will-  
iam first erle  
he disarmed  
the persie be-  
fotr neu ca-  
stell and wan  
Otterburne  
being thrice  
stroken throu  
the bodie  
wher he  
deild Anno.  
1388.

His brother  
was.

Called ar-  
chibald grim  
he van Cin-  
tore Battell  
the Persie  
and the erlle  
of march  
Anno 1403.  
his sone was  
called archi-  
bald Tynman  
Was valiant  
but most on-  
fortunat who  
was slaine at  
the battell  
of wernell in  
France  
Anno 1412.  
he was duck  
of Turin  
Lord of los-  
guell and  
marriall of  
France his  
sone.

His brothers worth shall to all tymes be told  
Whose sone shall fore on princelie Egels wings  
By wertueis rare and valour so extold  
That he's preferd to princes lordes and kings  
In armes his fortune strength and courage bold  
Shall stryue whoes mereits most the mules sings  
From this faire imp shall spring a faerer tree  
Whoes fruit shall much adorne this familie,

But o thou *Bellicous* what man may know  
Thy verteus mind thy worth and warrlyk deades  
The brightest lightning of thy workes doeth show  
Daizling the beames that from thy peers proceides  
Heauins lampes remoues their painted silring so  
To bright *Apellos* fyrie flamming steids  
Yea thy rare lync thy rarest vertues cleames  
In whom still shynes thy former glories beames.

The deades of all, thy deades doeth ouerturne  
All fortunes rare thy fortune foyllet h still  
E're victor thow ne'r conquest shall returne  
And *Torhes* proud walls beares witness of thy skill  
Lastlie that euer famous otterburne  
Seals all thy conquests gainst thy countreyes will  
Whill thow thrice wounded victor sheeds a flood  
To dy thy latest triumphes with thy blood,

Thy valiant brother shall to the succed  
Whose aufull looks presageth wrath t'insewe  
With him shall fortune lyk wayes furth proceed  
And *Limore* battell shall his prais renewe  
But o his sone shall all that aige exceed  
In witt and courage strength and valour trewe  
To princelie steat in *Europ*s gairden faire  
He shall be read and honours great shall beare.

Yet all in vaine since fortune proud heath sworne  
The worlde shall build no trophe to his neame  
Nature doeth him with such reare gifts adorne  
That shee inuying cuts the wings of feame  
He tryes hir fauour oft but she doeth scorne  
His sute, and doeth hir fauour quyt recleame  
Thus he whom nature freames for gloreis throne  
Fortune throues donne for fate to treed vpon,

Then

Then comes that lordlie Erle whoes pourfull might  
Is both suspect and feard and vist more small  
Whoes race once run his sones with out all right  
Most frie the way to rule by their great fall  
Which turnes the *Scotts* calme day to stormmie night  
Whoes tempest threats the kingdome croun and all  
Yet he that must succed shall flie mischeif  
And vislie to his End conceall his greif

This starr gone doune anothe doeth appeir  
Whose bolde minde feeds the flame of martiall fire,  
Yet shoots furth beams illustred white and cleire,  
Which shows to warre or peace a like desire,  
At Honours croune he aims, though ner'e so deare,  
His conquering looks presageth martial Ire,  
To honours great he shall his breether raise,  
But he offends his prince, who ends his daies.

His brother then inrag'd vpbraids there King,  
Whose minds bursts forth a storme of desolation,  
What he heaped vp in silence forth they bring,  
A flood of warre, a fearful inuadation,  
That wel might choake their foes or'e flowing spring,  
But vented wrong flowes to their Princes station,  
Yet this hudge flood eu'ne in the height shall turne  
And of a boundles *Ocean* seeme a burne.

For with the wecht of their owne heauie swey  
The currents swiftest motione they recal  
Their too too loftie mindes doeth mount so hie  
That skoarchd with *Phabus* beames to earth they fall  
From topes of touring cloudes in warres bright skie  
Their smook euanishd throne dissolues and all  
For why the heauens ordaines no force of men  
To rouse the lordlie *Lion* from his den.

Yet their deserued fall shall not be such  
As shall extingui she that most famous line  
Nor darkness shall their wounted glorie much  
Nor yet their former greatnes shall decline  
Thou pryde o'rethrowes whom ere he haptes to touche  
But they be vertue shall their thoughtes confyne  
Within the limites of their former worthe  
Wherin they stretche their fruitfull braches forth,

Archibald  
erle of wig-  
tounne duck  
of Turyn and  
Lord of long-  
guyll, his  
sone will:  
duck of Tu-  
rynn & Lord  
of longuyll  
he was beha-  
ded in the  
castell of  
edinburgh  
1445. to him  
succeeded his  
uncle grose  
James erle of  
abernone.

Willame  
duck of tu-  
ryn Lord of  
longuyll  
he maid his  
twa brother-  
erills of mor-  
ray and or-  
mound and  
the thrid  
Lord of bal-  
vene anno  
1452.

James se-  
cond sone  
to thros Ja-  
mes with his  
ibric brother  
of murray or  
mord and  
Ethenie a  
reise agains  
the King and  
was pacified  
with ryt defi-  
culce.

## The famous Historie.

George first  
erle of angus  
was sleane at  
shrosburrie  
eading the  
perfic ageans  
the King of  
England  
Anno 1403.

George se-  
cond erlle  
of angus of  
his base sone  
called Geor-  
ge the hons  
of bound-  
ward is cun.  
Archi bald  
erlle of an-  
gus his sones  
and freinds  
var al sleane  
at flouden  
he vent hom  
him self be-  
ing reprehē-  
ded for god  
counsell.

Sir willame  
his secound  
sone leard  
of glenberuie  
his sone  
leard of kil-  
spindie will-  
ame his bas  
sone Lord of  
Torthorall

Archi bald  
sone to Geor-  
ge mester of  
angus he  
maried the  
quene of  
Scotland  
sister to King  
Hendrie the  
8 of England  
and begat  
margaret  
countess of  
Lenox mo-  
ther to Hen-  
die dooke  
of Albanie  
father to  
King leames  
the 6.

The fore-  
said archi-  
bald that  
maried the  
quene he wā

Anchorour he died in Tamtallon Anno 1557.

Yet ends this reace their roume the secound lyne  
Obteanes and brings their wertues from the graue  
The first in worth and wondrous deads shall shyne  
If he from *Shrosburre* him self can saue  
Nor shall his sone to anie vice inclyne  
But of dew prais suift tyme shall him dissaue  
Whoes secound sone shall to the world bring furth  
A famelie of much redoutit wourth,

But to beare vp that hous lo one appeares  
Cled with the light of bright *Auroras* rayes  
Whoes great experience and whoes aiged yeares  
His Prince reiectes and still at *Flouden* staves  
With whom he leaues thrie sones him self reteires  
Fearing his lordes vntymelie blasted bayes  
And as he doeth presage so shall it fall  
Their dyes his royell Prince his sones and all.

Yet shall their ritch and frouthfull seid spred furth  
Four brainches faire whoes frouth is ryp by fame  
Whearof the secound planted in the north  
Shall graice that soyll with blossomes of his name  
Nor shall the thrid know anie vant of worth  
The fourth shall cleinge his blot in vertues stame  
But lo the firsts rare sone shall greace the lyne  
And shall our *English* royell blood proypne.

With that rare dame whoes heauinlie greace is such  
As hir sones sone shall be that blaising light  
Whom all diuyns and *Propheres* praise so much  
Of whom faire *Albione* longes to heaue a sight  
The Eame which all the prophetic s would twich  
The ioiner of this lills disioyned might  
For *Albeone* it's now in name allone  
But then in substance we shall *Albeone*.

But leaue we him till god appoint his tyme  
And turne ws to that Lord that antient knight  
Whoes chaarge is free vnchaig'd with anye cryme  
Famous for witt and fortunat in fight  
Not one beneath this cold distemperd clyme  
May clame more princelie vertues for his right  
Yea *Anckermure* his fortune fare shall lie  
Whear he obteans a glorious victorie,



Two brother shal he heaue both valiant knights  
From whom two famous families shall spring  
The first's reare sone weill skild in martiall fights  
Obteains his vnkles place in euerie thing  
Thus is that hous preparid of glorious lights  
By heauins eternall vniuersall king

For reulls the line, they fore in verteous deids  
And if the breanch it self that breanch exceeds,

Then cums the last of this fair braench in fine  
For vertue cald the good when from the north  
Shall come a knight that shall succed by line  
Who weied with him, doerh equalize his woorth  
And yet with fame can not the world propine  
So loth is time to bring occasioun for the

Yet vertue for his sone shall grace prepar  
And thus to fame shall measour for the his shair,

Heauin cheanging time shall suill discord reas  
And wrap the *Scots* in wealth consuming woes  
When he by god set vp vnto thees daies  
Shall leaue his soil to forren lands he goes  
Widing throu rtubles streame and thear with praise  
His pen vnto his prediceffoures showes

The way to win from darck obliuiones night  
Boolding their trophis with his vertues might.

This lamp gone out o then his sone succeides  
Reafing that hous declind to former height  
Whoes mind is great with child of glorious deids  
And as a *Colton* tair vpholds the weight  
Of ane learge frame so from his witt proceids  
The strenth that onder props that neames great might

Yet he by airt stops natures streame to flow  
With *Iunos* string still bending *Pallas* bow.

He ripes the tumbers of his *Ancestors* old  
And brings them cled with robes of heauenlie light  
For all enshewing aiges to behold  
They shute futh beams of fame and glorie bright  
Which long lay hidde in nightes dark pitchie mold  
Our vaelde by sadd obliuion from our sight

Their ghostes reioising that so rich a geme  
Springs from thear loynes t'immortaliz their name,

His second  
brother  
Leard of pit-  
tindreich his  
3. brother  
Prior of cou-  
dinghame  
Dauid sone  
to the Leard  
of Pittindreich  
succeeded his  
uncle archi-  
bald erle of  
of angus  
1558.

Archibald  
sone to Da-  
uid Erle an-  
gus ded with  
outishue  
158.  
Willame the  
3. from Sir  
Willame  
first Leard  
of gleberuic  
succeeded  
Erle of angus  
he died Anno  
1591.

Willame his  
sone erle of  
angus died in  
paris Anno  
1611. He hes  
writin thea  
cronicklie of  
that name to  
which I have  
referred most  
part of  
their ad-  
ouns.

Willame  
now Erle of  
angus.

## The Famous Historie

The discent  
of Erle of  
mortoune.

Now comes the nixt great famelie in sight  
That iointlie with the first at first shall spring  
Which curie where sendes furth such lampes of light  
As Earth and other firmament doeth bring  
Wherin eche fixed starre doeth burne so bright  
As yeeldes both lyf and light to curie thing  
So farret hose glorie lighting flammes doeth shine  
Moueing their orbe with influence deuine.

John Lord  
of dakeith  
Sir James  
Douglas his  
yongest bro-  
ther he had  
two sones the  
ouldest was  
Lord of da-  
keith & the  
second leard  
of lochleuin.

The first that shall illuminat the skie  
Of this bright orber this hea'ne reflexing sphere  
Armed with his fathers magnaminie  
Shall be a great and mightie man of warre  
Of whom shall two arise to rectifie  
Two lines that shall their fame to heaune vprear  
Yet to the younger shall the elder fall  
And both thus ioined shall one great houte install.

The discent  
of the lairdes  
of lochleuin.  
The first  
laird of loch  
leuin.

He was with  
arichbald  
grim at in-  
tounne batell  
Where hea-  
uing vin the  
enemies stan-  
dard from  
the hand of  
Sir Thomas  
Kolbuth was  
the cheif of  
the victorie.  
The second  
laird of loch  
leuin who  
going with  
the Erle of  
buchan to  
france defen-  
ded the pas-  
sage of a  
brig there  
with thrie  
handreth a-  
gains the  
dooke of cla-  
rens his ar-  
mie whom  
he maid re-  
teir & imper-  
fuing force-  
ic was kild.

O thou thrice famous lake and strand of *Leuin*  
Famous, for that great reace shall come from the  
Inrich'd with graces by the wandering *Semin*  
That still aloft in th'azure valleis flee  
The first that shall adorne thy wat'rie hea'ne  
With sure and stay'd establisht reul I sie  
By fatell deades shall manie fortunes shair  
And *Pallas* sword shall all his parhes prepair.  
The beaies thy temples shall at *lintonne* beare  
Whear thou by valour from a valiant knight  
The leopard and *Flourdeluce* shall teare  
Thus shall thy arme put all thy foes to flight  
But when the valiant *Persie* wabeth warre  
Against his Prince in that ontimlie fight  
Thow yaliantie aduentring then shall fall  
Yet after death thy fame shall fore oure all.  
But thou braue youth altho a stripling young  
Scornes in thy natue soil for to remeaine  
Thou heirs *Belonas* dreadfull bell was rounng  
Following the voice with honoures thristing paine  
Whear all the plaines inbrouderit war along  
With gorre, blood, rent armes and souldiers slaine  
Theer haueing win fair conquest by the hair  
Thou leapes from of this wordlie theate r.

And

And then succides that all prais worthie youth  
That with the ground stone laies a fairer streame  
Mounting that house vpro the secound growth  
Whois worth in varre illusterates his name  
Then cumes that blaizing comet of the south  
Whoes voundrous deads with terror foundes his fame  
His lookes sendes vertue furth so graic'd with art  
As striks mild reuerence in each barbarous heart.

The thirde  
laerd of  
loghlecun.

And yet his galent sone shall with him striue  
Who to that aige shall greatest light restore  
As painefull bees still workes to serue the hieue  
And leaziedrons that deorh their wealth deuore  
Their dares nor enter nor with them may striue  
So nature doeth prouid for to decore  
That frutfull Stem with such whoes pains exceides-  
Past all cumpare in heigh and vertues deades

The fourth  
laerd of  
loghlecun.

No frutles drone shall from that reace arise  
Ech giues testificats of honours height  
What praises to the sext can I deuise  
That serues his Prince in manie a blooddie fight  
Nor conquest euer to eroune his pains denies  
Nixt him cumes one whoes worth and pourfull might  
Doeth aid his Prince against vsurping foes  
Whois want at last that mightie Prince ouerthoues.

The fift laird  
of loghlecun.

But O what knight is this, Adrest for warre  
That all the countray round about Obaies  
Whome greatest Princes of the land doeth feare  
In bloodie battell who at last assaies  
Our English force from of his Prince to beare  
With whom ane vther valiant campioune staies  
And whill to seue their Prince their liues they yeild  
Great multitude from valour wins the feild

The sixt  
laird of logh  
lecun  
The seventh  
laerd who  
was alwaies  
with King Ja-  
mes the 3 a-  
gainst the  
huns & the  
habrons, his  
good seruite  
was often ti-  
mes of greit  
value to his  
Prince.  
The 8 Laerd  
of loghlecun  
who bein v-  
pon the King  
his left hand  
at flouden &  
ane vther v-  
pon the right  
hand was  
boith sleane  
with their  
Prince, their  
being 45 of  
their enemies  
fond kild a-  
bout theame  
The 9 laird  
of loghlecun.

But who coms heir in the could north t'inus  
Such heauenlie giftis, all Europe passing by  
O, its Apollo suir, that dooth refius  
The east, and toms the wast too beutifie  
Whear he the siluer laik of Louin doth chuis  
The cleir Caballian streams he doth deny  
Thus leauing Gretian plainis, and pleasant fontanis  
He seats him self neir too the Ocheell montanis.



## The famous Historye

His wife a  
most virtuous  
wife & beu-  
tiful Ladie.

Whear whilst he veies the valeys round about  
By chance shall sie fair natours quein cum thear  
That *Daphne* doth surpas and al the iout  
Of virgins queenes or shephards knowne of ear  
Whom folowing long at last shall find his out  
And wedd the dame who onto him shall bear  
Fine *Virgine* dames nay greaces fine for lo,  
The wordle shall not their match in beautie sho.

His fine  
doughters so  
admirable in  
all the giftes  
of nature as  
not onlie  
the selfs but  
their of  
spring ar the  
ornamets of  
their sexe.

Yea this rare beautie past compare shall bee  
Nor longs to one but in them all it dueller li  
Eune all in colour neitnes decensie  
Preportion and the minds rare gittis excellen  
Nor shall it spend nor weist, nor fead, nor die  
But too all times a quintisence distelleth  
For lo their seid shall in this land be borne  
As stonisto rings or starrs that heaune adorne.

The rent pa-  
rissit at sea  
be tempest  
of vather.

And from their sire both sanctified and seag  
Cold wise and bold with heastie wroth not brunt  
Adorn't with wertue both in youth and aige  
Whom heaune decrees with honoures height to mune  
Shall likuayis spring that youth whom fortuneuns reage  
On e swelling theetis shining back doth hunt  
Till angrie *Neptuns* furie bursteth forth  
And swallow v'p that treasur hous of worthe.

William  
now Erle of  
mortune.

O but his sone is *Mars* and *Phebus* knight  
For valour corrage wit and beutie store  
The foggie mistes of ignorantes dark night  
He cleres, to knowleg day he ops the doore  
Eu'ne as a lanterne from a toures proud height  
Shoues the seas port for shipes to win the shore  
So his cleir lamp of judgment shoues the way  
For dark grose wites to land in vertues beay.

The actiue boldnes by his spreit refind  
Produce resistles actiouns stronglie Knut  
The quick vivalitie that meltes his mind  
In streames of eloquence ou're flous his with  
And yet so much to courtasie inclind  
That humble mildnes on his browe doeth sit  
Which tempers passioune still with facultie  
And makes a simphatheising hermonie.

For lo his soules reare faculteis deuine  
Is so cut furth on his humaine perfectiouno  
Yat in his lowkes heigh maiestie doeth shine  
By modestie held in so sweet subiectiouno  
As alway holdes a meane nor doeth decline  
To simple mildnes or to proud infectiouno  
Thus descentie stells furth with euerie glance  
And freames a persing amorous countenance.

Which breeds respectiue reuerence with dilyt  
In euerie heart whos eyis doeth him behold  
With admiratiouno and amezment gryt  
That streans a sweet obedience on controld  
But now I feare if I the rest indyt  
To cloy your ears with my discours to bold  
Yet quod the captain I would glaidlie kno  
If still that name produce such fruits or no.

O still quod he and shall be still increst  
For both thoes mightie famaleis proceides  
To honoures great whearof they ar posset  
Mounting aloft with heigh and glorious deades  
And this lordes sone; whill he would say the rest  
A sudden tumult their amezment breides  
Our all the land great clamoures they might heir  
Which did forshow sum deanger to droue neir,

Wherwith they leap to earmes the captain cries  
For all the *Garifone* in armes to be  
When lo hard by the castoll he aspyes  
Weer driu'n great hearde of cattrell hestilie  
This was the conquering knight that doeth denyis  
How he that countray might of thraldome frie  
And neids would treane the captain from his hold  
Whoes strenth he would assay with currag bold.

But this his purpoifs greatlie doeth with stand  
They hardlie could be broght vnto the feild  
Wherefor he takes this Stratagem in hand  
To treane theame out to seght to flie or yeild  
A wooddie pleane neir *Sandie Landes* he fand  
Whoes vmbrage seemd from *Phebus* heat to sheild  
On eche syd grew the *Trees* so bushie thicke  
It seem'd that *Nature* freamd it for a trick.

### *The famous Historie*

Thither the *Erle* by night his troups forth gwijs  
Wheir eche lyis closlie quier whist and still  
His wantcurious in haile he thus prowys  
To bring their heards of cattell from the hill  
And those that neirest to the tour abids  
Those drieve they hence whill as the heard men fill  
The air with schricks, the land with loud alarms  
Wheir with proud *Thirswall* cled in glorious arms.

With all his *Garesone* addrest for warre  
Ist foot in haile for to returne the pray  
And followed hauing nether dout nor feare  
Till they were past the *Ambush* fare away  
Then these that fled returnd, their swords they reare  
Aloft their sheilds, before their strong arms stay  
Their blous they beare they pushe strik stab and kill  
Th' amased foe, who yet resisted still,

Till at their baks a suddant storme a rose  
Whoes horrid noys doth mak them all to quaike  
And with their force their furie and their blois  
Their brokin rancks begins to faint and shaik  
The first rank bakward on the second gois  
The second on the third the third doth brak  
Crusht by the fourt and fift and at eche end  
They leap furth scattrig heir and their they bend

So doe the cluds disperst from *East to West*  
In ranks and roues that hing cleir white and fair  
When as the *Northerne* and the *Southerne* blatt  
Foorth from their caues breaks throu the trubled aer  
Rank gainst a rank cloud gainst a cloud they cast  
Till in a heap confoosd at last they tear  
And burst asunder crush'd with furious bloes  
Scattered in drops fleis from betwene their foes.

*Thirswall* their deid beneath the *Douglas* sword  
Of all his men but nintie went away  
Who in the Castell got from thence they pourd  
Dairre quarreis Stones like haill without delay  
The *Erle* reuerd his band when they were tourd  
And from his Prince no longer wold he stay  
Gainst whom he hard an arnaie was prepard  
Of which in tyme to shew him he repaird.



## The Argument.

Whill Fortune honores dousfull of hir ches  
 Nor peace nor warre on ether syd displays  
 Hard fast anon 'prepaireth greater voes  
 Great disforfies that loue the Scots wil reaise  
 To former heigh and furth his feinds he throwes  
 Who tempts the Scots they leaue the Bruce whos praise  
 Augmentes whill vnawars his foe assailes  
 His wittie flight his valour twyse preuailes.

## Caput. 10.



He Prince of *Darknes* now long tyme reioyd  
 Of Gods great wrath amōg his childrē throun  
 Whoes foull offences had his fauor los'd  
 Fearing if they repent that *Grace* were shoun  
 A thousand lills into his mynd he tost  
 Wheir with to tempt them yet to heauins vnkoun  
 Thus wyldlie Staird he when he muird allone  
 Whill as he sits on his *Infernall Throne*,

And now resoluing to his work he falls  
 And with a dreadfull greislie countenance  
 The curst and haitfull *Fureis* vp he calls  
 The *Mounsters* trembling gius obedience  
 Their poisonsd *Gorgis* all with *Venome* swalls  
 Enflamd with his reid Eies hote flaming gliaunce  
 Whill his strong breath furth from his ratling throt  
 A noyse liketo a fearfull tempest shot.

Which made the *Earth* to quaik and deafned hell  
 Thus vnderstood they this confused Sound  
 Yow malice proud and yow inuy that dwell  
 Amid oure fire *Regions* vnder ground  
 Haist vp and with infecting breath expell  
 All peace and let no ametic be found

In the grete *North* and sie that you desyle  
 With blood and warr great *Europs* greatest ile,

Mak *Englands* King to forge some causes new  
 To keip the right which he by wrong hes got  
 Tell him that heau'ne ordains him to renew  
 Sinns iust reward vpon the sinfull *Scot*  
 Mak *Englsh* all with deadlie hait persew  
 The *Scots* their onlie antient foes by lor

The onlie blok that euer bears them doune  
 From all their greates *Glorie* and renoune,

## The famous Historie.

Scotts only  
wer the over  
throwers of  
them selfis  
deuiditt in  
thre factions  
the brooce  
the balliol,  
and the cum-  
ming, both  
the last took  
part with  
England  
against the  
Bruce.

Thus edge them on, It were greate lose great shame  
If they vnto their wonted greatnes rise

Your strength allone was neuer so extreame  
To mak them once to shrink nor could deuise  
By sight or might to droune their famous name  
Till now that loe them selfs them selfs defyis

And what your swords before could neuer doo  
Their swords haue doune and winn them selfs to yow.

So that yow sie heau'ne fauors your intent  
With these and vther your intendit sight  
Arme them with *pride hate Anger* discontent  
And moue the *Scotts* still gainst them selfs to fight  
For lo I sie *John* doth his wrathe relent

And minds to raise the *Scotts* to greater might  
For in that famous *Bruce* and in his lyne  
They must be blisland ou'r all *Europe* shyne.

Though what great *John* decrees we can not mend  
Yet may we oft delay th'intendit blise

Which he ordains vpon fraill man to send  
Since sluggish man by *Nature* cairles is  
And wee may moue him thankles to offend  
And oft to disobey his law I wish

For man is fleshlie geu'ne to foull delight  
And God is alway pure cleir holic right,

Since wee of all the damned heyres as cheiff  
And has no longer tyme from Torments frie  
Then till the cup be full of Gods hore greiff  
And that greate day of his fierce wrathe wee sie  
Then with the soules which now without releif  
We still torment shall wee tormented be

And which is worse oure pains shall neu'r be spent  
Whill we oure selfs must still oure selfs torment.

Then heauins decree to stay oure strength is small  
Yet heauening tyme we may not tyre of Ill  
Since what we wold that can we not at all  
Do what we may we may not what we will  
At these his words *Invy* and malice swell  
With murthering hate their breifts with venom fill  
And vp they flie to view days glorious light  
Bringing *Mischeif, Greif, horror, warr, dyspyght.*

Arriuig

Arrining heit they fill eche Godles heart  
With *anger, rage, Mischeif, pride, hate, inuis,*  
Then to the camp they hie to vse their airt  
But their vane Slight the nobler sort descrie  
Whill grace, loue, wisdom, with their worths deseru  
Did dreine them thence in endles infamie

Yet in the basler sort great pou'r they winne  
Throu whoes faint hearts dispair, feir, danger, runc

Greate bands of these by their deceat they dreu  
Whoe stelling from the camp by night doth flie  
And still these feinds to their fant minds doth shew  
For hoped *Conquest* shamefull Infamie  
Ther former lose remembrance lets them knou  
Which oft repeated maks their hopes to die

These words they murmur still them selfs among  
On shamefull death shall we attend so long.

Allace what strength what might what pou'r haue we  
Ritch England warlick *Schotland* to ganestand  
May not oure Lord behold his infamie  
And in the glas of former works haue scand  
That gainst his will heaunis bend their iust decree  
Earth scorns to build a *Trophee* for his hand  
Fate to his fall his frowning fortun brings  
Heauen, earth, fate *fortun* all crose his desings.

Heauins neuer yet did feuous his intent  
Earth neu'r lookt for conquest at his hand  
Fate neuer fraimd his will to find content  
And fortun neuer lik't of his demand  
Fair *victorie* her cheifest wealth has spent  
On his proud foe whoe conquering doth command  
Vs all if got like robbers hand to bee  
Thus we'r but outlawes to his maiestie.

With Greif and sorrou pane and trauel sore  
We hunger-sterud Amidst the montans ly  
Oure frends still aid oure foes and which is more  
Eu'ne oure oune natioun vs with scorne desie  
Thousands that rose in oure defence before  
Now with oure foes gainst vs ther forces trie  
Whill wee that noight but shame and want doth gane  
Attend on hope and still attend in vane,



*The famous Historye*

Why stay we then to immitat ther flight  
Whoe with our foes abide in wealth and ease  
No let vs render vp this camp but fight  
And giue our Lorde to vse him as they please  
Or if noght this then let vs flie by night  
And yeildinge to our foes, their wrathe appease  
This laste opinioun eache approueth so  
That eu'rie night in troups away they Goe

Sir Odomer  
de wallance  
was crill of  
Pembrok.

Thus wrought blak *Plutos* messingers their will  
And now to worke the rest of their mischeife  
Braue *Pembroke* ear with these glad neus they fill  
And fills his warrlik mind with raige and greif  
To mak an end of warr they shew him still  
That now he may at ease without reieif  
His waikned foe of forder hopes depriue  
Quite ouerthroune or kild or tane aliue

Then fed with hope he doth an armie raise  
Of *Scotts* and *English* neir ten thousand strong  
Whoes minds with hate and with desire of praise  
They do inflame nor stay they those among  
But heir and their through all the land they gaife  
Subiects to find whereby to work more wrong  
At last of *Iorne* that cruell Lord they find  
And vnto new reuenge they stirre his mind,

To nev reuenge of his deir cufings blood  
Greate *Cummerald* whom *Bruce* before had slane  
He to this warr brings foorth fife thousand good  
And to greate Englands generall ioins amane  
Thus foreward prikt with hope and hatfull mood  
They brauelie march ou'r hil ou'r daill ou'r plane  
Whereof our Gallant noght at all did kno  
So spedelie and secretlie they go,

Now of fife hundreth thrise with him remaind  
Thrie hundreth scant the rest war fled and gone  
Whereof he oft and secretlie complaind  
Yet wiselie in him self conceall'd his mone  
But nou his scouts by trauell that obtaind  
A sight of their Proud foe return anone  
And to him bring those wofull neus at last  
Whoes sound from eare to eare right sadlie past,

The

The reliſts ſmall of his forſaeken hoſt  
 Wheir all about him ſtanding in a round  
 Whill as bold *Edward* thus did him accoſt  
 My Lord and brother let not this confound  
 Your noble thoughts the numbers quite be loſt  
 In this ſmall band muſt all your hops be cround  
 Thoſe fortun beare your iuſt deſings aurie  
 She can not let vs brauelie for to die,

Will it be knowne ſince fiſt we Armour tooke  
 When in oure *cuntreys* cauſe we ſwore to ſtand  
 That euer ſince wee ſuffered haue rebooke  
 Nor fortun once wold fauour oure demand  
 With ſhame and loſe oure Friends vs all forſooke  
 Oure ſoldiers ſeing nought but loſe at hand  
 Haue left vs Cowards worthie not to breath,  
 That we may look for nothing now but death.

Yet ſhall it neu'r be ſaid nor ſein nor knowne  
 That in oure lateſt hour we ſhrink or flie  
 No let oure hearts oure hands and al be ſhroune  
 Eu'ne in diſpight Of *fortuns* crueltie  
 To work moſt dread reuenge if ouerthroune  
 And with their braueſt captains let vs die  
 Loſame and Glorie ſhall oure death attend  
 Nor ſhall they much reioiſe in this oure end,

The reſt whome *Anger* *courage* greif diſpair  
 Tormenting made to wiſh their deaths were nie  
 Applaudeth all that he had ſaid and their  
 All crie dye die reuenge and brauelie die  
 But their braue Prince with mild looks doth declair  
 His counſall wiſe and his command whereby  
 Their furie hote and fond diſpair refraining:  
 He to his brother answers thus complaning.

Thy counſall in the wiſe no place will find  
 With ſuch diſpairing hezards to betray  
 Oure ſelfs vnto oure foes they proue to kind  
 To pleaſe their foe that works their oune decay  
 What tho the baſſer ſort their beaſtly mind  
 In fleeing from oure camp doth weill beurray  
 Yet hope and forſight fortun ſtill commands  
 And warre good luck in wiſdoms counſall ſtands.

*The famous Historie*

What though our fainting troups haue fled before  
Who e'r the newes of ill with terror stings  
These at the reall sight will feare much more  
And confort none but their disconfort brings  
Yea when they fled my hopes they did restore  
And with them fled the Doubts of my desings  
Greate foolls as they that builds their hopfull good  
Vpon the euer changing multitude

In you that doth remane my confort lies  
Nor can a world of armes me effray  
For heau'ne promised mee that I should rise  
Vnto my foes shame ruine and decay  
I care not I what earth or hell deuyis  
They can not hinder heauin though they delay  
Fraill mans intendit blissh by heauins decreed  
With heauinlie faith is eathlie wants supplid.

Know then this praise to *Scotts* is onlie deu  
Neu'r conquerd yet neu'r yeildit to their foes  
For want refusing neuer to perseu  
With endles warr the iust reuenge of those  
That wold their liues or libertie subdeu  
For *Scotts* will ether all way mak a chose  
Of freedome euer poore with warre maintaind  
Then bondage euer riche with peace still gaind.

By this they see an armie to appeir  
Before their face and at their backs they view  
The Lord of *Lorne* with all his troups drau neir  
By secret by-wais led, them to perseu  
Whereat they stand amaz'd vntill, they heire  
Their Lords wise hardie resolution treu  
Whoe thus to cheir and confort them began  
Fear not their flight for do the worst they can,

Wee shall eschew their craft their hate their force  
Then he commands his brother to depairt  
And *Lennox Erle* with them ane hundred horse  
*Douglas* and *Hay* vnto the contrair Air  
With equall number bend their speedie course  
Now freinds quod he eche bear a valliaunt heart  
And fleeing fight and fighting flee your foes  
For your braue fight hew forth your wais with bloes.



So our's shal be the *Glorie* of this day  
 And wee with fame returne but thay with shame  
 We with the rest will likewais hold oure way  
 Betuixt their armeis so shall we reclame  
 Oure life and honor whiche thay count their pray  
 Yea and perhaps er long may pay thame hame  
 This said all Thrie thrie sundrie way's oppose  
 Their Warlick breists gainst thousands of their foes.

Yea suerlie each of theme great *valor* shoes  
 And wisdoms beams stil gaue thair *valor* light  
 They brak throw armed *Squadrons* of their foes  
 Thus they perseuing flie and flieing fight  
 O curage great O *valor* worthie those  
 That ryseto ewer slaying *Glorie* bright (der  
 Throw thrice fyue thousand fighting fleis thrie hun  
 Not loseing One. O curage great! O wonder!

The valiant *Bruce* with vnresisted might  
 Fleis yet his deids still maks him knowne of all  
 The lord of *Lorne* that weill espyde his flight  
 Soone folloud him in hope to work his fall  
 Fyue hunderth thrice on horsis swift and light  
 With him he raks and gius but leasure small  
 To *Bruce* who thrice diuids his *Men* in thrie  
 And thrice thrie sundrie wayis the're forst to flie

At last with him their did remane but One  
 And yet his foes still follow'd on his tract  
 Their care is onlie him to haue allone  
 Nor seme thay of his *Men* account to make  
 Fyue knights that al the rest had farr owe gone  
 Wer cum so neir that him they ouertake  
 Whoe scornd to Flie whill he had bein aliue  
 Though but allone from fyttie ioynd to fyue

The knight that with him stayd was bold and stout  
 Whoes birth made in his *dam*s fair breists appeir  
 The milk that nur'st the Prince for whiche no dowe  
 He greatlie loud the Man and held him deir  
 Whoe with him twrns now to their foes abut  
 Both on theme twns nor wold they once retein  
 Ther salutations were in raige and wrathe  
 Death on eche wound attends and shame on death

*The Famous Historye*

Thrie to the Prince and two vnto the knight  
Addrest and thus the combat's wnderthane  
The valiaunt *Monarche* with two bloes down right  
Ones heart anothers head did cleiue in twane  
Whairat dismaied the thrid doth shwn to fight  
And now this matchles lord thus left allone

Len'ds th'one a blow that did his knight assaill  
Till from his hors he sank down cold and paile.

Beneath the knights good suor d the fourt soone dyis  
Death after him that flees wes quicklie sent  
This *stratagem* the Prince doth sone devyse  
To learne to sie and know his foes intent  
He on this horse in this knight arms doth Rise  
And to his foes bak as a freind he went  
His knight he their Commands for to soiuerne  
Till he againe dead or alive Returne

This bak agane a Myll he had not gone  
When as he meits the Forward of his foe  
Come with a spedie marche that way anone  
And them before a hundreth knights and moo  
Come towards him before all these allone  
A senting *Slewth* hound coms with Squyars two  
The hound his owne he knew without all dout  
Which by his foes was broght to find him out.

Without delay without ad visement long  
He foreward spurrs ypon his loftie steid  
Whose Swiftnes had no match them all among  
Knowne by the hound whom he was wount to fied  
On him he fauns and with a leap he flong  
Furth from the leische runing on him with speid  
Whom when he wold haue kil'd poore pitie mov'd him  
He cold not be ingrait to none that lov'd him.

Wherfore he bak Returns the way he came  
The hound still following him had kept him still  
When loe these hundreth knights espyde the same  
The horse and *Arms* they know yet doubt some ill  
That with a scornefull raige their mynds Inflame  
And with auou'd revenge their harts they fill  
Thus with disordred haist they quiklie runn  
And one by One much ground of him they winn

Some

Some him to kill, and some the hound to take  
Did oftentimes assaie, but al in vaine,  
For their disordred furie still he brak  
Each wound with holds a foe with death or paine,  
Yet was he forc'd at last away to mak  
By killing of the hound his life to gaine.

And being now come neir vnto his knight  
He thinks not meit against them all to fight.

But him commands in haist to kill that hound  
Which he him self could not abide to doe  
Hard by a Forrest couered all the ground  
Whoes treis our all the Rockie montans Bow  
Hither they flie where such dark ways they found  
As from their foes their saiftie did allow

Thus mockt and scornd, the armie turns againe  
With lose and Shame their travell spent in vaine.

The Argument.

*Hells damnd fiends finds Scots renouued King.  
And by threes heeues works him a new dispyght,  
To God he prays who graunts his iust designe.  
Through deserts wild alone he flies by night,  
He findes his men at last, whom he doth bring.  
On his proud foe who slaughterd fear's his might  
Winter makes both their Camps brak vp at last  
At hunts greate Bruce a fearfull danger past.*

Caput. II.



*Infernall Pluto* Missing his Intent

Began to rore his voice his words confound (went  
From whoes foull throat such thundring noise forth,  
As schook the hel refovnding throw the ground.

His Bowells deip a mistie smook foorth sent  
Which made the Soules in endles Torments bond  
To dive in floods and in the flams to hide them  
Eschewing paine whill greater paines abide them,

His dreadfull looks effrayd the feinds and Ghosts  
Chokt with the savour of his noysum breath  
Like fleghts of Crows *Hell* musters forth her hosts,  
From *Herebens* with horror feare and death,  
In clouds of daungers on our Northern coasts,  
They raue the bloodie tempests of their wrath  
And scatred here and there, they soon untwinde  
The webs of Woe, wouen in each sinfull minde



*The famous Historie.*

And one of them eu'ne then did hap to light  
On Robbers thrie that in this Forrest lay  
Where throu the valiant Bruce had tane his flight  
Him self they whom they count an easie pray  
For which greates *Edward* ritche rewards had heght  
Wherefore their Treasons thus they did essay  
Myldlie they come vnto that noble Prence  
And vnto to spend their lives in his defence.

They Scotts-men war by right his subiects too  
Which to their treasours ads more credit still  
Dark night to shroud the rest which they wold doe  
Heauins siluer walls with sabill hangings fill  
Within this Forrest stood a *Schipbirds* croo  
No other ludging were they neir vntill  
Thither those theus this noble Prince furth guid  
And with their Schift a supper Toone prouid,

When hee right pleafandlie hand tane repast  
Of viands such as tyme wold then affoord  
On the cold earth he lays him doune at last  
A sheld for pillow serud this noble Lord  
When thousand cairfull thoughts were ouerpast  
Sleeps charning rod of silence him restord  
Vnto a slumber, soft but whill he lay  
He thought he hard a voice him threatning say.

Though careles of they self heauins for thee care  
Vp vp arise from daunger the defend  
Whacrat he starts aloft begins to stare  
When as he seis com from the houffis end  
The *Robbers* thrie that with their swords prepare  
Death on his Knight and him in sleip to send  
But with his sword he their designment braks  
And with his foot his faithfull knight awaiks,

Yet or he could arise one of the thrie  
Vnto him step't and with his trenshant blad  
He forc'd his soull furth from his brest to flie  
Which in the Prince both greif and anger bred  
And in his wrathe his death so venged he  
That of these *Traitours* thrie he soone was red  
Then thanks he God who saist him from that snare  
And thence departs loadned with greif and care.

Where

Where as his horse was feeding there he goes  
 Whill as the darknes sum what cleirer greu  
 And being monted then no way he knoes  
 And yet from thence him self he soone with drew  
 Yea oftentimes him self him self did lose  
 In desert wyld in paths but vsed by few

Reuoluing still within his troubled thoght  
 What greuous cair's proud *fortun* had him wroght

At last beseeching his great Lord of Grace  
 To pitie him and confort to him send  
 His earnest praier cleius heuins starrie face  
 And at *hous* throne for mercie did attend  
 Whoe bends his gracious eies on mortalls race  
 Vieuing their woes their waiknes weill he kend  
 The splendour of his glorious countenance (hence)  
 Cleir's heaune and earth and chaid hells feinds fare

Earth freed of such a sinfull Burthen vild  
 Begins to smill on heuins all glorious sphear's  
 When from the Prince all sorow was exyld  
 Confort from heauin to his sad soule repair's  
 His faith had broght from his deir saueour mild  
 Assured hope of what his soule requear's

Now to that place he goes the neirest way  
 Where he appointed all his men to stay.

When bright *Auror* her treasures had furth sought  
 She edgd the siluer clouds with freing's of gold  
 And hangs the skies ,with Arras rarely wroght  
 Powdred with Paarle and pretious stones vntold  
 Then roses reid and whit from inde she broght  
 And strou'd heuins floor most glorious to behold

Yet weips she for she thinks it all to small  
 To welcum great *Apollo* to her hall.

Ere *Sole* could shine his way did him restor  
 Where *Edward* and the *Douglas* did abide  
 With all his troups that scattred wer befor  
 With whome the Prince doth secretlie prouide  
 For to assalt his foes so proud of yore  
 For them he cairles kneu disperfed wide

Disordred quite and scatterd heir and their  
 Nor for him wold they look nor for him care.

*The Famous Historye*

They all agree yet thus he wold them cheir  
Braue frends (quod he) behold this happie day  
That shall the clouds of oure disasters cleir  
And bring the *Garland* from oure foes away  
Me thinks I see fair victorie appeir  
To crowne vs that *triumphs* on their decay  
And their hot blood rich *trophes* vs aduances  
Borne on the points of oure *victorious* lances.

Me thinks vpon oure glistering cresse I see  
The glorious *garland* of the conquest worn  
Whill fether-futted *same* before vs flie  
Vpon the golden wings of Honor borne  
Altho nor ours their numbers greater be  
Yet fear them not *Jehoua* heighe hath sworne  
To yeild them in your hands that ye may sleip  
Your thristie blais in blood whill as they sleip.

This said from heauen reflected on his face  
A lightning beame bright shining pure and cleir  
His countenance shind with such heaunlic grace  
As lightned all about both farr and neir  
a *Martiall* furie in his breist took place  
Whoes sparkling did his eies with lightning cheir  
So that his gallant port and gracefull looks  
The bold confirms the faint with shame rebooks.

A *Guide* he got whoe broght him wher they lay  
Encamped in a fair and open plane  
And or the glorious soun could guilt the day  
Four hundred he had wounded hurt and slane  
For these before the camp a littel way  
Within a village cairles did remane  
Yea eu'ne the camp at last they did perseu  
And their with slaughter did the fight reneu

The fire yet stay'd within his assie coath  
When they began the camp for to inuaid  
Sleip rest or silence eurie one did touch  
And heir and their they lay disordered  
Some were a sleip of wine that drunk too much  
And some with cards and some with dice wer led  
Some lasie lubbards quaid carroulis deip  
Till eurie drink began an endles sleep



Whill thus they ly thois warrecours enter in  
 Too strik Iustitiars for to pairt the fray  
 The wine and blood both foorth togidder rin  
 From bak from brest or side eu'ne as they lay  
 Half words confoofd their hollow throts within  
 Made billowing nois their blood their breath did stay  
 Somerise to strik some op's their mouth to chide  
 Those fall and these with blood chokt gasping diede

Thus whille che sword dislodg'd a hundreth liues  
 Braue *Bruce* made knowne his rancour wrath and ire  
*Squadrons* he kills cuts cords and tents he riu's  
 And for reuenge enflam'd with hote desire  
 To ouerthrou them all alone he strius  
 To kill the men and set the camp on fire  
 And foreward still allone he Murdring goes (bloes  
 giuing more death then wounds more wounds then

But as a hungrie *Lion* for his foode  
 Kills thousand beasts mo then he can deuore  
 So thou stout *Edward* doth their liues seclude  
 Whom thy braue Brothers haist had past before  
 And tredding proudlie on the multitude  
 Thou seemest sad becaus thou findest no more  
 Whereon to exerceis thy valor so  
 Wishing eche trunk could raise a stronger foe.

Now at an vther Parte dorh enter in  
 The conquering knight that dreidful slaughter make  
 So from the west the drying winds begin  
 To cleir heauins cloudie front and stronglie braks  
 The spoungie bann exhal'd vp by the *Sunne*  
 Furth of the *Germane* laik which *Arnoll* taks  
 Vpone his wings and mousters forth in hosts  
 Wheir with he threats to droun the northern costs.

Eu'ne so this campiou driueth bak by force  
 The multitude of armed *Squadrons* strong  
 His warlik wepon kill's without remorse  
 His eies such fire splendor dairts along  
 As burns their hearts but fear concealls their lose  
 All turning baks forget to venge their wrong  
 And cairles of their shame their fame their fall  
 They lose their liues their honor hope and all.

*The famous Historie*

And he that to gaine stand will proue so bold  
As not to flie but brauelie beare it out  
Soone lyis he breathles tumbling on the mold!  
Which in the rest conserms their fear and doubt  
Thus forward none his furie can with hold  
Till with his Lord he meits wheir all the rout  
Assembled were and weareid nou with killing  
The souldiers disperst the tents were pilling.

But *Scots* greate king who saw them cairles, care  
More for their gaine then conquest to prolong  
Cau'd sound retreat least some neu force repare  
And bring the conquest backe with shame and wrong.  
By this the *English* Generall did prepare  
Of armed knights aboue fise thousand strong  
But this braue Lord in time reteird his crew  
Whill as they had no lust for to persew.

The worthie *Bruce* thus haueing payd his foe  
Of that disgrace which he had lair receau'd  
He was both lou'd and fear'd and hatir so  
As the iust worth of his greate deids had crau'd  
Yea *Englands* warlick Generall thoght in woe  
Extold him much when he his worth perceau'd  
Swearing by *Ioue* that heauins decerd to raise him  
And in the midst of hate was forced to praise him.

Wheirfore he breaketh vp his camp that night  
Letting his Souldiers to their home reteire  
The mightie *Scot* to *Carrick* marcheth right  
And sojourns their the deade time of the yeare  
Wheir noght befell him worthie to reciet  
Saif once he went a hunting of the *Deere*  
For their hee thoght no foes could harme afford  
Since all that land obeyd him as their Lord.

Now being much delighted with that sport  
His warlik knights were neir about him still  
One day vnto an forrest they resort  
The hart and hind with *Grewbonds* for to kill  
And he allone staid in a priuat fort  
With two swift *hounds* aboue them on a hill,  
Till all the rest were scattred farr and niere,  
Rousing the woods to bring him in the *deere*.

Whill

While here he staid, three men he did espie  
Come from the wood with awfull countenance,  
Each bends a bowe and thus doth him desie,  
To venge the *Cummings* blood is our pretence  
Braue Sirs quod he then, first I praie you trie  
Me with your swords, if I can make defence,  
Thrie one to kill so farre were endles shame  
So Cowards fight, the ualiant hates such game!

At these his words, their bows awaie they threw,  
And with their swords they sharply him assaile,  
His hounds he loof'd, his sword he quickly drew,  
And many bloes on either hand they deale,  
The hounds that sie such foes their Lord persue  
One by the gorge vnto the ground they haile,  
One of the other two by this he kil'd  
Then kills him whom the hounds at ground still hild

The third who fears such guerdon for to trie,  
Staid not, but soon betakes himselfe to flight  
Whom when these Heauen-ordained hounds espie  
They follow both with kien and aufull might  
And in a Trace they force him by and by  
Most furiously vpon the ground to light  
Their Lord at last from them did him reswme  
And strikhe giv's him his deserved doome.

When all his knights returnd they wondring view  
How heavens their Prince from danger had preserv'd  
To God they gaue greate thanks and Praises dew  
Reioysing that so braue a Lord they serv'd -  
This did his fame throu all the land renew  
All wish'd him now what his great worth deserv'd  
Whoskap'd so many Dangers they conclude  
Must be reserved for a greater goode.

*The Argument.*

*First at Gtrentroll doth Scotts renowned Prince -  
Get victorie aboue the English foe  
Douglas at Ederfoord with valiaunce  
By fourtie doth a thousand overthrow  
Then Pembrok Sews for Battell with pretence  
To frie the land from longer warr and so  
To Lowdon-hill he brings an armie fere  
But vanquish, Flees the land in greete Dispare.*



*The famous Historie*

Caput. 12.

WHen in his goolden *carrosh* *Sol* returns  
From *Zenith* bake into the northern Starr  
The *Ram* growne proud with am'rous heat so burne  
That with his horns he seimis too make him warr  
*Hils* turns in *tearis* their milk whit *Robs* and murns  
To se them selfs so strip'd by *Sol* afarr

Who too redtesse that wrong is quicklie seen  
For *ermis* poore to cloith them all in green

The *Gardens* pranckt with rosie buds still spring  
Whill *Flora* dalleis in her flowire bed  
Whom *Zepheir* Cowrts and swit to her doth sing  
Wiping away the *Tears* *Aurora* sched  
Whoes shril sweit notts throu all the sorrells ring  
When *Meids* with grase and *woods* with *Leavs* ar cled  
So that the *spring* thus following *Phabus* treace  
Made ewre thing to look with cheirfull face

When *Bryce Scotts* hope their confort and their Ioy  
With all his knights doth too the feilds repaire,  
Stout hardie *Eduard* seirles of Annoy  
And fortunes knight braue *Douglas* als wes there  
Whom *victorie* did sewintie tymes convoy  
Crownd with the *Garlands* of her golden hare  
And many mo all knights of highe renowne  
*Pillars* of *State* and *Pearles* vnto the *Crowne*

Thrice nyntie knights their number were at most  
All marcheing furth with cheirfnll Countenance  
Whoes worth was knowne so to their Enemeis cost  
As their brave Generall feard not to aduance  
With these against a great and mightie host  
And hazard all vpon a Battells chance

Thus marcheth he and wold with these beginne  
To conquer all or lose what he hath winn.

This warlik Lord when as the night drew nere  
Camps on a hilt a strength by nature wrought  
And as the second morning did appeare  
The watch a *Woman* had before him broght  
In beggers weid whom he did straight Inqueir  
What her Intention was or what her thoght  
That way to come She answerd to betray him  
And that his foe wold presentlie Essay him,

*Pembroke*

Pembroks braue Erle (saide she) within a myll  
Is come with thousands five thee to surpryse  
That *Scots* and *Englishe* are and swears the whill  
That they triumphing on thy death must rise  
I hope quod he their hopes shall them begylt  
The right is ours and with the word he crys  
To arms to arms and in a moment their.  
All cled in dreadfull arms to fight prepare.

The Prince without the Camp his armie drew  
In thrie Battalions or Squadrons strong  
The vangard gave he to the *Douglas* trew  
Vnder whoes standard Sixtie marcht along  
Expert in Arms that feats of warrs well knew  
The reirward too prince *Eduard* did belong  
Which also did consist of Sixtie moe  
That faint fearis ghostlie house did neuer knoe.

The King him self the greate Bartalion led  
Wherin ther stood thryce fyftie borne too fight  
There *Scotlands* constabill, in arms was cled.  
The worthie *hay*, a bold and, fearles knight.  
There *Lerax* faithfull er'le his ensigne spred  
There *Walorous Boyd* and others scorning flight  
All Soldiers old all weill aprou'd at arms  
all breathed warr and conquests loud allarms.

Be they were ranckt and well in Ordre sett  
A cloud of men of horse of spears and scheilds  
Comes from a *Wood*, a heard of *Deir* besett  
By huntars keim to fearfull flight so yeilds  
Whoes horned heids a ratling noyse begett  
Such noyse their lances made when all the fields  
Were hid with Troups and ew'ne as flights of *Croes*  
Sing throw the *air* their haist such sounding shoes.

But to the *Scots* when they approched nere  
They stood Amazd to sie there good Array  
Till their Curagious Genrall did them cheir  
With hopfull words of Conquest spoill and Pray  
Lo what are those said he which you sie here  
But Robbers which dare neuer vew the day  
Outcasts and not trew *Scots* whoes warlik force  
You oft before haue tryde vnto their lose.

*The famous Historie.*

And tho they were there Nations flour and choise  
Yet are they but a handfull vnto you  
Gainst ew'rie one let ten them selffe oppose  
So they beneth Oure conquering sword shall bow  
At these braue words the Armie forward goes  
With schouts and clamors greate and with a show  
A front the *Douglas* troupe they giue the charge  
Whoe was too few against these squadrons large,

Yet make they nether murmur noise nor Dinn  
Saif Armour's clash and death resounding blows,  
Till they had pearst these squadrons wide within,  
On euerie hand a streame of blood forth flows,  
That o're their Man-made bankes to swell begin  
And on their freinds they helpe to venge their foes.  
For such as wounded cold not stand for paine,  
Falling vntimlie, were both dround and flaine.

The conquering Knight with his victorious band  
That now had brokin all the ranks well niere,  
Beholds the *Clifford* that still fighting stand.  
Whose valors, worth, he cold not but admire,  
For by that gallant Earls strong conquering hand  
Some flaine, some hurt, some forc'd were to retire,  
To him for iust conceaued hate, he hies,  
And him to bloodie mortal fight defies.

Now firste when as the *Bruce* his foes did view,  
Vnder an ensigne al to march in groe,  
He chargd his Troups their distance to renew,  
And leaue more ground twixt eu'rie batel foe,  
In seu'rall parts they did their foes persue,  
One chargd a front, one to each flanke did goe.  
And each a solem vow had made with all,  
Mid-waie to meet, or by the waie to fall.

On the right side firste *Edward* gaue essaie,  
Whose courage hote cold scarcely be refraind,  
By those more cold by his braue Troupe to staie,  
And yet the vallor of his foes constraind  
Faure Victorie aboue them both to plaie  
With doubtful wings, till at the last detaind  
By his all conquering hand beneth his sword  
They fall yeld, flie and tremble at his word,



But *Scotlands* famous Champion the while  
 Whoes chaige he knew was their left syde to charge  
 Brak throu the ranks with long and bloodie toill  
 And to his troupe he made an entrie lairge  
 Whill th' *Englishe* Generall chufd their force to foill  
 Fieue hundreth strong, with lance, with sould, with target  
 Whoes armed ranks he settes into the way  
 Of *Scotts* renowned king his force to stay

These at the first so feirclie doe assaill  
 They brak the *Scotts* with wrath and heigh disdain  
 Who yeelding straight begins to bend and reill  
 And braik their ranks nor could from flight refraine  
 Which th' *Englishe* captane *harringtone* sau weill  
 By whoess braue hand aught deid the nint neu slaine  
 The standart bore: which winn he loudlie cryis  
 The victorie is ours who yeeldis not dyis.

*Scotlands* great champion who this while had fought  
 Amidst his foes and left his men behind  
 Rushd throu the throng and this stout captane soght  
 Whome got his head he from his shoulders twind  
 And wan agane that standart deirly boght  
 With which he forward goes wheir he did find  
 His men disperd but with his cheirfull words (swords)  
 They rank them selfs and march with conquering

The victorie recouerd thus with pane  
 And raelie wroung out of the *Englishe* hands  
 Earths brauest Prince leads on his troups agane  
 The standart still he bears and throu the bands  
 Of his proud foes he looks if they contane  
 Some obiekt worth the hyr of his demands  
 He shaiks his sword wheir at the *Englishe* quaike  
 And shrunk oway and out of order brak,

Then he espyis a litle him before  
*Lennox* stout *Erle* and *Hays* vnconquerd Lord  
 And famous *Boyd* all thrie assailed fore  
 And hemnd in by their fois, he much deplord  
 Their danger great, and valors worthie store  
 They shou, for to be tane they still abhord  
 And all the ground to strou it seems they striue,  
 With woundit men half deid and half a liue,

*The Famous Historye*

Not fare from them he also might espy  
When as the conquering knight with *clifford* stood  
*Clifford* was strong but fought too furiously  
And now groune faint with sheidding too much blood  
His cairfull band to saist their Lord wold try  
Thrusting betuix him and the *Douglas* good.

Yea all at once him furiously assaill.

But his vnconquerd valor doth preuaill.

All this the Prince of warriours did behold  
And as a *Lion* new cum from the wood  
Roring for pray espyis a scheipherds fold  
His *hungrie Whelps* still follow howling loud  
Whoes sight and sound effraies the heardmen bold  
Thy sic that fearfull foe resittles proud.

Who killeth all, tho one wold serue for food.

His *Whelps* by his example feids on blood.

Euen so he cumis with scarled cullored bield  
His conquering crew, encourage by his sight  
Before whoes terror threatning face they fled  
Yea eue greate *Pembrok* yeelds him now to flight  
This vprore such a greate confusioun bred  
The *English* throws away their armour bright  
With still sad murmurs *Scotts* perseu their foes  
And noght was hard but dying Groans and bloes.

From *Erebus* blak darknes takis her flight  
And spred her wings aboue ou'r half of Ground  
When th' *English* aided by the freindlie Night  
Ow're *Hills* and *Dalls* dark wais for saistie found  
And of their Natiue soill to haue a fight  
The greater pairt by solempt vovs was bund  
For noght they fand in this oure barren soill  
But death and wounds in stead of wealth and spoill.

After this victorie so rai lie got  
The choise of Princes with ane humble mind  
Gaue thanks to God for his successiue lot  
And holie vovs vnto the Lord enshrin'd  
Then marching furth in haist he retteth not  
Till all the western cuntreis were inelind  
To his meik reuil and with aduise more stai'd  
*Kill, Gunningham, and Carrik*, him obay'd.

Whill in the West he regnd as conquerour  
 Sir *Odomer* was greiud at his succes  
 And thought he had dissolud his strongest pou'r  
 Seing his oune atcheuments fortunles  
 Yet fortun on ane vther wold not lour  
 An vther captaine whoes greate worthines  
 Had giuenegood proufe in many a bloodie fight  
 A *Scotts* nian he, sir *Phillip mubray* hight

Him wold be neids imploy vnto this fare  
 And to his chaarge commits a thousand horse  
 With these to vieu *Scotlands* greate Kings estate  
 And wait aduantage to imploy his forle  
 But mightie *Bruce* exper'ence had of lait  
 That strenth shall oft of craft receaue the worse  
 And being cairfull vigilant and wise  
 Preuents his craftie foes slye interprise.

With fortunes knight tuiye tuentie furth he send  
 To vnderstand and knou the foes desings  
 Who haueing searchd and traueled far in end  
 His way him to an narrow Passage brings  
 On eurie hand did mightie crags ascend  
 On eurie side beloue deip marras springs  
 And of this place he slye mak a choise  
 For to ganestand or to assalt his foes

Calid the  
 Enderford,

Long staid he not when all his foes drew neir  
 For by that way they neids must onlie go  
 Stout *mubray* then his warlik troups did cheir  
 Whill they curagiously did chaarge their foe  
 And as on *Neptuns* humid sky so cleir  
 Sterne *Borias* to the land the walls doth blo  
 Till waue on waue brak on the Baltik shore  
 Whoes dying voice ou'r all the land doth rore.

So eurie Rank on Rank is beaten bak  
 By that braue count and his resistles crew  
 Their ranks in Ordour ordourles they brak  
 They kill the bold and slyers faint perfew  
 All gois to death they none to mercie tak  
 And with meir strenth and valor overthrew  
 Their foes at last and forced all with might  
 Nor can their captaine stay their fearfull flight,

To with the  
 Douglas,



*The famous Historie.*

But *Moubray* stout wise valiaunt fearles bold  
Whoes words nor deids lets not his men to flie  
Scornd such a flight, nor could his foes with hold  
His Resolution Acted constantlie  
Forththrou their ranks he doth his wey vnfold  
Where much blood doth his sterne wrath satisfie  
At last he lost his brand and shund the fight  
Els had he yeildit captiue to their might,

His fanting troups fled home the way they came  
Which when he vied vpon the vther side  
Such raige and furie did his breist inflame  
As he wold neids retorne and wold abide  
Gainst all his fois but that could no way frame  
For want of wapins forst him turne aside  
Whill as the count whoes deids ar eu'r glorious  
*Triumphing* to his Prince returns victorious,

His Prince that nou was vnder *London* hill  
And all that cuntrie to his Peace had broghe  
These Losses all great *Pembrokes* ear's did fill  
And sets fierce rage on edge for this he thoght  
If *Scottlands* King had fortun thus at will  
*Englands* intendit Conquest turns to noght  
Wherefore this motion has vnto him sent  
By which their wraith should soone or neu'r be spent,

He bids him vnder *London* hill prepair  
To giue him Battell on the tenth of may  
And if the Conquest fell to *Scottlands* shair  
*England* sould quite the land that verie day  
And neu'r retorne to clame a conquest their  
But if the *English* wan without delay  
Then yeild he should vnto fair *Englands* Prince  
And at his sentence stand for his offence.

To this the graue wise worthie *Bruce* agreis  
And for that day great Preparation maks  
But with greate foresight wiselie he foreseis  
How that his mightie foe aduantage takis  
Of multitudes of men and lairge supplis  
Whoes endles numbers his meane forces braks  
For which thrie walls he raises wondrous hie  
Eune their wheir as the battell fought should be.

And

And in the midst he leaus a Plaine so wide,  
As hundreth fife might march & feight at ease,  
At euerie ende laie Marrasis beside,  
So at their back, they could no forces raise,  
Thus onely here he wold his foes abide,  
Let Fortune, frowne or fauour whom she please,  
But twise three hundreth march'd with him along  
Altho his foes were full seauen thousand strong.

Syr *Odomer* the bold doth keip the day  
And marched brauelie vnder *Lowdon* low  
He puts his warlick armie in array  
Whill as the king of men him self doth show  
With his small pour his passage for to stay  
His hardie knights the art of warr did know  
These oft approu'd so oft had tryde their might  
He neids not to encorage theme to fight

Yet Earths great Warriour restles still did raunge  
Now here, now there his restles troup among  
Kindling their breasts to hote and new reuenge.  
Of olde done Deeds, and long receaued wrong,  
The Captains of his troup he need not chaunge.  
For these were matchles, hardy, wise & strong,  
The worthie *Douglas* and the valiant *Haye*,  
*Edward* the firc impatient of delaie,

Whoe with his troupe did first assail the foe  
For his fierce wrath could brook delay no more  
How soone this angrie Prince him self did sho  
Terror and feare went sadlie him before  
As when strong winds do h caus heighe tyds to flo  
Whoes brackish waus still beat the brokin shore  
Seas smoth back rold before with gentle breath  
In brissels set, spits forth his foamie wreath.

Soe after furious *Edward* all the plaine  
Was ouer-run with Ranks of spears & shields,  
Horse, armour, weapons echos aye againe  
The dreadful noise that Drumme & Trumpet yeilds  
*Sirise*, *Terrour*, *Rage*, follow both Hoasts, anon  
Death softens armour and strong weapons weilds,  
*Furie* and *Sirise* stalks through the hoasts with fire  
Of deadly wonds kindled with blood-blown Ire.

## *The famous Historie*

Now both the armeis insteling roodlie met  
And spears and sheilds gainst spears and sheilds opposd  
Strength answerd strength & wound for wound they get  
Swords targets piks with piks swords targets cloid  
Then *Tumult* coms to heauin her head she sett  
And from her throt a thousand sounds she lousd  
That throu the *Air* confusd lie larring roar  
Such sound greate waters send from brokin shoar.

Or as when Raine by nights blak tempests borne  
Doun from heighe Rocks and mountans to the plane  
Stons earth and treis vp by the roots hairtorne  
Till streams and all in one pit fall agane  
Whoes bullring noyse when cumms the pleasant morne  
The herdmen frights that with their flocks remane  
Such sounds their conflict yeilds and throu the aer  
Sends clamors groans and all th' affects of fear.

But thou braue *Eduard* was the first did wound  
And wounding kild and killing did affright  
Thy Enemeis whill through the troupe redound  
The neus of thy greate deads, which raise on hight  
Thy soldiers hairts; their valor did abound  
With aufull strenght resistles still they fight  
And thou bold *Hay* aduentrouslie did venter  
Heuing a way nixt for thy troups to enter

The woes *Hay* wrought, an English lord their brings  
Whoe wonders at his deids, at last in wrathe  
A darte he sends that to his labors sings  
And weill neir broght with it a haistie death  
Persing his Curace from his breist out springs  
A streame of blood neir wheir his life took breath  
Wheir with the throuer call's, now do not boit  
If thou has kild, thy blood appease their Ghost.

My blood quod he cumms from an honord wound  
But this kein dait from ane deceitfull hand  
To tell me of thy treasons it did sound  
And vows to ayme more right at my command  
By this the English campeoun was bound  
With chains of death no longer could he stand  
Death child his blood and strength within his vains  
For lo the Schaft send bak had perst his breans.



The warlick English Generall seis him fall  
 And thrusts vnto the front or face of fight  
 His brand he shaks so dreadfullie with all  
 That many fanning sehrunk out of his sight  
 But oure bold *Hay* wold not his steps recall  
 Whoes honord marche reproou'd their shamefull flight  
 And for him self he wisheth death were ny  
 So that braue Imp of Englands race might dy,

The conquering knight this while had march'd so fare  
 And led his troupes so brauelie on his foes  
 That their they yeeld vnto the chance of warr  
 Their ranks sore shakkin now much ground they lose  
 Bak went the first their ordour quite they marr  
 And then the *Scotts* with clamours hudge arose  
 Some stuffs the chase whoes breilts with curage boild  
 And other some drew furth the deid and spoild,

Greate *Odomer* of all this nothing knew  
 Whoe being woundit by the valiant *Hay*  
 Enraged like a sauage bore he grew  
 And with a fureous blow he doth him lay  
 Senceles to ground, and off his helmer flew  
 Yea furlie this had bein his lairest day  
 But that he saw his side go to the worse  
 And turns to stay their flight his en'meis force,

He haisteth furth and shaems to sie their foill  
 Whoes cheirfull count'nance makes them all returne  
 Against the *Scotts* whoe still dispyd their toyll  
 And thikning their instructed pour's they burne  
 With hote desire, of their expected spoill  
 And in that verie place wold they soiurne  
 Whill as the light was pent vp in the skyes  
 With swartish clouds of dust that did aryse.

Eu'ne as in Mills wher Graine is ground non may  
 Stand neir for dust blowne vp by breathing aer  
 That turns to paled hew their bright array  
 So from returning troupes and squadrons faire  
 The clouds of dust inted the *Scotts* in gray  
 Now fights the *English* fierlie to repare.

Their faults; the *Scotts* wold keip what they had winn  
 Both sides stands firme and freshlie doth beginn

## *The famous Historie*

Bold *hay* recovered of his trance agane  
With angrie shame did venge him of his foes  
Searching for him that left him so in paine  
Many their lifes for their lordes fault did lose  
Whill he on wereid killing did remane  
And gainst wholle trowps he doth him self oppose  
Whoes good example cheirs eche englishe band  
And to their bold lordes work they boldlie stand.

Weill bakt with trowps this *Mars*-like man coms in  
Whos deids strook feare through all the *Scottish* host  
Who lossing ground to flight doth nou begin  
But *Edward*, *Douglas*, *Haye* and *Boyd* doth cost,  
Along their troups and here and there doth rinn,  
Praising the bold and cowards still they boast,  
Yet their braue deids preuaileth more then cries  
In leaders deeds, the souldiers confort lies.

But worthie *Bruce*, their harts with courage fills,  
A cloud of Knights with spears & shields he brings,  
And as when shepheards sees from tops of hills,  
A cloud broght from the sea on *Enrys* wings,  
Amazd they stand, and gaze against their wills,  
While heauen on earth a smoakee darknes wrings,  
Which drawing neire to them, affrighted then,  
They dreue their heards into some couert den,

So darkning Earth with spears, with swords, with shields  
They came, and in their breast a tempest broght,  
To whose apparent wrath the English yeilds  
For they had seen what these before had wrought,  
Of their left wing they quite had scourd the fields,  
Thus quickly they resolute, and with a thought,  
All yeilds to flight, and down their weapons threw  
*Scotts* kill and chase til night her contereins drew.

### *The Argument.*

*Bruce* fallerh sick neir to the Northern Shore  
Tho armie mutines for his sore disease  
Wham at that instant heauens to speich restore  
Els all had dyit his speich doth all appease  
They fight with *Buchans* Erle and thence they bore  
Their Lord in spight of foes their camp they raise  
Auld-Meldrums *Bartell* brings his health agane  
He wins *Sand* *Johnstoun* with a subtil trawe.

## Caput. 13.

**L**ights cheirful dame in saffron Robs did shine  
 Whoes siluer beams through curie pairt disperse  
 Of this *Terrestrial Glob* did nou refine  
 The thikned air and leauie forrests peirft  
 Wheir hills Groius, dens, and vale is, deip decline  
 To nights dark showis thoes shadowis broune it therft  
 When to the camp of conquering *Bruce* aspired  
 Greate troups of *Scotts* of *English* thraldome tir'd,  
 And all that land soone to his peace was broght  
 Bold *Odomer* nou like to burst for wo  
 To *Bodwell* flies and then to *England* soght  
 No more to *Scotland* wold he proue a foe  
 Thus was the thrid pairt of the Kingdome thoght  
 Trew homage to their natue Prince to sho  
 The rest for Lord the *English* King did know  
 By threttie thousand *English* held in ow  
 Greate enemies had oure farr greater King  
 In the greate north that natue *Scotts* ware borne  
 Their *Buchans* mightie Erle did proudlie regne  
 That *Cummernalds* reuenge had deiplic sworne  
*Brechins* greate Lord like vengeance coueting  
 And with them *Sir Iohn Moubrey* they suborne  
 With many more that by the *Cummings* factioun  
 Held many boundles Bounds in greate subiection.  
 To quail their pride and tame their tameles wills  
 Directlie north our dantles Prince doth go  
 Crossing these farr renoumed toples hills  
 Of *Grangibene* that *Scotland* pairts in two  
 His euer famous name these regions fills  
 With feare and terror of ensewing wo  
 He led his famous captains with him all  
 Saue *Douglas* whome he left for to recal.  
 Trew *Scotts* to peace and wrakfull foes restraine  
 who did so much by valor witt and Grace  
*Fedbrughe* and *Etrik* Foerests fertill plaine  
 With ceasles warr he forst to timlie peace  
 And *Douglas* tour which *Clifford* had againe  
 Boolded & mand his conquest did incres,  
 The *Garesone* and captane both he slew  
 The Tours vnto the ground he ouerthrew.



## The Famous Historie

*Strife* *Discord* *Varr* now in the north did wyve  
 A bloodie *Wob* with hate *Reuenge* and fear  
 Most mightie mindit *Bruce* wold neids deprive  
 His foes of itrent heu'ne wheir they reull did beare  
 To his most royall camp their did arrive  
 A gallant troupe of youths addrest for warre  
 The bold Lord *Frazer* led this gallant crew  
 His cousing deir and to him alwaies trew

But whither change of soyle or change of air  
 Or climats cold or rat her heauins decree

A moone  
in the Arme  
for the Kings  
diseas which  
thous their  
loue to him  
worthie to  
be noceh. Has bene the caus, but earths best campoun their  
 Feseik int o an feir full *Lithergie*  
 For which the soldeors made such dooful care  
 That raige with sorrow throu the camp did fire  
 All rose in factious non regardith reasone  
 Ech vther wrongfullie accusd of treason

Some *Lennox* Erle some *Edward* did accuse  
 Some *Frazer* vthers *Boyd* and vthers *Hay*  
 Sum say that his Phisitoun did infuse  
 Poison in drogs nor wold they thus delay  
 But headlongs led with furious loue wold vse  
 A strange reuenge All woldt hey kill and slay  
 This tumult rose to such a fearfull hight  
 That noght but drums & trumpets hear yow might.

Thus whill they stand them selfs for to distroy  
 With blood to glut reuenge suspected wrong  
*Buchans* bold Erle and *Brechens* Lord conuoy  
 Eu'ne in their sight an Aarmie great and strong  
 Who haueing knowledge of their strife did ioy  
 To sie the time which they expected long

Yea this one day had made a wofull end  
 Of all but *Jons* from heaune some help did send

Not vnto healk but vnto speich the King  
 Was at that instant wondrously restorde  
 His Lords praise God and furch they did him bring  
 Whoes eies bent vpuard first heauins aid imporde  
 A purpell Rob about him wreth'd doth hing  
 A croun not him but he a croune decord  
 His sceptered hand proud maiestie doth threat  
 Borne by four Lords vp in a Royall seat.

His conquering hand his scepter shakes allone  
Thus he to all the armie shous his face  
Wheir maieties cleir lamp of Glorie shone  
Then with I know not what a heunelie grace  
A *Mars* like voice ane *Angells* shaip put one  
First softlie to him self he groand allace

He lookt his looks mou'd all with staitlie feare  
Silence fleu furth and seis'd on cuerie care.

What words be these we hear what threats quod he  
What noise of Arms who dares these tumults raise  
Wheir ar we honor'd wheir your fear we sie  
Not your obedience, shall oure rell this cease  
Of oure diseas is this your memorie  
By wrong surmeis'd offences vs to please

Whoc darres of treason think against their King  
No no you can not thus excuse the thing.

Mak not so side a cloik of publ. & wrong  
To priuat grudge if grudge we may it call  
If *loue*, to vs tak head your selfs among  
For in your lius your weills your saisteis all  
Consists our health: nixt hea'ne who will er long  
Restore oure health and wounted strenth recall

O can the head a pleasant heelth enioy  
Whoes members still eche vther doth distroy.

Ah sie yow not oure proud Imperious foe  
That seiks oure fall oure ruin oure Decay  
No Treason to oure persone heir we kno  
None in oure Armie that wold vs betray  
But these ar rebels to oure crowne and lo  
These wold put violent hands in vs to day

Brethren in arms go then your King defend  
Let not oure want vnto oure foe be kend.

Hereafter we will think on this your *loue*  
When heaune to wonted health shall vs restore  
Whill thus he spak the lightning beams did moue  
Of maiestie his sparkling eies before  
That all the armie whodid lait approue  
*Wrath folie Raige*, sheams with repentaunce sore,

Bak to his tent he goes his soldiers kind  
Cry all go too go too to fight inclind.

### *The famous Historie*

By this their proud and mightie foe drew neir  
Whoes number ten to one did them surmount  
Yet marche they on whill ech did vther cheir  
Nor neid their captans do as they had wount  
Their to menace or to encourage heir  
But rather forced to stay by wise atcount

    Their too too forward haist for still they cry  
    Let euerie One a rebell kill or dy.

The rebels se them disapointed clein  
Their hearts begin to faint their hands to faill  
The royall armeis trumpets foundet bein,  
And valiantlie they gan for to assaill,  
The fois so great a Multitude ver sene,  
They shame a handful should their curags quail;  
    Thus eche on vther rusht with furous might (fight)  
    First wounds then blood then death aproch'd their

Greate deids of Arms on ether side were shoun  
Till *Phabus* piteing such vnkindlie warre  
Shrunk down anone on siluer skyis were throng  
Dark sabill clouds that thikned all the air  
Than by the rebels the retreat was bloune  
Which made the royall hoist seim fade with caire  
    Nor wold reter till by their leaders au  
    Their forced within their tranches to with draw.

Four daies within their camp still they remand  
Four dais their foes encamped in their sight  
No day did pas wherein they once refraind  
From skirmish hot and many singl fight  
At last the royall armie was constraind  
To raise their camp and for to marche fourthly right  
    For victualis in their camp were waxing small  
    Nor *Phisick* helps their kings diseas at all.

He in a glorious chariot ritche lie wroght  
Goes in the mids they marching round about  
In Battell rank and all their Baggage broght  
Within the formest ranks thus all the rout  
still reddie was to fight if theiro sight  
Their foes perceiud their resolution stout  
    And for that time they thoght not good to moue the  
    But follou still at vnwaits to proue them.

*Edward*



*Eduard* the fierce whill his deir brother lay  
 Ou'r all the royall armie did command  
 Wheir with he maricht a soft and easie way  
 By Citeis faire through mony a fertill land  
 At last he causd the armie for to stay  
 In *Marrs* renowind schire wheir as he fand  
 A willaige situat one a pleasant plaine  
 Wheir walthie *Ceres*, treasure doth remaine.

This famous toun *Enrurie* heght to name  
 Famous for that greate victorie obtaind  
 By *Bruce* vnto his foes eternall thame  
 For in this toun for health whill he remaind  
*Buchans* bold erle still thirsting efter fame  
 From vrging Battell could not be refraind  
 Within two mylls besyid old *Meldrum* long  
 Vpon a hill he lay encamped strong.

A chosin band with *Brechins* Lord he send  
 At vnawarrs his Princelie foe to find  
 Whoe of his long diseas began to mend  
 Whoes haughtie mind was neu'r to rest inclin'd  
 His armies forward at the village end.  
 Encamped lay of foes that had no mind  
 Whill *Brechins* Lord against their wills wold will them  
 Battell to giue or in their tents to kill them,

But he and all his chosin crew discry'd  
 Hade bene by them when neir to them he drew  
 Whoe fand not as he hopt faire *Scotlands* guyde  
 Vnwars nor yet vnreddie to perfew  
 These that espyd him for the fight prouide  
 All rankt in ordour furr h their wapins drew  
 And tho their foes were farr the stronger might  
 They boldlie byde the Battell and the fight

But these so few that could not long indure  
 Wer forc'd with lose for to retein at last  
 Whill swift report with Informations sure  
 Of their succes vnto the King had past  
 Which did his wonted courage so procure  
 As vp h'arois and calls for armour fast  
 His Lords wictheld him till he cryed aloud  
 His healtch was only gaird by thernings proud,

### *The famous Historie*

His owne cheif Guard he with his brother send  
To hold them play till he the armie broght  
Whoe boldlie met them forcing them in end  
To flie and by that meins their saistie soght  
He following to their camp did them attend  
Wheir *Buchans* erll still fretting in his thought  
Ledd furth his troups vnto a valey wyde  
Wheir stronglie rank't, the batell wold abyde,

By this the King was cum whoe thought it best  
Eune then to Ioyne and giue a furious charge  
Him self aduancing fare before the rest  
Let *Horror, Terror, Fear, and Death* at large  
Wheirwith the rebells hearts were sore posselt  
Dismaid they fant their deutie to discharge  
They flie, his looks prents feir in euerie harte  
Euinso our stars their influence doth imparte

Few was their left vn-kill'd vnto the chaife  
The erll and *Moubray* vnto *England* fled  
But neu'r returnd whill for their worthines  
The King gaue *Buchans* schire thus conquered  
As soldiers pray wheir plentie did increas  
Such store of wealth from thence the armie led  
As eune the poorest soldier for his shair  
Boght lands and ritche possessiouns to his heyre,

All the greate north now to his peace was broght  
Erlls Lords and Barrons were his liegmen sworne  
Touns Citieis Castells strenghts vnto him soght  
And stilt their oaths with presents ritche adorne  
Benorth the famous *Grangeben* was noght  
One schire but his myld yok had glaidlie borne  
Then bak to *Anguse* he his armie guids  
And to reduce that pleasant land prouids.

*Forfars* strong hold did *Frazer of Platane*  
Recouer from the *English* by a traine  
Then all trew *Scotts* to shew them selfs begane  
And with some worthie seruice peace r'obtaine  
*Arholls* bold Erll, *Brechin* both Scigd and wane  
And broght that Lord vnto his Prince againe  
Thus both the *Merns* and *Angus* did obey him  
No foe was sein from conquest for to stay him.

Then

Then sodainlie to *perth*, he marchd and raisd  
 Strong men made walls about thoes walls of stone  
 Wher with encompast round they stood amazd  
 Yet did resolute to yeild at last to none  
 Ther pouer was such as all ther feir apeald  
 Ther strength was such as broght ther curage one  
 But this their pouer and this ther strength agrie  
 To bring them to ther end with infamie.

For being two within for one without  
 And heaving so impregnabill a hold  
 They fedd securitie and banist doubt  
 In wain greate *Bruce* had spent his soldiers old  
 Who had reneud th'assault ther walls about  
 In thryce seuine dayis full fewintie tymes, so bold  
 As, of nyne hundreith thryce, he with him broght  
 Six hundreith soldiers he had lost for noght.

Wher for by offering peace he tryd their might  
 Since nether strength nor force culd them surprisse  
 Their *Walls* was built of such a wondrous high  
 On which strong, *Tours* their entrie still denie  
 The *Ditches* war so brode and deiplic dight  
 Wheirin *Tayis* flood vp too the *brink* did rise  
 Still in thoes *Tours* and all thois *Walls* along  
 War armed men aboue five thousand strong.

Then after he two months had staied before  
 The walls in haist he raisd his seige at last  
 Wher with the *Citizens* with threatnings sore  
 Wold brag and taunt the armie as they past  
 But *Scotlands* campeoun wisht nothing more  
 Then this their insolence and noght agast  
 With silence he reply'd nor minds to stay them  
 For ten to one he hops or long to pay them.

Thrie dayes the armie marcheth to the west  
 Till they arriue within ane forrest faire  
 And ther the King commands greate *Treis* to cast  
 Wher of they ledders mak and doth prepare  
 Bake to returne thus secretlie they past  
 The way they came by night nor whispering are  
 Of their approche let furth the meanest sound  
 Till they arriue hard at the ditch profound,



*The famous Historie.*

Weill knew their Lord the way that they should go  
 For he him self had markit it before  
 A schald he found into the ditch-belo  
 And he for to encourage them the more  
 First wydeth ou'r and on his shulders two  
 The longest and the lairgest *Ledder* bore  
 His shulders bred lump with the waters crop  
 Yet ou'r he goes and setts his ledder vp.

This French-  
 man was  
 Thomas of  
 Longouell.

Eche one admeird and woundring prais'd the deid  
 But most of all a *Frenshman* standing by  
 And all into the water leapt with speid  
 Raising their ledders to these walls so hie  
 The King first montis with weill deserwing meid  
 All mounted then and none did them discric  
 For all securelie sleipt nor feard offence  
 The doubtfull night yet had not parted thence,  
 Their Glorius *Ensigns* on the walls they spred  
 Then to the dreadfull work of *death* thay fall  
*Death* that throw eurie *Street* his troups furthled  
 Whom by their names heighe *Tumult* furth doth call  
*Sorrow* in *Sabill Clouds* all muffilled  
 With cankred *cave* came murning first of all  
 Then Infant *pitie* weiping then *Dispare*  
 Then *Horror*, *Terror*, *Error*, *Pain*, and *Fear*.

*Fear* that ran witles heartles bloodles faint  
 And trembling like ane espin leaf did quaik  
 Base *shame* and drousie *Slouth* that gap and gant  
 Sadnes that set in secret wyes hir wrak  
 And thousands mo in nature discrepant  
 Eche one from these and all came heir to sack  
 The wofull *Tonne* their gredie pansche to glut  
 And *Warr* to curie one his *Morsell* cut,

*Warr* that with her led laules leud *Enormitie*  
*Rapt*, *Reiuing*, *Wrong*, *Raige*, *Discord*, and *Impietie*  
*Sakt*, *Sacriledge* and *sin* in one conformitie  
*Atheisme* dispising *Faith* and scorning *Deitie*  
*Wrathe*, *Anger*, *Hate*, and monstrous *Deformitie*  
 That *Leus*, *Aers*, *Maners*, *Marrs* and braks *Societie*  
 Poore *Pouertie* and waitfull *Desolatioun*  
*Lfe* turnd in bloodie *Deaths* sad *Transmigration*.

These

These fill the toun and send a dreadfull sound  
 Up to the heauine with clamors rapts and crys  
 Tears mixt with blood ouerflo the streits a round  
 Warrs bloodie arms lift clouds about the skyis  
 Of deid groand fighs, delighting in eche wound  
 Her looks ar lightning from her eies that fleis  
 Her *from* feitt shak *Touns* and *Tours* asunder  
 The roaring of her voice is dreadfull *Thunder*.

All night this fearfull Massacre did last  
 Till *Titan* cround *Olimpus* top with fire  
 Then *death* and all this hellish creu addrest  
 Them selfs to flight to darknes they retire  
 And in a sabill cloud them selfs they plac'd  
 Then to the west they flie with *Night* their fire  
 And all the way they went they left a track  
 That did infect the air with vapors blak  
 This they once gone both blood and slaughter ceast  
 All that wold yeeld was then to mercie tane  
*Sir* *atherns* old Erle got by his sones request  
 His Princes peace tho he wold not abltane  
 To help the toun for with the King at least  
 His sone remaind nor wold from him refrane  
 And then the toun was leuelled with the ground  
 The walls war raized the ditches fild around.

*The Argument.*

*The feild of Cree seirce Edwards praise beginn  
 He beats with fiftie fiftie hundreth foes  
 The thrid time Douglas doth his castell winn  
 Then Bonkill, Randolph, Huntleis Lord doth lose  
 The bloodie and the cruell fight of Linn  
 The first two Douglas takes srie Gordone goes  
 Greate Bruce doth Lorne to his obedience bring  
 The virgin-Tour is Randolphs conquering.*

Caput. 14.

**S**hrink not deare *Muse* nor rest thy restles *Team*  
 Tied to the labor of this endles storie  
 Pend in the narrow path of treuths poore theam  
 Wind in these *Laborinths* yet be not sorie  
 Because that *Phebus* baies thou dares not cleam  
 Nor range abroad for gaine nor hunt for glorie  
 Nor with smooth *Venus*, sweitest songs can sport the  
 But heir rude *Mars* harsh iarring must consort the.

S      Thou

*The Famous Historye*

Thou art not heir sit in an open plaine  
Where as thou may in eutie paine be bold:  
To wantonez or like the horse of *Spaine*  
Who burits the helter erst that did him hold  
Scouring the medous heir and their amaine  
Coruets and leaps with curage vncontroll  
Nor drinks thou heir of *Heliconian* fountains  
But walks throu barren creeks and bo'lls of *Mountains*.

Be north the banks of *Sea-like-forth* did bow  
All in obedience to their natiue King  
When in *Brigantia* called *Galle'way* now  
The *Engl. sh* raige and mightelie did regne  
Wherefore the ferce knight boldlie doth auow  
That cuntrie in subiectioun for to bring  
And thither with his brothers leaue he goes  
Small was his trine but many war his foes.

When he ariud within this pleasant land  
Eune all with sword and fire he did distroy  
He hight that our the *Engl. sh* did command  
*Sir Ingrhame Omphraueill* whoes greatest ioy  
Was still his foes by battell to with stand  
Whoe ay vnto the *Scotts* did much annoy  
Experience long had made him wise and bold  
Cuning in feats of *Warr* in counfall old,

Furth then this mightie man the *Engl. sh* broghe  
And did a mightie Armie soone prouide  
Of which when *Edward* hear's he feareth noght  
But on the banks of *Free* wold them abide

Free a water  
or feuer in  
galway,

Tho thy were ten to one that to him foght  
Yet cair'd he not for these whom he did guide  
Wer worthe men whoes valour weill he knew  
With ten of whome he tuentie wold perfew.

At this fair flood his foes he neids wold stay  
The stream was to his bake a rampier strong  
The soothern now at *Butell Castell* lay  
From which they broghe her armed force along  
Wife *Omphraueill* still marcht in good aray  
Fearing some traine thoes hills and daillis among  
Whill *Edward* choosd betuix the toure and stream  
A *valley* fitt for bloodie *Mars* his game.

And



And when the warlike *English* comes in fight  
 Fearce *Edward* furth his bands to battel brings  
 Tho fea yet famous whoes greate valors might  
 My long spent Muse groune hoars but harshlie sings  
 Both sides approcheth furiously to fight  
 Their bloodie rage throu all the montains rings  
 Send furth by *Drums* and *Trumpets* roaring cryis  
 Which *Roks* and *Montains Echoes* through the skyis

As two stout *Rams* when *felous* haits infus'd  
 In their hote *Renis* a front two fleissie floks  
 Meit with their horned heads to pushe inus'd  
 And rush on other with still ceasles knoks  
 So meits those armeis and with bloes confus'd  
 Their arms resounds and with tempestuous schoks (bers  
*Earth* rius but when dread *Wrahe* her drouth remem-  
 Sche's drunk with blood & cled with marteid mebers,

For the fierce champion gius so fierce a chainge  
 His foes vn able longer to resist  
 Shrink bak at last and brak their ranks at lairge  
 Some fleis some falls some fight some freinds assist  
 Altho their warlik Gen'rall did dischrage  
 A gen'ralls pairt yet neids he not t'insist  
 For nather words nor martiall deids at all  
 Could hearts from fear nor feit from flight recall.

Whereat he takes such Indignation great  
 That shameing of their deids and scorning flight  
 He last abyds and with a braue dispite  
 Assalts his foes with onresisted might  
 With him a cornet staies for to indite  
 Their fe'lous shame in their death-wishing fight  
 And their braue Lord with this small band assisted  
 His foes fierce wrathe with manlie brest resisted,

But as a bush of *Saplings* tender crops  
 Is soone cut down by *Pesants* vndertakin  
 Eu'ue so their gilded casks and ploomed tops  
 Fell down like blasted leaus all winter shakin  
 And yet their Lords braue valor vnder props  
 Their yeilding strenth their dieing spreits, t'awakin  
 But hemmid in with multitude at length  
 All deis that yeilds not to such pourfull strength.

This was  
 the generall  
 of the *Eng-  
 lish* arm-  
 me callid *St  
 ingrem* com-  
 parand.

*The famous Historie*

Their Generall non that seis no help at all  
Scorns to betane and maks a worthie choise  
Frie must he go and leue or die he shall  
Dicing the best with him his life must loise  
Thus all his strongest pouts he doth recall  
And braks furth throw the thikest of his foes  
Hewing a way for four that folloud still  
Whoe by his valor skaipt deaths endles Ill.

Buttell Ca-  
stell a strong  
hoild in gal-  
laway.

Fierce *Edward* come eune as they took the flight  
Who being loth they should escaip so frie  
Still follous them but now they cam in sight  
Of *Buttell Castell* to the which they fle  
This strength Inpregnabill they wan ere night  
Yet for to force them lthe immediatlie

He cauld some troupes beneth their castell wall  
To bring away their heards their floks and all,

But all avails not their they must remaine  
Till *Englands* King with forces them releiue  
Bold *Edward* seiged the castell but in vaine  
In thrice two weiks he could them nothing grieue  
Till *Englands* mightie King at last did gaine  
Sir *Odomer de Wallange* to reuiue

Old hate, and came in *Scotland* to reuenge  
Long passed harms but doth his oath infrengo

He onlie fiftene hundreth with him broght  
To rais the seige and to releiue his freind  
*Edward* gatt word of his intendit thoght  
Whoes armie skant but hundreths thrie conteind  
The choise of which but fiftie furth he soght  
With these weill horfd his foe he thus preueind  
Ten leagues from thens within a forest learge  
He staies at onawars his foe to charge,

Tims restles hours vndoes the Gates of day,  
All quikning bright *Apollo* wold be gone  
Whoes golden tressis gilds with glistring ray  
The toples tops of famous *Lebanone*  
When *Englsh Odomer* was on his way  
And being come within the wod anone

Fierce *Edward* wold haue charg'd such was his rage  
If noight with held by graue aduise of aige.

As hungrie Rauening Wolfs that do intend  
 To pray on flocks by Schipherds call'd to fold  
 In Paths vnknowne their silent way they bend  
 Their fetherd feitt by winges of hope made bold  
 Farr of they follow warlie till in end  
 Occasioun quiklie by the top they hold  
 So follow these their foes vnto the plaine  
 Whoe still securlie marcht nor feard their traine.

And on them now they sett with curage stout  
 With shouts and cryis they mak a fearfull sound  
 Their first assalt disordred all the rout  
 With lancis stiff they bore them doun to ground  
 Who feard they were an armie great no dout  
 So suddan furie doth the thoughts confound  
 But their braue Lord *sir Odomer* suspected  
 Their craftie gyll the which he thus detected.

Ah fear them not quod he I know their trains  
 I know their craft I know their force their might  
 We twentie ar wheir one of them remains  
 Ah villans this is but a fillie flight.  
 Come yow shall haue your weill deserued pains  
 In your owne nets your selfs ar taine full right  
 Com we ar for yow come receaue your bloes  
 I lie yow long your wretched lius to lose.

Nou nou-oure swords shall all those wrongs amend  
 Bold *Odomer*, with visage sterne cryes out  
 And findrie of his troups with him contend  
 To force them bak but they with curage stout  
 An ansuer sharpe on points of launces send  
 Who brought by this an vther course about  
 Fierce *Eduard* then with suord and sheild so hollow  
 Cuts down their ranks who blood & death did follow.

From his sterne looks his fearfull foes withdrew  
 Their eies that winkt which clouds of night bedims  
 Their fanning hearts distills a bloodie dew  
 Deaths thriefold horror through their ears still swims  
 Their feit seme light to flie fant to persew  
 A shevering cold throw all their bodyis climis  
 Yea at his verie sight his foes resemble  
 The Seggs or reids in fens with wind that tremble.



*The famous Historie*

And now no more their captane they obey  
His aw seems nothing to their aufull foe  
Altho them selfs were willing for to stay  
Their legs, hearts hands vnto their will said no  
All go to flight and heir and their doth stray  
Their Lord altho vnwilling neids must go  
He thams to *England* whill he heasts with speid  
That he had brok his vow for such a deid.

Victorious *Eduard* to the Seige retornd  
Whill omphrauell that hears this ouerthro  
Knew that proud fortun now her bak had tornd  
Whoes smylls were chaingd to frouns remeidles we  
Wherfore he yelds the strength wher he soiornd  
With passage frie in *England* for to go  
To this ferce youth now all the land obeys  
None his commands nor his behests gainseys.

Whill thus he raignd and rewled ouer all  
His valiaunt brother that all conquering King  
The Lord of *Lorns* old hate he did recall  
Which all in one his angrie pour's did bring  
His Heralds gius the camp but leasur small  
To *Lorne* to *Lorne* their proclamatioun sing  
But all this time the worthie *Douglas* goes  
Victorious still amongst his armed foes.

*Douglas* strong tour effais he first of all  
And fistie load of hay in saiks weill bound  
He cauld to driue hard by the Castell wall  
The Captane hoping victualls to haue found  
Ist with his troups whome or he did recall  
He seis that conquering knight so mouch renound  
Betuixt him and his strength who now with might  
Wold force him ather for to flie or fight.

And thus the *Scotts* assaill with rageing mood  
Whom long the *English* valiauntlic withstans  
Till like a *Lion* wet with luke warme blood  
The *Douglas* slops their ranks and braks their bands  
He heauid his sword aboue their heads wher stood  
Both life and death that vrgd him with demands  
But as his furie led him all to kill  
Fear led them for to shunn remeidles ill.

This capten  
heght wob-  
soudg.

*Wobston*

Wobtown him self dyit by his valiaunt hand  
 Wobtown that caprane was of all the rout  
 The rest from him that fled no mercie fand  
 All dy't, yea eune the fearfull with the stout  
 Nor wall nor tour nor Castell let they stand  
 All throune to ground the dirchis fild about  
 Greate Douglas fame now fleis ou'r all the land  
 All yeilds to him ou'r all he doth command.

All Douglas Daill and Etrik Forrest faire  
 And Jedburgh to their natiue Prince then soght  
 But the Lord Stewart Bonkills only heyre  
 A man that valors rarest fructs furth broght  
 Was chaired by Englands King for to repare  
 Gainst fortunes knight for this great wrongs he wroght  
 Whoe with him broght the valiaunt Randolph furth  
 And bold Sir Adam Gordone much of worth.

With these and fiftie more he came to view  
 The land and how the people stood affected  
 But worthie Douglas of their cuming knew  
 Their secret drifts to him were all detected  
 Then after them he sofilie did persew  
 And folloud them a farr still vn suspected  
 Till they at night reteird vnto ane Inn  
 Wasritchlie bult vpon the banks of Linn.

Then round about the house his men he set  
 And threatned fire till they came thronging forth  
 With bloodie fight then both the parteis met  
 And both did proue the vrmost of their worth  
 Thus Scotts against the Scotts were hardlie set  
 Nor was their anye their of English birth  
 Greate is the heat and furie blouis the fire  
 Wher freinds against their freinds ar moued with Ire.

Greates pitie was to view this wofull fight  
 Still was the killer kill'd yet none wold flie  
 The Douglas partie was of greater might  
 Yet still the vthers fight and fighting die  
 At last when death and slaughters at the hight  
 Off fiftie none was left aliue but thrie  
 That with the Stewart came and Douglas lost  
 Of fiftie twise neir sixe six all most.

This wobtown was in-  
 joynd by his  
 miseres to  
 keip the  
 venterous  
 Castell of  
 Douglas an-  
 zeir befor  
 she would  
 fauour him  
 which in  
 Iunck tione  
 was found in  
 a letter got-  
 tin on him  
 when he was  
 fleane.

The Lord  
 Stewart of  
 buhkill ri-  
 sith agent  
 the douglace

A crewell  
 fight.

2  
*The famous Historie.*

*Bonkills* bold Lord that could no more defend  
With *Randolph* and with *Gordone* steps aside  
And soun was horst to flie but lo in end  
The *Douglas* did so weill for that prouide  
Their way was stept what course so eu'r they bend  
Sir *Adame Gordone* leads and was their guide  
Who with a disperat hazard braue and bold  
Braks throu his foes and saiff his way doth hold,

The vther two did to the *Douglas* yeild  
Who intertaind them as his freinds most deir  
He manie days theirafter kept the feild  
But sawe no enemye at all appeir  
Yet neu'r Irkt he armour for to weild  
Wherefore vnto his Prince he wold retein  
Who now was on his Iournay *Lorne* to vew  
Yet to the Camp he came are any knew

Eu'ne to the royall Tent swift fame had borne  
The news of his approche vnto the King  
Who from his throne rose like the glorious morn  
And to him says my thoughts were combatting  
If my loue'd Erle did leue, or died forlorne  
And with his arms about his neck did hing  
Whill as he kneild my gracious Prince said he  
I leue if in your grace, if noght I die.

*Randolph*  
was his sister  
sone.

Much more they said at last the knight presents  
His prisoners vnto his royall Prence  
Whoes loue, his Nephew too too soun preuents,  
With speiches proud and spit full conference  
But wisdom myld and graue withraige conuents  
And staid wrath haisting death for his offence  
Yet *Bonkills* Lord and he's to prison sent  
Where they must stay till *Lorne* new warre bespent.

But now the Lord of *Lorne* that cleirlye knew  
Of their approach so weill did him prouide  
By schip him self on sea the fight wold vew  
And left two thousand on the land beside  
That to a montans tope them self withdrew  
Which did that cuntry by it self diuide  
And vnderneath that hill the passage lay  
So that the arme's forst to pas that way.



The King that of them had intelligence  
Sends *Douglas* furth with him a chosen band  
Who with much paine but schort continuance  
Had winn their baks by hid wais which th y fand  
Now comes the armie to the strait and thence  
They sie their foes about all armed stand

On crags, and hurld down mightie stons from hie  
And thence they lat their clouds of arrows fle,

Wherefore an vther chosen band intend  
With valiant *Hay* to giue the chaarge before  
Of these the stons broght many to their end  
And some returnd leamd briufd and wonded sore  
Yet to his foes bold *Hay* did still ascend  
Still forrest to encourage them the more

And tho but fev in spight of all their foes  
They wan the montains heighest top with bloes.

But furlie their eche one had losd his life  
Their foes to hudge encompass them about  
If *Douglas*, who with labor pane and strife  
Had not arriued with his resistles rout  
But then o then bloes, wounds, and deaths were rise  
Long faught they long was victorie in dout

But *Douglas* now gan on his men to froune  
Beacaus they were so long vn-ouerthrowne

Then with the strongest ranks it faireth worce  
His sword their maks a wide and bloodie laine  
He treds them kild and wounded by his force  
Who yeelderh leius, all that resists ar slaine  
So kill's a hound the cur without remorse  
That bits when he that yeelds his life doth gaine

Oure knight still kills the armd with best assistance  
And scorns t'assaill but wher he finds resistance,

Good valiaunt *Hay* that through the rout furthwent  
Fand matchles *Douglas* dealling deaths anew  
And to his side he step't incontinent  
A hardie freind bold constant wise and trew  
These two once mett were all sufficient

A greate and mightie Armie to subdew  
Yea thogh bold *Hay* had bidden from the fight  
*Douglas* allone had put them all to flight.

## The Famous Historye

At last discomfite all doth flie away  
Downto a tumbling riuer deip and read  
They past a bridg that ouer this riuer lay  
Which they wold cut of danger to be freed  
But of their work they did them quiklie stay  
And gaue so fierce a charge till thence they fled  
By this one bridg the Armie past the flood  
And stand from thence that no man them with stood.

A wondrous strength was their *Dunstaffage* heght  
The vanquest rebels mand this fortres strong  
But with a Seige inuironed hard and straight  
They forced ar to yeeld it vp or long

The Lord of  
Iorn was  
sent to the  
Erill of Ar-  
gill

*Argills* old Erle a man of wondrous might  
Got peace whoes sone had done such endles wrong  
Then all submit them selfs the King before  
Eu'ne all the Lords along the westerne shore.

All faithfull *Scotts* reioise of his successe.  
And for to shew their iust conceauid Ire  
Their craftie foe by craft they wold suppres.  
Still when occasion winkd at their desire  
Amongst the rest that shew his willingnes  
A contrey suaine their duelt in *Lithgo* shire  
That was both fearles hardie strong and bold  
He to his natie Prince some seruice wold.

A peill or strength by *Lithgo* lake their stood  
That held in aw the countie round about  
A hundreth *English* with their captane good  
Comands the strength well fortified about  
This contrey cloune, oft for their horses food  
With prouender and hay came in and out  
Fiue sones he hade as bold as was their firo  
Thrie brether borne and bred in *Mars* his ire.

And these weill arm'd within a wane he set  
And cuninglie he couerd them with *Hay*  
Then driueth furth his wane straght to the gate  
Wher he arriued with the morning gray  
The porter rose and in the wane he let  
This driuer *Bunny* heght who made no stay  
But to the porter leprand soone dispatchd him  
Then furth he lets the rest whill nothing fashd him

And

And soone them selfs they throw the chambres spred  
Some sleipt some armd and naked some they fand  
But all their liues at length they quiklie red  
None that resists could their rude rage with stand  
Thret tien were to the captains chalmer fled  
Who with him tho vn armd thes houses mand  
But tours nor walls could not preuent their smerte  
Mild pitie dualls not in a *Crisish* heart.

The King returnd from *Lorne* did weill reward  
This binnie for so hazardous a deid  
Then of his nepheu *Randolph* heth regaird  
For still his loue his Anger did exceid  
*Morais* great Erldome he for him prepaired  
Of whom hereafter he might stand in neid  
And sure his worth is wort helie renound  
A brauer knight neu'r used vpon the Ground.

Whoe being to his vnkle reconceild  
Wishd oft within his haughtie heart, to sho  
Some peice of rarett seruice in the feild  
Whoes fame his former faults might far outgo  
Fortun eu'ne then did fit occasioun yeild  
Whereby the King his willing mind should kno  
Nine prouinces with *England* yet did stand  
Besout. the siluer *Forth* eu'ne all the land,

Obeid to *Englands* King but onlie thrie  
*Iedbrughe* and *Eirik* and fair *Douglas* dail  
These by the mightie *Douglas* conquerd be  
Gainst whose all couquing arme none could preuaill  
In all these lands braue *Randolph* weill did sic  
Many strong holds and castells to assaill  
Amongst the which was one whoes strenth exceld  
The *Virgin-tour* or *Maiden-castell* cald.

Of that heigh crag this beautifies the top  
Whereon the famous *Edinburghe* doth stand  
And that fair touns frie liberteis doth stop  
So prouddie doth the *Garefone* command  
Whoes wills to tame their insolence to crop  
His vnkle puts the charge into his hand  
Which he obeis and being furneishd out  
With a strait seige he sets the walls about.



## *The famous Historie*

The name  
of the Gascon  
was Sir *Pier*  
le bald.

A *Gascon* captane cheif was of the hold  
Whome straight the *Eng'sh* tak and putt in bands  
And of them selfs they chusd a captane bold  
That valiantlie their enemy with stands  
Who in continuall labor doth them hold  
By new assaults with freshe and warlik bands  
Yet still with lose he's forced for to retein  
So resolute and bold his foes appeir

At last he seiks for to obtane by flight  
Wheir strenth did faill and wheir no force preuails  
For sure it was vnpregnable by night  
In vaine with warlik force he still assails  
*Sir William Frensh* or *Fraunces* lo he hight  
Whoe comes one day to him and thus reveills  
To winn the hold my Lord I know the way  
Nor all their force my subtile craft can stay.

My lustie youth I spent within these walls  
As captiue whill my father did comand  
My loue within the toune as oft it falls  
To whom by night a secreit way I fand  
Tho dangerous to *Banquets Masks* and *Balls*  
I went for loue O what can loue with stand  
I shall you lead vp throu the crag by night  
Vnto a wall but scant seavne cybits hight.

Glade was the erle that he did thus deuise  
And promeist him a fair and ritche reward  
When pitche clouds then muffills vp the skies  
With thrittie and his guide the count repaird  
Hard to the rock and mounting doth arise  
A thousand faddoms height without regaird  
For fearfull danger could them noght with hold  
Vnder the wall at last they rest them wold,

When straight aboue them doth the watche repare,  
And our the wall one throu a mightie stone  
The which a corner of the crag did beare  
Hard by them els they died had curie one  
Fie traitors fie quod one I fie you their  
But with her dreadfull wail blak night allone  
Had couerd them by heauins heighe prouidence  
Els with a thocht ther sowls had paired thence.

The

The watche that hears nor seis nothing depairts  
 When to the wall they set their ledder straight  
 And Frances first assends that knew these pairs  
*Sir Andro Gray* was nixt a valiaunt knight  
 Then mounts the erlle when with curagious hearts  
 The watch returns that now had got a sight  
 Of them and treassone treassone loudlie cries.  
 Wheir with they all awaekd in arms aryse.

Then that braue Lord and his two knights persew  
 The watche with such vndinted curage stout  
 That all of them they quiklie ouerthrew  
 When all the armed garsone cumms out  
 The *Scotts* or then got vp all doth renew  
 A deadlie fight whill Blood flow'd round about  
 Their blodie swords oft giue a glomeing light  
 Still made more fearfull by the dreadfull night

Greate was the Number of the *English* foe  
 But many hearts were ceas'd with suddant feare  
 And yet their Captane did greate valor sho  
 With whome as yet them selfs they brauelie beare  
 A hardie *Scot* doth to the Captane go  
 That *Setone* hight a knight that knew no feare,  
 Graue wise and old whoes counsell's stayd off. &  
 The worthie *Randolpb* held in greate respect.

Thrie sones he had that with him self furth speids  
 And when he seis the Captans murthering Ire  
 My sones quod he let this bold knights braue deads  
 Be bellows for to kindle angers fire  
 Perrells and dangers hard, as honors seeds  
 Fame worthie prase to perrells still aspire  
 His tender whelp; so leads the *Lion* old  
 Furth to their pray and whits their curage bold.

The youths stept soorth and with their hardie father  
 The warrlick Captane furiously persew  
 The old knight hits him on the helme but neither  
 His armour pearst he nor his blood forth drew  
 Whoe nocht affraid but enraged rather  
 His brand with blood of honor aige r'nbrew  
 Quite throu his gentle brest the brand he thrust  
 Whoes life and blood both at the wound furth burst.

A pitiful  
 fight.

*The famous Historie*

The youngeſt ſone that ſeis his father ſlaine  
Holds vp his dying ſire with both his hands  
But o poore pitie, kindnes o in vaine  
In vane for help he calls, for his demands  
Ar ſoone cut of, and with them cut in tuaine  
His arms, that links about his Sire like bands  
Doun fall they both Both bid the reſt adew  
Both kiſſing die ; Ah wofull fight to view:

Two brether now was onlie left aliue  
And yet tho both aliue both twice were ſlane  
In theſe two deaths yet both againſt him ſtrive  
But nather could his furie greate reſtraine  
The breſt doun to the bowells he doth riuo  
Of one the vthers head he cleſt in twane  
The noiſe and tumult of this haples fight  
Brought *Randolph* for to view this wofull fight.

He rudlie brak the preſe and came in tyme  
To tak reuenge but too too late to ayd  
Ah woes me quod he ſhall you: his fair pryme  
Be thus diſtroyd and wiſdoms wealth decay'd  
Whoe durſt commit ſo in humane a cryme  
Whoe hath ſo fare from reaſons center ſtray'd  
He quod the Captane whoe dars ſeall his deid  
With thy hor blood and on thy heart darr's ſeid,

For rage and wrahe the count could not reply  
But ſtronglie thruſts his ſword furth him before  
Quyte through his breſt, the wound he ript e'elſpy  
His cruell heart which his left hand furth tore  
And wrong furth blood ſprinkling on theſe that ly  
But neulie dead, if this can bak reſtore  
Your lius, he proous a *Pellicane* quod he  
If noght let this appeaſe your *Ghoſts* from me.

And noght ſuffeiſd with this reuenge at will  
He wrakſvpon the multitude his wrahe  
Ther Captanis blood ſuffeiſd him not vntill  
They rane in heaps to flie ſuche crwell deathe  
Some leaps ye craige ſome runs out our ye hill  
Theſe breaks there necks thoſe cruſhd to duſt beneath  
So headlong flies a flight of ſimple dous  
When from her way the princelie falcon bou.



Or then night fled to let the lightsome day  
 Vnfold her works of murder death and blood  
 The strength was wune no southeron their did stay,  
 Nor saw they anye that their will gaine stood  
 The *Gaston* Captane that in prison lay  
 The Erle releasd from bands and seruitude  
 Then fullie was that prophesie persited  
 Which *Candmoirs* Sanct-like Queen therein indyted.

## The Argument.

A messenger vnto the King doth scho  
 Sad news that doth incense his wrathfull ire  
 From *Roxbrughs* tours braue *Douglas* beats the foe  
*Eduards* bold answer *Quens* bid his brothers fire  
 To view the *Englis* camp doth *Douglas* go.  
 The *Scots* obey their Princes lust desire  
 Few men they send but valiant fierce and bold  
 Chuse forth of eurie Region vncontrold,

## Caput. 15.

**S**corlands great King that all this tyme had gone  
 From toun to toun from citie strength and tour  
 Throgh *fiffe*, *Strathierne*, *Merns*, *Angus* one by one  
 And *Goureis* cars which all vnto his pou'r  
 Did glaidlie yeild, and he eune he allone  
 Their natue Lord was their greate conquerour  
 But he to *Fdinbrughe* returnd at last  
 Till *Isickles* his chilling breth futh blast.

No greater pompe, Solempnitie, nor glorie,  
 Magnificence, Praise, riches, nor renowne  
 Got *Cesar* as records the *Romane* storie  
 When as he made the westerne world bow doune  
 To *Rooms* proud reull wheitof he might be forie  
 Nor entred he more brauelie in that toun  
 Then oure greate Lord when first he enterd heir  
 Whoe was more lou'd whom all as much did fear.

Whill heir he stayd admeird feard lou'd of all  
 To him braue *Randolph* did the *Castell* yeild  
 Which to the ground he raizd both tour and wall  
 That their his foe agane sould haue no beild  
 And on a day set in his Princelie hall  
 He to his knights and Lords his will reueild  
 When straght a messenger doth to him bring  
 Tydings of loy wheitof new troubles spring.

Queene *Margaret* that  
 was cano-  
 nicke the  
 chaff wryt  
 vpon the  
 wall of the  
 chappell  
*Garde vous*  
*le Francois*,  
 with ane m<sup>a</sup>  
 alimming vp  
 olledder on  
 a newall  
 which is  
 meint by  
 France that  
 was the caus  
 of the wi  
 ning of the  
 Castell.

*The famous Historie.*

The Messinger vpon his face doth fall  
And sayis great King and my most Gracious Prence  
All praise be geune to God that doth enstall  
Vpon oure throne thy worth thy excellence  
God grant that in thy seid he may recall  
Thy glorie and resume thy greatnes thence  
Thy brother *Eduard* humble greiteth thee  
And warns the thus of what is past by me.

*Rugleins* strong peill is tane by *Eduard* bold  
That warrlike toun *Dundie* by him is winn  
And also royall *Stirling* vncontrold  
Gladlie receau'd his conquering armie Inn  
But that inpregnable and matchles hold  
*Stirlings* strong Castell wold not once begin  
To heare of peace till famein forced at last  
They parle thus, and thus their peace is past,

A yeir to keip the hold he them permits  
And if within that tyme greate *Englands* King  
Releius them nocht but carles them omits  
Then in his hands they shall the place resing  
Sir Philip *Moubray* their in reuling sits  
He's gone to *England* Succor thence to bring  
And now that mightie King prouids we heare  
By Gaine and gold to bring all *Europe* heir.

For he by proclamatioun great hath sworne  
Through eu'rie kingdome cuntrie toun and shire  
That *Scotlands* name by him shall be out worne  
He will distroy that nation in his Ire  
And all that comes of vther nations borne  
To keip that day shall haue what they desire  
And of this Kingdome greate without extorsion  
Eche equall to his worth shall haue his portioun.

Greate multitude of straungers day by day  
Brought by these means in *England* doth arise  
So that they think ritche *England* scarce may  
Find itore ynuch to keip them all aliue  
Besids those cuntrie is greate that him obey  
In *France* all Princes his confedrats striue  
Whoe shall the best and greatest armeis raise  
As willing seems all *Europe* him to please.

And

And thus in time your grace wold neids be ware  
 To sue with guifts the angrie King to please  
 Or giue you mind to try the chance of *Warr*  
 Prouide in time your forces for to raise  
 Wherewith the Kings eies brunt with wraeths reid star  
 Should we his Iyre with guifts quod he appease  
 Why villane what bale fear so timorous  
 Ere till this day hath thow espy'd in vs

Haue wee till now sustaind such endles pane  
 And storms of *Warrs* sad tempests hath out worne  
 Oure Kingdome croune and cuntrie to obtane  
 And raid oure self in spight of *Englands* scorne  
 For braggs thus for to fold with shame agane  
 When *Fortune* to oure foot the *Ball* hath borne  
 No heauins forbid such clouds of fear and shame  
 Sould so obscur oure mornings rising beame.

Whit tho the pride of oure imperious foe  
 With euer soll destruction doth vs boist  
 Oure forces mene his multitudes doth kno  
 Yea tho a world of men augment his host  
 Oure mite increflecth with his talent lo  
 The widous oill when blid tho leif was most  
 He must be many still and still be glorious  
 And fea we must be still, and still victorious.

Let him bring furth his *England, Ireland, Waisles,*  
 With *Britange Gascon* and fair *Aquitane*  
*Poitew* and *Guzan*, and all cuntreis els  
 With *Scotlands* better pairt yet all in vane  
 God vs protects gainst whoes strong arme preuails  
 No Earthlie pour in him oure hopes remane  
 Trew *Scotts* we bring and brings this prais with all  
 Gainst *Scotts* allone all *Enrops* thocht too small

Thus spak the King whill all his Lords and peers  
 Reioifd thereat and hoped in heauins reuenger  
 Whill he not onlie fearles bold appeirs  
 But also ware and wyislie weis the danger  
 He for each captain sends who sone compeirs  
 Consulting all how to bear af the straunger  
 The conquering knight came their whoes worthie acter  
 My tird quill mends and my dull Muscawais,



## *The Famous Historye*

How soone the King returned was from *Lorne*  
And progres took through eurie regione faire  
To view the land wheirto him self was borne  
As righteous King iust Prince and onlie heire  
*Douglas* that rest and ease did euer scorne  
Did bak vnto the southagane repair

Wheir he the *English* oft did ouerthrou  
But *Roxbrugh* how he wan Iyll onlie shou.

And thus it was on fasting euins dark night  
Thrie feoir he brings in armour pitchie blak  
All on their hands and feit doth creip out right  
No noyse no sound no word bewraid their tract  
The watch then seis but so as in their sight  
They seind a heard of bews and this they spak  
This night good *Rodger* lets his heard at learg  
Whereof er long blak *Douglas* may tak chearg.

He smiles to sie their sight disceaues so  
But hard below the wall arriu'd at last  
In goes the watch, such thundring tempests blo  
*Ledhous* a *Ladder* made of *Touis* vp cast  
Whoes cleiks of jron foundeth with the thro  
Yet full of curaige he ascendith fast

This ingine he deuise wherebe to gaine  
Him self sume glorie and his foe sume paine.

The Sentinell that hears the sounde spyis  
*Ledhous* ascend and quiklie to him goes  
Who doth not only on the walls arise  
But kills him too, then down the carkas throes  
When all was mounted *Douglas* quiklie hyis  
Doun to the hall for to assaill his foes  
Who now amid their feastuall Ioyis var caght  
Sum play to death sum drink their leatest draghe

With lyf devoring swords the *Scotts*, arise  
That *Douglas Douglas* cryis whoes verey name  
So dreadfull seind, that few for wapins strine;  
But flei to saue their lius not cairing shame  
Or day thrie hundreth they of life deprive  
The captane with the rest them selfs reclame  
In an strong tour but *Douglas* kept the feild  
Till famien forced them all at last to zeld.

The cap-  
tane high  
Guillame  
Ferne whe-  
reby it ap-  
peirs he was  
a French  
man.

And then braue *Douglas* they intreat for peace  
To whom anon they render vp the hold  
Them selfis their liues and all vnto his grace  
Who was as wise and mild as feirce and bold  
Them of that bondaige streight he did relace  
And send them home with all their wealth their gold  
And then to *Edinbruche* his cours he bent  
Wher warlik *Bruce* for all his Lords had sent.

Their *Edward* their greate *Stewarde* might he sie  
Trew *Marr* wife *Lenox*, *Hey*, and *Randolph* strong,  
With manie more graue counsalours that be  
To their braue Prince who satt them all among  
All silence kept he muisd with maiestie  
Whill one his throne he satt att last of wrong  
Acuisd his brother who with reuerend fear  
Too this his wife and solid words gaue ear.

Brother what haist what raschnes did you guide  
What folie causd you giue so long a day  
To *Englands* mightie king for to provide  
His forces greate when weill you know he may  
Bring furth for eucrie one vpon our side  
A hundreth warlik knights in good aray  
How could yow think that we culd him gainstand  
Who yet most parte of *Scotland* doth command.

Yea thought he wold no vther forces raise  
But onlie *Scots* for to releiue the hold  
Eu'ne these can ouermatche vs if he please  
Much more with *Irish* *English* *Welshmen* bold  
With *Almans* *Frenshe* and *Dutchis* by all these  
Whom in subiection he in *France* doth hold  
All these shall come and with a world of men  
Shall we be able to encounter then.

Surlie you had no foresight heir at all  
And to oure rising state you wronged much  
What we haue conquest yet is verie small  
Nor ar we siure of these, the commouns such  
Inconstant minds do beare, and so oure fall  
Is neir, if one the brokin reid but tuche,  
Better had bein we neu'r had focht with paine  
To clim so hie so soone to fall againe.

### *The famous Historie*

His brother answers heavins forbid that so  
Should fall, what I haue done we can not mend,  
Not neid we much to feare oure mightie foe,  
Thoght he bring armeis from the worlds end,  
His *Sunne* is at his *Summerr Solsteue* lo  
And neids he must retorne for to discend

*Fortun* must *Froune* when she too long hath smild  
Who surest hopeth oft is oft begild.

Yea tho he hed a hundreth Kingdoms more  
And could a hundreth *Englands* bring to warr  
By heaune he shall haue Battell once before  
He come to *Stirling* if to come he dare  
This spak bold *Edward* whoes bold words restore  
The shining light of *Glores* darkned *Starr*

In many hearts which to greate loue doth raise him  
His Brother in his heart doth greatlie praise him.

But grauelie thus agane the King began  
My Lords my captains and my chiftains all,  
I gladlie wold we were assured when  
Oure foes should come, and when oure troups recall,  
For oure meane force must be made stronger then  
To cathe occasion and giue vantage small

Then *Douglas* sai's my Lord let one be sent  
That warlie can perceaue whaat's their intent

And surlie I my self the man must be  
Byll stlie walk through all their squadrons braue  
A *Frensh* man of a *Scot* they all shall sie  
With *Almans Frensh* and *Dutch* I can disceau-  
Knou their Lords and Princes of degrie  
Through all their camp the secrets I will haue  
Iyll raise my beard and bazane mak my face  
Iyll change my voice my gesture and my Grace

Both was the King that he should vndergo  
This fearfull task he for him self prouids  
But neids he wold be gone at last and so  
Disguised like a *Frensh man* forth he rids  
His face strauk with ane oile no painit did sho  
Of his first Grace his countenance it hids

The accents hard of *Frensh* he sounds so right  
That eue the *Frensh* them selfs mistak their sight

The



The worthie *Bruce* his tyme not idlie spent  
 But forth to muster calls his men of warr  
 Furth to the flourie banks of forth they went  
 Vnto a pleasant *Medow* lairge and squair  
 Deir *Muse* tho time hath in obliuion pent  
 These wortheis names that heir did armour beir  
 And made their of springs nams to differ fare  
 Thou know's bothe what they were & what they are.

But what they were, were longsome to repeat  
 Onlie as they ar now to vs vnfold  
 That tho their names be some what changd of laie  
 Yet we may know them for the of spring bold  
 That yet remains stand not on points of stait  
 But lat eche land eche prouince be enrold  
 With their Lords name and these such *Tinktor* lend  
 As mightie time nor age may efter spend.

Vnto the camp their worthie King forth goes  
 Their King their Captane and their Gen'ral great  
 Whill all the commoun soldeors arose  
 With Ioyfull shouts and signs of Loue perfyit  
 Pleasd with their salutations sweet, he shoes  
 A cheirfull smyle, their loue for to requyr,  
 Then gius command against the following morne,  
 Their glorious standarts should the plaine adorne.

No sooner *Titan* Burneist *Neptuns* vawe  
 And spred his beams ou'r *Earths* enameld brest  
 When forth the wortheis warlick bold and braue  
 Came all in shining *Steill*, their glistring crest  
 Adorn'd with plums, their armed horse whoes show  
 With stailie prausing seemd with pryde posselt,  
 Before their Lord, he from a rocks proude heighs  
 One eurie troupe doune bent his curious sight.

Now *Eduards*, *Douglas*, *Randolphs* troups remaind  
 About the King nor marchd they to the plaine  
 And all on *Douglas* absence much complaind,  
 But most of all his owne men thoght in vaine:  
 A sight be of the *Englisch* camp obtaind  
 Nor feard he oght nor wold he turne againe:  
 Whome to his fortun leaue we now to sho  
 These troups that marchd vnto the plaine belo,

## The famous Historie

The erills of  
orkney and  
caithnes,

From *Skie land orkney Caithnes* faire and wyde  
Furth stretcht to the great north theis, cuntries lyes  
Came furth two thousand led in martiall pryde  
By two bold erills of Antient families  
That long these cuntries large did wislie gyde  
And tho farr of they ly yet they aryis  
To help their noble prince ther minds so hautie  
Showing therby their faith, loue, zeall ther deutie.

The erills of  
sother land  
and ros.

*Ross Sutherland Stranrauer* nixt to them  
As many men as braue as stout as strong  
Led by two worthie erills of aunient fame  
Greate *Sutherland* and *Ros* right famous long  
Of *Irish Scotts* in clan ns that kept the name  
Fieue hundreth thrice their chieftans broght along  
From all these montane cuntreis north that ly  
And plesant shoirs that coasts the *Irish* sey.

Erille of mo-  
say.

*Randolph* broght forth all *Morrays* shire almost  
These wait on him he waits vpon the King  
The men of *Buchane* thogh their Lord was lost  
To shew their loue and duteie forth did bring  
A thousand bold broght from that pleasant coast  
That still beholds the *German Ocean* spring  
For *Graine* a fertill land for pastor good  
The men a people of *Bellonas* brood.

Erille of mar

From *Marr* two thousand came of warlik fame  
Led by that euer famous erille of *Marr*  
Whoes faithfull heart whoes much redoubted name  
Yet neuer left his Prince in *Peace* nor *Warr*  
Whoes *Star* of *Glorie* euer casts a beame  
Which still Illuminats both neir and farr

Erille of  
Atholl.

The men of *Atholl* then their *Ensigne* spred  
A thousand by their gallant erille forth led.

Erle marchel  
his first for-  
bier at the  
battell of ar  
broth flew  
camus Prince  
of duns for  
which he gat  
gryt landes  
and was ma-  
de Marchell  
of Scotland,

From *Merns* their came of Squiers and of knights  
A thousand warlick, hardie, fearles bold  
Led by their Erle traind vp in mari' all fights  
Their erle whoes worth my *Muse* can not vnfold  
Whoes great ancestors shind still glorious lights  
And whoes first father did the land vp hold  
From bondage wild for which they still command  
As onlie greate Lord *Merseballs* of the land,

But *Angous* heght the *Region* nixt that lyes  
A famous fertill fair and plesant land  
From which two thousand did in arms aryse  
Led by greate Lords that by them selfs command  
As *Ogiluy* and *Brechin* bold and wyfe  
*Montrois* greate erlle that led a valiant band  
But he that led the most pairt of that host  
Was *Craufurds* mightie erlle who reuled most

Nixt *Goureis* *Cars* a pleasant cuntrie lyes  
Vpon the northerne banks of famous *Tey*  
And to the North the *East* and *West* aryse  
Plesant grein hills vp to the cloudie sky  
That like a wall impregnable defyes  
The boasting foe or foragne enemye  
Streaching their ragid arms aloft ascending  
The pleasant plains from tempests still defendings

Wher *Barlie* *Wheat* and all the sorts of Graine  
That pleasant cuntrie plentefullie yeilds  
In all the valeys meids and eurie plains  
The frutfull *Treis* ar strou'd through all the feilds  
The *Regions* round about that doth remane  
Ar still supplid from thence wher plentie weilds  
By *heau'ne* and *nature* greac'd with all things els  
That eu'ne the famous *Normandise* excel's.

The port or entres to this pleasant land  
Is strong *Dundie* weill cituat and fair  
Betuixt it and the *German* lack that stand  
Wher as *Tays* mightie floud with murmur'ing cair  
Like *Tagus* rolling our the golden sand  
Doth cast him self away as in despair

From this fair land came forth a thousand good  
That in their cuntreis caus wold spend their blood.

By mightie *Erroll* wer these troups forth led  
Whoes greate begining gloriouſlie was wrought  
When as the bloodie *Danes* their ensigns spred  
Heir to distroy oure nation whill they soghr  
As endles swarms in thousands *Bie-hyus* bred  
Such endles swarms these rude *Barbariens* broghr  
Of armed saugeis tho still with flood  
And fild the land with *Famine* *Warr* and blood.

Lord Ogill-  
uy.

Lord of  
brich me.

Erll of  
montrois.

Erll of cra-  
foord.

The discrip-  
tione of the  
carris of  
goutie.

Erll of ar-  
rall his first  
foibeir at the  
bat ell of  
with his two  
sones.  
And yoks  
in their hâds  
slayed the  
Scotts front  
sight and  
obtained  
the victorie  
for the  
which they  
gott the care  
of gouerie &  
was made  
constable of  
Scotland.



## The famous Historie.

But when their *Moone* was full their *Tyde* at high  
 Oure *Eb* so low that hope and all was lost  
 Thy first forbe'r stout *Hey* came to the fight  
 Who with two sones allone their fortune crost  
 Whoes valours onlie put them all to flight  
 O wonder thrie our cums a mightie host  
 But so *one* wild that from so fair a spring  
*Scorlands* greate *Constabill* his stream should bring:

Then fertill *Fife* nixt musterd foorth hir brood  
 A land by *Nature* fair and ritche by *arte*  
 From *Tay's* great streame to *Forths* cleir christall flood  
 She gathers furth her bands in eurie parte  
 Erilles Lords and knights they all ar horsmen good  
 Thrie thousand chosen men of heighe desarte

Erle of ro-  
 shes and the  
 Lord lindsay  
 with others.

*Roths* greate erlle and many erlls beside  
 Amid these troups spred furth their *Ensigns* wide,

Lord setone  
 erlle of wen-  
 son.

Thrie thousand more came furth of *Louthean* fair  
 All Princes Lords and knights and men of fame  
 Wheir *Setons* Lord eunie *Wentons* erlle did bear  
 Not meanest reull with vthers of greate name  
*Angous* greate erlle and *Morton* bothe was their  
 Tho other cuntries fair might them reclame  
 Wheir they bore reull with many barrons more  
 As *Gems* doe ringis whose worths that land decore.

Lord living-  
 ston erlle of  
 lithquhow.  
 Lord el-  
 phingston.

Then *Lithgoes* schire and *Stirlings* pleasant land  
 Seauin tims five hundreth men of armes forth send  
 Their *Livingston* our *Lithquhow* did comand  
 Lord *Elphingston* his aid did likewaies lend  
*Monteiths* old erlle broght furth a chosen band  
 A gallant rout on *Erskins* Lord depend  
 From *Cyde* that cam all thes and many mo  
 As floods to *nocean* to their soueraing flow.

Lord drum-  
 mond erlle  
 of perth and  
 Males then  
 erlle of stra-  
 thern Lord  
 murray of  
 Tullibern  
 erlle of ball-  
 gubider.

*Perth* and *Stratherne* two regions fair and bred  
 Send furthe two thousand hardie knights on horse  
*Strathern* and *Diamond* erlle of perth furth led  
 The greatest part of all this martiall force  
 And he it the *Morrays* turth ther ensigne spred  
 Who from *Moravia* bring ther ancestors  
 A doughtie race of people bold and sterne  
 Led by that valiant Lord of *Tulliborne*.

And

And *Bunkills* Lord their cam, that *Stewart* hight  
Whom *Douglas* with braue *Randolph* took of yore  
When *Huntles* mightie Lord by honord flight  
Eschaipt from *Jedward* as you hard before  
He broght a gallant troupe and wrought so right  
That to his Princes peace he did restore

Lord Ste-  
ward then of  
Bunkill

This *Adam Gordone* *huntles* noble Lord  
With virtue and with valour much decorde,  
He in the *Mers* a mightie reull did bear  
Eune he of whom heauns maker had decreed  
Such Branches still should Spring as should vp rear  
That house to such a height as now his seid  
Ring's in the *North* nor can tims aig out weare  
Their greatnes worth and well deseruing meid

Lord Mar-  
quis of hunt-  
lie.

Not can it be amise for to repeat. (sear.  
From *South* to *North* what causd them cheange their

This Lords braue sone in *Mars* his bloodie feild  
In sight of thou sands of his armed foes  
With conquering suord made: *Atholls* er'll to yeild  
That in dispight of *Scotlands* King arose  
And to the English foe became a shield  
Till they the secound time procuind new woes  
For which braue deid his Prince did him declare  
Lord of *Strathbogie* fertill region faire.

This fir Al-  
lexander  
Gordone  
fought the  
feild of keil-  
blin against  
the Erie of  
Atholl who  
took part  
with Englad  
which Erie  
the said fir  
Alexander  
flew with his  
own hand  
for the which  
he gat the  
lands of  
Strathbogie.

His race ay since oft mixt with Princelie blood  
In the greate *North* doth worthe lie comand  
From *Bogys* stream too *Speys* great famous flood  
And famous made their name in manie a land  
And to their Prince hath done suche seruice good  
As in the hight of Glorie still they stand  
So litill springs of fair cleir cristtall fontains  
Become greate floods and sueill ore toples montains.

From thence greate Lords arose, whoes vertus rare  
Might well by fames eternall beayes be croud  
Of whom our cuntreis vriters ar so speare  
That in obliuions floods their deads ar dround  
Whoes worth greate woloms cold not all declare  
Deseruing well for ay to be renound  
Yet vriters bleamles ar eas may be seine  
For of renounce all *Scotts* hath carles beine.

## *The Famous Historie*

Which makes them yet vnto the wordle obscure  
So that most parte Of *Europe* doeth not know them  
Altho their woorthie actions might procure  
Our all the Earth in glorie for to shou them  
What *Homers* paines can make their name indure  
Prais them aliuē lett death quite ouerthrow them  
They scorne their wealth should herish learning treu  
And after death to look for payment deu,

But soft my *Muse* faint not for all they paine  
This famelie doth for the wordle prepare  
A youth who seiks too waish away that staine  
From this greate hous with *Magnanimious* care  
Whoes *Martiall* heart heauen neuer framd in vaine  
Like to his valiant Syres that might compare  
With fortunes knight for happie succes still  
So fortune shall his braue de sings furth fill:

George Lord  
Gordon Eile  
of enye,

O this is he that most one day propine  
Me with the flowing subiect of my song  
Vpon whoes brow such glorie greate shall shine  
O *Muse* my zeall inflame with furie strong  
His character to paint with tinktor fine  
Transparent neate and cleir my laies among  
All mistereis thou knowis beneath the skies  
Then lead me in whear his rare fortunes lies,

What is he then O bodlie may thou say  
In his ritch Soull all faculties inshrind  
Whoes sweitt complexion beares a mutuall suay  
Of all the elements in peace conioind  
With such a loue and fraudles sinpathe  
As all commands yet all obeis the mind  
His temper fine doeth moddell furth aparte  
The rare ingine of nature heaune and aite.

Time shall not cheange his purpose soleid ground  
His course no course shall let or bear awry  
Fortune in chains his fortitude hath bound  
Nor Iudgements sharpest cleir and subtileie  
Can pry whei danger once his heart shall wound  
His matchles mind is Eleuat so hie

Yea *Nature* of her *Treasure Wealth* and *Store*  
Gues him the key and lets him opp the dore,



But o how am I thus with pleasure led  
Amide the wilderness of his perfection  
Where hauing thousand sondrie waies to tred  
My self may lose my self without derectiō  
From such a laborinth I most be fred  
To hold my wandering wits in some subiectiō  
Their wher thow left deir *Muse* retourne in haist  
When *Gordons* Prince him in the North had plac'd.

Hedid not leue by south his seatt so beare  
But of a younger brother is discended  
From that same Stook a race whoes virtuous rare  
Hath worthie still bein iudg'd to be comended  
But pardon me that stands for to declare  
The race of which I not so much intended  
Yet if I bring more from obliuions brink  
What reasone ist they should in *Lethe* sink.

This *Huntlies* Lord greate *Gordone* with him broght  
A thousand horsmen clade in glistering arms  
All these cast of the *English* yock and soght  
After the deadfull sound of warrs allarms  
From *Huntlie* and long *Gordone* some all hoght  
The *Mers* obeid and feard greate *Englands* harms  
But lo *Argill* coms with their Erll whoes lone  
Yet to repent his wrongs hade not begone.

*Scotlands* greate lustice is that aged knight  
And oure the *Irish-Scotts* greate reul he beir  
These men ar active nimble quik and light  
Light is their raiment armour none they weir  
At all tims reddie for to flie or fight  
Weill made weill fauord cleinlie smooth and fair  
Their som what rude yet mild if mildlie vsd  
Most cruell in reuenge if once abusd.

Of these two thousand Archers broght he furth  
And with tuo handit-suords and schirts of mail  
A thousand more of much redouted worth  
Fieue hundreth horsmen bold tor to assail  
Barrons and knights all sprong of noble birth  
Guards him gainst whom his foes could not preuail  
These Gallants braue were much to be commended  
All of his name and of his line discended.

The Laird  
of Lochin-  
ware.

The Lord of  
Lorne was  
sone to this  
Erll of Ar-  
gill.

A short dis-  
cription of  
the *Irish*  
*Scotts*.

Ties was the  
barrons of  
his name as  
the leard of  
Londy Glen-  
urche Cadel  
and others.

*The famous Histor,*

Stewart Erll  
of Lennox  
Duke of a-  
banie,

And from the west came furth a valiant band  
Which did consist of twise fiue handreth horse  
Quik, agill, reddie for to chaige at hand  
With sword or lance all of approued force  
From *Lennox* and *Dumbretons* plesant land  
Whoes flourie Maig still seimeth Amorous  
Of tumbling *Chid* whoes Billous striue in vaine  
To wond the bossome of the western Maine

These to obey their gallant Lord was glade  
*Lennox* good Erle that neu'r serud in vane  
The last braue troupe was also brauelie led  
A thousand horsmen they did weill contane  
By *Glasco* *fruing* and *Raufrew* wer bred  
These men, in *Boois* strong Ile did some remane

The grit ste-  
uert of Scot-  
land,

*Scotlands* greate *Stewart* was their Lord and heght  
*Walter* by name wise valiaunt bold in fight,

These at the troups and bands that heir wer broghe  
And all were bred so neir the artik Starr  
That cold keips in the heat whoes pours hach wroghe  
Strength in the heart and their vnited ar  
Which maketh them fierce curagious bold for oght  
Marcheld for bloodie *Mars* and meit for warr  
But yet seaune Erles and threttein Lords did sho  
Them selfs in Arms to aide the *English* foe.

Yea manie Lords and Erlls haue I forgot.  
That to the mightie *Bruce* assembled heir  
Whoes geatnes vntill now no pen did not  
*Englands* good fortun did so weill appeir  
Whill *Yous* him self did fauour still their lot  
Wherefore they wiselie did them selfs reteir  
As cannons fird gois bak that earthe may wonder  
When they aduance, heir all diltroying thonder.

So these infland with fire of hot disdaine  
Reteird with greif with hate with lose with ire  
That with the greater force they might againe  
Aduance their lightning wraths-consuming fire  
And then a thundring tempests wold they raine  
Crushd from the fuelling clouds of their desire  
Which to the King and all should weill declair  
That barren treis could now both bude and bare.

Now

Now passed was eche troupeche Squadron strong  
 When to the camp their Prince his course furth bent  
 And all his Princes go with him along  
 To hold a counfall in the royall Tent  
 Meane while the Douglas all his foes among  
 Walkt for to know their number, pour intent  
 At Beruick fair he had arriu'd vn-sein  
 For their this mightie host did all conuein

*The Argument.*

~~The~~ English armie furth before their King  
 To meet comes and all their foraigne aid  
 Doug as returnd recounteth euerie thing  
 Dischis t'intrap his foes greate Bruce hath made  
 Randolphs rare fight fair conquest first doth bring  
 Bruce Beumout kills the English dooth vnto said  
 The Scots with tants two Biabanders defend theme  
 For which the King vnto the Scots doth send theme

Caput. 16.

**S**trong Beruicks toun on Scotlands fronteir stands  
 Their wheir with liuet streams the Ruer Tweid  
 Diuidys oure kingdome from the English lands  
 And waltis his waust t'enrich the Ocean flood  
 Heir broght the Monarch all his warlick bands  
 At whoes great name all Europe trembling stood  
 And euerie Lord and euerie Prince and King  
 Some gold some gifts and all greate aid did bring  
 This mightie Prince his poure assembling sought  
 To kill the Scots or send them all in rout  
 O're whome he stretchd his Empyre with a thought  
 Nor for to work the thing had anie dout  
 Douglas his way eu'ne at that hour him broght  
 When this hudge armie Beruicks walls about  
 Incamped lay and when to sie eche crue  
 The regall throne reard on the walls they view  
 Him self in glorie sat vpon the throne  
 A diaddeime vpon his head he wore  
 A pail aboue of gliftring gold cloth shone  
 He trod on carpets, ritehe in pratiuous store  
 Poudred with stones the robs which he had on  
 And streight in ranks repeared him before  
 His armed guard, thus set each troupe he knoes  
 Whilst on the plaine ther Martiall glorie floses



## The famous Historie

Walls,

Cornuall,

Their Squadrons first the cheirfull *English* shoes  
In thrie Battallions eche a seu'rall guide  
By *Seuerns* streams from *walls* and *Cornuail* rose  
Some threttie thousand stronge that did prouide  
Armd with their piks swords targets to oppose  
Their thretning force against their foe decide  
By *Moumouhs* hardie erlle this host was led  
He raignd, he reulled in his Princes sted.

England.

And fittie thousand horsmen soldiors good  
From *Trent* that parrteth *England* lult in two  
To *Thams* and thence vnto he *British* flood  
These rose in glistring arms a warlick sho  
Like *Mars* him selfe eche breathed warr and blood  
Whoes sight wold vanquish eue the boldest foe  
Led by two Princes of heighe fameleis  
Greate *Arrandell* old *Oxford* graue and wise.

To *Humbers* tumbling waus from siluer *Trent*  
And thence to pleasant *Tueids* cleir cristall streams  
Came fittie thousand Arches with Intent  
To die or win in midit of most extreame  
All these were of approued hurdiment  
These *Englands* most triumphant conquests cleams  
As theirs; and this greate host commanded be  
By *Glocester* the bold and *Hartfoord* sie.

The mers &  
manie of all  
the deals bor  
ders and  
much of the  
Wastland.

From threttein regions fertill fair and good  
Of *Scotlands* Kingdome which did yet obey  
To *Englands* King and held in seruitude  
By his ail conquering force vntill that day  
Came fise and tuentie thousand warriors rude  
All Horsmen braue and bold for eche esay  
Sir *Ingrhame Omphrauell* led these along  
A subtill warriour craftie wise and strong.

Ireland.

Nixt vnto them came fittie thousand more  
Grose men of shaip weill limd both strong and tall  
They croc'd the seas from *Irelands* craggie shore  
But slightlie armd sum weirs no arms at all  
Their cheifelt strenghts ar woods and montans hore  
The *English* deput was their generall  
And vnder him *Fus gerald* cheif *kil-deir*.  
With greate *Oneill* and *Desmont* reull did beir.

Then

Then came his subiects and confed'rats greate  
Whoes limits stretch along the *Balk* coast  
And these ritche cuntreys *Charls* the first did quite  
To his deir sone but soone that reul was lost  
By *Spanish* turrany which heigh dispite  
All *Europe* since her deirrest blood hath cost  
And warr that els wheir doth destroy and waist  
Their both ciuilitie and wealth hath plaic'd.

Charls the 5  
grace the 17  
lands to his  
sone Philip  
King of  
spaine long  
after this  
tyme.

Allong the foote of *Piriane* montans faire  
A ritche and fertill region doth remaine  
Famous by that greate Bartell lost of aire  
Against the Infidells by *Charle maine*  
His famous Nephew *Rolland* lost he their  
Still famous made by *Aristos* vene

The Centre  
of Gacon.

Furth of this land vpon their oune expence  
Ten thousand cam to aid the english prence.

That land that west from *Tours* doth stretch along  
To wasche his feet within the *Ocean* Sea  
Whoes Induellers take much delight among  
The Moorish fens to sie ther falcons flie  
And in their montans woods and forrests strong  
The Princelie Game of hunting vsed be  
That pleasant land that *Poitue* hecht to name  
Send to this warr fise thousand men of fame.

Poitue.

That land which *Loir* from *Poitou* doth divide  
From whence the *Britons* erst the *Gauls* displac'd  
And changd the name from *Armorick* beside  
To *Britannie* and all their laus defac'd  
Wheirin thrie sundrie languages abide  
And *Masteius* for sanct *Molois* Guard is plac'd  
From thence to aid their great auncestors old  
Come fifteen thousand warlick soldiors bold.

Britannie.

Sanct Molois  
haue a  
gite strenght  
is guarded  
by Masteius.

From that most frutfull orchard fair of france  
Which *Rollo* great and his *Norwegians* stout  
Of simple *Charls* got for Inheritance  
Of them it still yet bears the name about  
From thence a galland did him self aduance  
And conquerd *England* with a warrlike rout  
Of thousands ten: heigh heauns such wonders wrought  
Like number now to *Englands* aid was brought.

Normandie.

## The famous Historie.

Boloigne  
wher their  
is and old  
strong Tour  
built by  
Cesar to be  
sein at this  
day.

From that ritche land whoes chalkie swan like schoirs  
Fair kent beholds best when the Sune goes doun  
Whoes cheif toun vieus fair *Doners* cleif and gloir's  
To sie the tours that her fair front doth croune  
And thence wher *Cesars* monument restoir's  
His neuer deing memoreis renoune

Came thrice ten hundreth soldiors to this warr  
Bold strong and braue that neuer dreamd of fear.

Picardie.

At Amiens  
two vther  
riuers dis  
charges their  
Burdens in  
the soun.

From that fair land wher smoothlie flyding soare  
Waters the medous and the pleasant plains  
And from that citie wher two floods do come  
T'vnload their waus from euer springing vains  
Seu'ne thousand warlik soldeors came and some  
From that old famous toun that yet retains  
Pairt of the *Gyseane* famelie and thence  
Sprong that greate houses glorious excellence.

Henolt,

From *Henolt* came fise thousand men of fame  
Led by their erlle in whoes greate might they gloird  
From their cheif toun eune *Mons* that hecht to name  
Four hundreth came with shining arms decorde  
All these were youths not moud with fear or shame  
That gaird the persone of their mightie Lord  
And came to spoyll the Garland of the Maine  
But few or none at all retorne agane.

Brabant

That land which hath within his borders plac'd  
The holie *empe's* Marquesad of old  
By Skeld, cutt of, from *Flunder*, in the west  
Wher on stands *Antwerp* glorius to behold  
This land the *Mais* so louinglie hath grac'd  
She in her bossome doth the same enfold  
From whence the hope of gaine and praise did bring  
Ten thousand Soldeors to the englishe King.

Flanders.

Genethoght  
to be the lair  
gest toun in  
Europ, wher  
charll the 5  
that famous  
Emperor  
was borne.

This warr on *Europ's* fairest Erldome calls  
Wher stands vpon the banks of *Skeld* and ley  
That toun so hudge in circuit of hir walls  
Famous for thit but famous more for why  
Thit euer famous monarch which apalls  
*Ronoune, Fame, Glorie, Praise, and Victorie,*  
As his Iust dew, was their both borne, and bred  
Thence to his warr, was fourtene thousand led.

From



From these strong *Islands* made so strong by arte  
Gainst *Nepim* who still proous their greatest foe  
Be caus his floods ouerfloud the greatest parte  
Of all these lands as some thinks long ago  
But when els wheir his swelling streams conuert  
The lands to seas these lands the sea did sho  
Six thousand thence vnto this warr was send  
Vpone the *English* Monarch that depend.

Zeland is a li  
Islands w it-  
hin the sea  
whi ch the  
sea sum tym  
ouerflowed as  
appears by  
sindrie good  
argments.

Their lvis a land along the *Germane* flood  
Throu which the *Mais* and *Rhine* their course doth hold  
Vnto their Lord whoes rage is still with stood  
By sandie douns els all shold be enold  
In waues, thus sand that els wheir eats for food  
The fatest soill, heir serus for bulwarks bold  
Of cuntrie-men and wageitt soldeors thence  
Come fiftine thousand to the *English* Prince.

Holland.

When these greate regiments all were past and gone  
Doun from his throne, the monarch did discend  
Inuironed roud with Lords and knights anone  
Vnto a royall tent his course he bend  
That stood in midit of all the camp allone  
Without the walls and did him their attend  
And their him self first by him self was plac'd  
Then all his Princes at a royall feast.

All that was past the *Douglas* weill espyis  
Now throu the camp from tent to tent he goes  
Hearing straunge tongs but straunger harmonyis  
Of drums and Trumpets which to heaune arose  
He hears their brags their braues and their defyis  
The *Scotts* were now their slaws and not their foes  
And oft he hears him self condemn'd to die  
A crwell death in shamefull Infamie.

He smild and to the royall tent agane  
He turnd, assembleis greare greate neus affoord  
The feast was done and to the counsail then  
Set was the King with Princes duks and Lords  
He could haue wish'd to heir them but in vaine  
No cuning sight could mak him heare their words  
For round about the tent the gaurd did stand  
And none from thence Approcheth nearer hand

Y

Where

*The Famous Historie*

Wherefore for ought that he could find at all  
By conference with *English French* or *Dutch*  
He leis to trains nor slight they wold not fall  
So proud they were of strength their force was such  
This Kingdome lairge by lots too greate and small  
Was geuen, nor would of *Scotts* be left so much  
As one, that monarchs wraithe was so extramo  
From of the werie earth too raise their name  
The counsaile rais and furth the heraulds went  
Charging that spacious hoist in arms to be  
Raising to morrow with a full intent  
To march directlie to their enemye  
The *Douglas* heirs and would their haist preuent  
From thence that night departing secretlie  
Vntoo his Lord he haistelic with drew  
Longing too shou all that he learnd or knew  
Thus furth he ryds through silence of the night  
Fair *Cynthia* seimdto fauour his intent  
Wrapping her self and all her beautie bright  
In duskie clouds which oft in two she rent  
Where throu she pri'd to see iff he were right  
Oft wishing him vp in the firmament  
Beside the whirling *Pole* their steller fyid  
His bright aspect might gild her swartish side  
When golden haire *Apollo* first did light  
Earths better half then could he weill discry  
The *Scottish* camp which enterd once he might  
Perceau the soldeors giue a ioyfull cry  
Heir drums and trumpets their ror's furth on high  
His ioyfull welcum thundert throu the skie  
All to the royall tent did him conuoy  
Whom his good Lord receaud with woundrous ioy  
Vp was the King that night no rest he got  
Such sad confused thoghts his brains did fill  
Of greate effairs and many mightie plot  
Of *Douglas* he had dreamd and fearing still  
His Lords and Princes round about did nor  
His leue to him and ioy'd in his goodwill  
The knight kneld doune and kist his Princes hand  
Who read him vp and thus did him demand,

Where

Where haue you bein why haue you staid so long  
 What haue you veid hou faires fair *Englands* Prince  
 My royall Lord quod he at *Berwike* strong  
 I stayde til *Englands* armie came from thence  
 I veid and walkt their squadrons all among  
 I saue that monarchs great magnificence  
 Whoes *Royall* pomp and mightie pouer in warr  
 Surmonts all, *Europian* Princes farr.

The number greate of that so mightie host  
 Passeth thrie hunderth thousand as I think  
 They couer all the land from coast to coast  
 They spoyle the cuntreis dry the floods they drink  
 Thither all *Europe* gatherd is almott  
 And if proud vaunts be deads they scorne to shrink  
 But in a word such their confussion is  
 Yow be our aid they shall the *Garland* mis.

For of the greatest part of all their bands  
 Both horse and fute their discipline is small  
 They keip no ranks their captains stil with stands  
 They knou no drum nor trumpets found at all  
 Naiked vn armed their wapins few commands  
 Onlie the *Englisch* archers bold and tall  
 All valiant men so weill traind vp in warrs  
 Or pace should raigne from heuyn they'il tear the stars

And their istwentie thousand horsmen more  
 That alway on the King him self auait's  
 Earth can no brauer men then these restore  
 The rest of *Englisch* knoes no warlik feates  
 Nor were they euer vsd to warre before  
 But hope of Lordships rents and heigh estaits  
 Hath broght them furth for all this Kingdome great  
 Is geu'ne and *Scotts* by thoght destroyed quit.

And that your grace should not eschaip their hands  
 Two knights vnto that mightie King hath sworne  
 Dead or aliue to bring yow bound in bands  
 Tabid what Death he list impose in scorne  
 Of your new croune, which each of them demands  
 In meir disdaine their trophes to adorne

Greate *Glocester* is one as doth apeer,  
*Sir Henrie Boem* the vther hight I heir.



*The famous Historie*

They to your brother and my self applyis  
Greate torments too for our so bloodie mind  
This said furth from the Princes angrie eies  
Fleu sparks of wrath flams from his face furth shind  
Praise be to god quod he our enemies  
He blinded hath and that Kings hautie kind  
He hardnes still with *Pharaos*, so his shame  
And fall I wish may glorefie his name.

Now stronglie were the *Scotts* encamped their  
Where *Banoghes burne* mongst shaddie bankes doeth plain  
The *Torwood* neir within a valley fair  
And for the battell their they neids wold stay  
Whill as this worthie Generall did prepair  
To stoppe their foes least they should find away  
Them to encompass round, which threatning storme  
Their multitude might easilie performe.

Wherefore eune their where their great host should stand  
With ditches deep the plaine he overcl d  
Wherein sharp Staiks were pited at his command  
Then cuninglie againe al couered  
The enemye by this was hard at hand  
Whoes squadrons lairge ouer al the land was spred  
When their for-front was at the valeis end  
Their last Battailon did thrie leagues extend.

My 3 Author  
saies ane h3-  
deri h but al  
the cronick-  
les agre on  
sue h3deri

Wherefore the King his matcheles *Nepheu* sent  
With him siue hundreth *Marsall* men of warr  
Doun to a way that throu the valey went  
To sterling castell and would neids debarr  
That hold of aid yee he would still preuent  
His foes great flight or strength thus broght from farr  
But thus his for-sight did the sootherne know  
That would ou'r shoot him self in his oune bow.

*Cliffords* braue Lord a bold and warlik knight  
They sent before the hoist a mille and more  
With twice four hundreth horsmen swift and light  
That choos'd from all the armie marchd before  
Ane other way to *Sterling* go they right  
*Bruce* seis and sends *Randolph* this chek full sore.

Thy, Garlands, cheifest flour is lost this day  
If those haue past the way, wher thou doest stay,

They

They craftilie escheud wher he did ly  
Nor feard they him nor anie earthly foe  
But they another secret way wold try  
And by him were they past er he could kno  
Yet he his vnclies bitter tant doth wey  
Which stung full deip but he concealls his wo  
His silence shooes he bears a generous mind  
That of a Iust reprooff best fruct will find,

For with his band he follous hastelie  
And ouerraichit them like a storme of wind  
They scorne from fewer then them selfs to flie  
And for to giue them battell turns around  
One knight ambitious of some victorie  
That for his valour had bein much renound  
Before the rest him self did fare aduance  
And challengd *Randolph* for to brek a launce

Glaidlle the erlle accepts and furth he goes  
A strong stiff launce into his hand he bore  
Swiftlie their steids bore furth these noble foes  
Yet their desirs farr swifter came before  
As *Bo-eas* brok from erthin prison bloes  
Eune from the Toples heights and craggie shore  
Of *Coucausus*, the clifted rocks a sunder,  
Such furie bring they, Earth-rebounding vnder.

*Sir Willisme Haucourt* hight the *English* knight  
Whoes speir too weake to harme so strong a foe  
Beaks on his breast but his stif launce doth hight  
Beneth his curas sklenting vp ward so  
As from his head of heuines it got a light  
His helme then lights vpon the earth belo

My author  
calls him  
Haucourt  
but I tak it  
rather to be  
Hauort.

Furth at his crowne the spears point lookt and thence,  
Bears him to earth then breks with violence.

This deed prouocks the *Scotts* aduancing light,  
And doth inflame the *English* all with ire,  
A shout the *Scotts* encourage to the fight,  
Of *English* wrath still silence blous the fire,  
Braue *Randolph* cairs not fears not all their might  
Nor for his men wold stay nor once retire

But throug the rout he breaks with wondrous force  
And stronglie bears to earth both men and horse

### *The famous Historie*

Rudlie both Syds togidder rushith in  
And blow on blow they giue and wound on wound  
*Death Horror Blood* from rank to rank doth rinn  
Yet nather side wold shrink or lose their ground  
Whill *Scotts* thus strue to keip what they had winn  
And *Englsh* to repair their lose new found  
The valiant *Bruce* was sodainlie assaild  
With in his camp yet his awin worth preuaild,

And thus it was the wantgard of his foe  
Still marcht two leagues before that mightie host  
Straight towards him they cume or he could kno  
Who sheam'd within his trenchis to be forst  
But in the plaine him self did quiklie sho  
Drew foorth his bands in haist no tyme he lost  
Nor could his foes refrean from fight at all  
Still as they marcht for battell still they call.

Yet did the rest of this great armie stay  
Two leagues from thence encamped one a plaine  
The King comandit so, so they obay  
The day neir spent to fight war all in waine,  
The wantgard knew not of this new delay  
Nor with such strength dars leasie dout remaine  
One hors and foote they fiftie thousand wer  
Led by that mightie erlle of *Glocester*.

The *Scotts* broght furth by their braue worthie Prence  
His cheirful looks did conquests hope restore  
Encuraging each one to mak defence  
From band to band he rode the ranks before  
The *Englsh* knew him by his countenance  
A Mals or Brasen staf in hand he bore  
Whill thus he rode Sir *Henrie Beome* espi'd him  
And to performe his promeis past he tri'd him.

This was the one that should him tak or kill  
And furth before the host he doth aduance  
Toward the King he bent his course so ful  
He hops to mak him yeild beneath his lance  
But quiklie doth the King auoid this ill  
And with a more then manlie countenance  
Gauē with his Brasen-staf so hudge a blo  
As kild the knight and brak the mals in two,



In th' English that hath sene their campeon fall  
*Disdane* and *Wrath* with *Shame* and feir contends  
*Disdane* and *Wrath* for dread *Reuenge* doth recall  
 But *Shame* and *fear* bewrays their want of freends  
 That they were thus allone now knew they all  
 A sput to haist both *shame* and *fear* it lends  
 Thus in amazement long they stand in dout  
 If they should flie retein, or fight it out

Yet heighe disdain did *fear*'s faint strok rebate  
 Now they wold force the *Scots* to fight or flie  
 Eache to him self these words doth ruminat  
 Oure number farr exceedeth theirs we sie  
 But lo their leader strenghtrepins their at  
 Softlie retein and keip your ranks quod he  
 Oure last commissioun is expired of right  
 We had in charge to marche but not to fight,

Wher with the *Scots* so firelie doeth perfew  
 As they warvrgd a forced retreatt to take  
 And scattered in disorderd flight with drew  
 When wislie *Bruce*, his galland troups drew bake  
 Ill to preuent, deceate for to eschew  
 He thinkst, to tymlic fortune to awake

Haist wanteth witt, rashnes, shall loose his winning.  
 And maks greate lose attend a fair beginning,

Now wer the *Scots* retein and lest their wrathe  
 When all the Lords thus to their King doth say  
 What may this nation look for els but death  
 What may this Kingdome look for but decay  
 In yow consists oure being life and Breath  
 Yow gone we die yow lost we'r lost for ay  
 Yet yow your self and ws in yow expose  
 To *Danger* full and hazards all to lose.

To this was answerd ah my Lords quod he  
 I broke the bruestt itat that cure was made  
 I must confes : O wisdom worth to flie  
 On golden wings of fame for euer laid  
 This answer seimd no answer for to be  
 And yet therein both witt and patience stayed  
 He clois'd their mouthes ere half their speech was down  
 For what he did vnkild, he could not shune.

*The famous Historie.*

Yea he the daunger braulie did avoid  
And Iust praise merits not vniust reproof  
He deimd no lose, if he hade keipt his rod  
But all this tyme *Randolph* without releif  
Inuironed with his mightie foes abod  
Which to the worthie *Douglas* breid such greif  
That when the King refuifd him leaue to aid him  
To brack furth throu the camp in raige it made him,

But as he neirer to the Battell drew  
He saw the *Englishe* bands begin to reill  
O then quod he it wer noe freindschip trew  
To reau the glorie thou deserus so weill  
Then stood he with his band a fare to view  
The will of *Mars* and works of cutting steil  
*Mars* blid him oft that wapins first inuented  
But *Pitt* curfd and wishd him oft tormented,

At last he seis them whollie put to flight  
And bak vnto their camp they haist with speed  
The *Scots* for to perfew them seimd not light  
So werrie they so fant so much they bleid  
Many of them were wounded in the fight  
Tho none but one was kild and for that deid  
Thrie hundreth foes lay dead into the place  
Or eu'r their fellous wold the flight embrace.

Lo onlie heirtrew valor might be seine  
Blew *Theetts* boundles arms did nocht contein  
More worth in warr more strength more curage keim  
Then in thoes gallant *Englishe* did remaine  
No falt in them : no conquerours to haue bein  
One earth to striue with fortune is but vaine  
What *Mars* requeris, was theirs without Intrusione  
Only ou'r matcht in constant resolutione,

These loses throug the *Englishe* camp do flie  
Whill *Terror* fear and *Conscience* leads the way  
Confusioun follous after spedelie  
Of these when *Curage* hears he maks no stay  
Furth from the camp he stelleth secretlie  
And to the *Scots* he came er brack of day  
But *Pride* and hiegh *Disdaine* behind abaid  
That all the world could to destruction leid,

Yet heir and their in twoes and threis they go  
 Their leaders conscience large accusing thus  
 He wold an antient nation ouerthro  
 A frie crowne reauce, O this is dangerus  
 7one fights for them Gods thundring wrath we kno  
 What heart so bold but heaune maks timerus  
 If heir we fall as we must surlie fall  
 Heigh iustice dealls with vs with them and all,

Vthers that on *Disdaine* and *Pride* still fed  
 Thus say, tush *Scotts* what ar these *Scotts* to vs  
 Meire dunces grose by simple outlaus led  
 Wild sauage naked poore and barbarous  
 Their Lord a montaine climber basslie cled  
 More like a eloune then King victorius  
 A hundreth thousand doth adorne our hoast  
 In whoes sterne face he darrs not look allmost.

No sooner we shall in the feilds appeir  
 When they in *Caves* and *Dens* them selfs shall hide  
 Gaint flights of *Egills* darres poore *Crows* compair  
 Or sillie sheip the dreadfull *Lions* bide  
 Dare a poore band of cuntrie swans draw neir  
 Vnto a world of martiall soldeors tride  
 In bloodie fights, no no if we but fight them  
 Oure veray drums and trumpets shall affright them.

Thus brage the *Englsh* whill two courteous knights  
 Whois chaist ears stull abhord vane glorious boasts  
 Replied, these *Scotts* whome your elcir day benights  
 A handfull ay compaird with your greate hosts  
 Poore sauage simple whom your neame afrights  
 These many hundreth yeirs hath kept these costs  
 And throu the wordle haue wone a famous name  
 Their trophes darkning oft your gloreis beame.

And sure these *Crows* do merit double praise  
 That beat the Princelie *Egills* from their nest  
 These scheip aboue all beatts them selfs doth raise  
 That tear the *Lions* which disturb their rest  
 If a poore band of fermors nou adais  
 Of conqueits wrong, great Kings hath dispossess  
 Eune in dispiight of such great strenght so neir  
 They merit most whoes worth doth most appeir,



## *The Famous Historie*

As for the *Bruce* whome you so much disdain  
 And rather termis a ruffian then a roy  
 We heir that he but with a simple traine  
 Eune *Englands* mightie armeis doth destroy  
 And tho the *Scotts* them selfs be him againe  
 He conquers still a *Greek* in midst of *Troy*  
 Ah if he be so worthles as you mak him  
 Why trouble you all *Europe* thus to tak him.

In *Brabant* borne these knights were both that mak  
 Their parte so good whome yet they neuer knew  
 Such indignatioun heighe the *Englishtak*.  
 Both Sids leap furth to arms and wapins drew  
 But soone commanders wise their furie brak.  
 And both wer broght to that greate *Monarchs* view  
 Who when he hard what they had boldlie said  
 This haue punishment vpon them laid.

We chaarge you quiklie from oure camp quod he  
 And presentlie vnto the *Scotts* repare.  
 Their hinder what you can oure victorie  
 Both with your counsaile valour strenth and care  
 And who soeuer too morrou lets vs see  
 Their *Scottish* heads cut from their trunks I swear  
 Gainst euerie head a hundreth pounds to set.  
 And think the dead good seruice to oure state.

The *Scotts*  
 how boole  
 ded in hand  
 warpe whe  
 rein *Bruce*  
 Portrat and  
 the *Scotts*  
 Arms was  
 set.

Then wher the *Scotts* encamped were they go  
 A guard of horsmen did them their conuoy  
 When greate and worthie *Bruce* their cause did know  
 He did receaue them with exceiding Ioy  
 And when the battell endit was did sho  
 Suche bountie high as ritche without annoy  
 To *Antwerp* they returned and bulded their  
 In honor of the *Scotts* a *Mansion* fair.

Each Armie now for battel sterne prouids  
 Each on their Lord and maker loudlie call  
 Long time the *Scotts* in zealous pray'r abide  
 Before the Lord in humble wise they fall  
 That *Faith* that *Trueth* that *Right* and *Justice* gids  
 In which they pray him to protect them all  
 Whilt heavins gold spangled *Cannons* was spred  
 And silent *Morphews* broght them to their bed.

*Tha*

*The Argument.*

*Both Armes loyne in long and doubtfull fight  
And threttie thousand in the ditches die  
King Edwards deads encourage turie knight  
And Scotts for to prevent their victorie  
Is forced to loyne with them in Singilt fight  
When th' Argentine greate Bruce hath bid they flee  
Their King abrids and wold the flight restore  
But seis new aid and fless his foes before.*

*Caput. 17.*

**W**hen bright *Hiperion's* goldine carr arose  
Both armes soone were cled in glistring armes  
Whoes golden splendor gainst the Sune furth shoes  
Earthes lightning hote the *Aers* cold region warms  
First eche braue *Scot* to diuine seruice goes  
No trumpets blast was heard nor drumes allarmes  
The sacrament they take to heaume vppis  
Eche humbled hearts best pleasing sacrifice.

The *English* squadrons marchd vnto the plaines  
And all the land with arms doth ouerflo  
A iust half moone their battells forme contains  
Sharp to eche point brod to the mids they gro  
In battells fise their mightie Host remains  
Two on the right and on the left hand two  
Of their greate King that in his battel large  
A hunderth thousand horsmen led to charge:

Greate *Arrandell* nixt him on his right hand  
The chaarge ou, fiftie thousand Archers bore  
Those *English* wer all come from *English-land*  
No brauer warriors could the earth restore  
Nixt vnto him did valiant *Hairtfoord* stand  
On horse and fute that led as many more  
From *Scotland, England, France, and Ireland* broght  
With Shields, with Launces, Piks, & Swords, they foght

Nixt on the left hand valiaunt *Oxford* stood  
That fiftie thousand footmen broght to fight  
All the sexid seim approued Souldiors good  
With dairs sword Piks and vther Ingins wight  
And *Glocheſter* nixt him that christs for blood  
Had in his battell many warlick knight

Like to the vther wing his wing was pleac'd  
With arms and curage bothalik ar greac'd

*The famous Historie*

In the greate battell with the King abod  
*Henris* greate Erle and many Princes mo  
On his right hand that warlick campioun rode  
Whoes fame so much our all the world did go  
Of *Argentine* sir *Giles* that gaine abroad  
So many conquests our the pagane foe  
Greate *Pembroks* Erle on his left band did stay  
His faistie onlie in their valors lay.

Sir Giles of  
Argentine &  
Sir Odomer  
de vallange  
rode on ea-  
ther hand of  
the King.

And then greate *Bruce* came to the plane at last  
And this new moone thus for to perse essayis  
First brod behind his battells forme was cast  
Then stretched furth to a point *Pirameid* wayis  
Seuin thousand warriours in the vantgard past  
With the feirce knight in warr more bold then wif  
Whome *Scotlands Stewart* seconds in command  
His feirce and fire nature to withstand.

Manie braue knights vnto this battell drew  
Bold warlick. ferce and men of worthie fame  
And then the second battell did ensue  
*Morais* stout Erle them led whoes famous name  
Shall neuer die and many werthek crew  
With him: whoes hearts did fleit in valors streame  
Their number like the first and these did beare  
*Spears Pikes* and *Swords* and all *Ingins* of warr

Randolph.

the Valiant  
Douglas

the Erl of cr-  
ok

The conquering knight the third Batallione broght  
Seauin thousand also did this host containe  
*Scotlands* greate *Constabill* vnto him foght  
Braue *Hay* and these that did with him remaine  
The Boid and vther Lords still worthie thoght  
But last of all did marche vnto the plaine  
The greatest battell which the King commands  
Wher fourteen thousand armed warreors stands

Many of all the noble men ware their  
And all these hosts on fut did march to fight  
To eutie battell did the King repair  
Whoes quik cleir eies send furth a cheirfull light  
His visard vp he mildlie dorch declair  
The price of conquest punishment of flight  
And with a countenance which wold hate, made  
Euen cowardis hardie thus into them said



My freinds quod he behold this glorious day  
 Wheirin the heanins to croune oure loys hath sworne  
 Let none of yowtheir multitudess fray  
 Gainst God and querrells Iust force seems forlorne  
 In Scotland fiftie thousand yet doth stay  
 Meit for the warre whome we haue all forborne  
 And yow we chuid whoes hearts could neuer fail-yow  
 Nor could bafe fear of death, at all assaill yow.

The Bruce  
 his oratione.  
 Multitood  
 makes no vic-  
 torie.

The worst of yow his Gentreis will dechair  
 And of his reputatioun still will boist;  
 A Gentleman may with a Lord compair  
 But what is he if honor once be lost  
 And heir on honor waiteth ritches fair  
 These two that all the world so much do cost  
 Which if yow wish, do now but cair for fame  
 He neuer deis that winns a famous name.

The Scots  
 wer all cho-  
 sin Gentil-  
 men no com-  
 mons amōg  
 theme.

What is that armie which yow now behold  
 But eune a new raifd *Babel* of confusioun  
 The Soldeors mistak their captans bold  
 To colonels reull the captans mak intrusioun  
 Thus eue one by vther is controld  
 And larring foundeth forth a ghostlie visioun  
 All kind of bealts wold in one heard confound  
 Their reullers witt with their confused sound.

Besids they came oure nation to distroy  
 And from the earth to roote and rais oure name  
 Look not by flight your life for to enioy  
 But rather thousand torments most extreame  
 Your *Maids* and *Wyfs* to death they shall convoy  
 When in your sight they raueishd ar with shame  
 Yee all must die and they inioy as theirs  
 What yow haue buld or planted for your heys.

Then if yow wold preuent their crueltie  
 And endles praise and endles wealth obtaine  
 Let eue one of yow mak one to die  
 So one triumphand conquest shall we gaine  
 As for ten thousand which among yow be  
 We know such valor doth in them remaine  
 Eche shall kill two; and whoe of yow beis lost  
 We sweare his *Airs* their wards shall nothing cost.

*The famous Historie*

Yea what I seik yow may performe at will  
For what ar they? a *Chaos* heap confuside  
Naked or slightlie armed and wanting skill  
To till the ground and keip their flocks more vsd  
How can their King preuent their following ill  
When feare and Ignorance hath reull abuse  
In danger who wants skill hath curage lost  
One coward discomferts a mightie host.

King Edward  
his oration.

The *English* King (his armie in array)  
Thus by him self and by his *Trinshmen* spak  
If I were not so well assured too day  
Of victorie and of these *Dallards* wrak,  
An other forme of speache I wold essay,  
But *Bruce* that *Fox* now may not turne his bak,  
God doth him thus within this feild inclose  
That we may giue what death we list impose.

King Ro-  
bert head 2.  
brether  
taken preso-  
ners who  
were both -  
slaine.  
\* King Ro-  
bert and  
Edward his  
brother.

His brether by oure Princelie Syir wastaine  
And lustlie punishd were as they deserud  
\* And onlie but these two doth yet remaine  
By ws it rests they should alike be seru'd  
These *Scotts* which yet their small host doth containe  
Ar noght but Robbers poore and hunger sterud  
These ar not they that hath so oft before  
Fors'd oure bold *English* from the northern shore.

In this long warr all these ar spent and lost,  
Noght but the dregs remains run is the wine  
Dittroy them kull them scatter all their host,  
We sie them els to fearfull flight incline,  
This kingdome, fair and large from cost to cost  
Tak yow for eu're; Noght but the name is mine  
Dare one poore slaue gainst thousand Captans fight.  
No no oure shad shall put them all to flight.

Whill thus he spoke the *Scotts* on kneis down fall  
And prayd to Christ, whill as they did espy  
His *Croce* reard vp on hight before them all  
By him that reuld *Sanct Andrews* Priorie  
Sie quod the King how they for mercie call  
Wher at the *English* armie giue a cry  
But thus that Ancient Graue and warlik knight  
Did answer him Sir *Omphraue* that hight,

• Your

Your maiestie indeid hath spokin trow  
 They call for mercie to the Lord of grace  
 But at your grace they do no pardon sew  
 Nor will they flie this mightie host a space  
 The more their wounds the more their strength renew  
 To sie their blood their valor doth inces  
 But if your maiestie wold ouerthrow them  
 Vse this devise for surlie best I know them,

Before them let your armie seim to flie  
 And yow shall sie them brak their Battells strong  
 None with this Captane will commanded be  
 Thus quyte disordred shall they be er long  
 Tush quod the King, I scorne they flight should sie  
 When both our force and valor is too strong  
 Let these that feare them vse such craft or flie them  
 We mind if they darr fight at all, to sie them.

Thus marching on the *English* armie goes,  
 The *Scots* enflamd with furie hate and Ire  
 Wold giue the *Charge*, but their wise Lord that knoes  
 Their hault doth *Curb* and brydill their *Desire*,  
 Vntill the pits prepared for his foes  
 They could not shune: and then he bloes the fire  
 Of their feirce *Courage*, when his will was done:  
 And both the armeis rush togither sone.

It was a wondrous straunge and dreadfull sight,  
 To sie these squadrons meit vpon the plaine,  
 How curie soldior Captane Lord and knight,  
 Straue endles praise and glorie to obtaine,  
 The *Scots* schritt trumpets thunders furth the fight,  
 Their foes send furth heaune deafning sound againe,  
 Both armeis seimd two woods their leaus that cast  
 When *Winter* foorth his bitter breath doth blast,

Both sides approche their blooddie rage to glut  
 And terrible the coward seemes to be  
 Hote furie flammes within and burnes without  
 Blood heates their heart fire from their breasts do flie  
 Trew *Courage* and *Desire* had banishd *Doubt*  
 Their hand and foote stroue with their thoght and Eie  
 In gesture thus they were alreddie ioynd  
 By thought their triumphes all were quickly ioynd



*The famous Historie*

Earth shrinkes and aer was darkned with the dust  
Tumult ascendes whill thunder shackes the ground  
Both armes rude lie meet and brauelie iust  
Braue yet in show ull terror beautie dround  
Swords sheeldes and helmes glistred like heaune almost  
*Horror* it self seemd first with pleasure cround  
Blood had not garde their armes, caskes keep their head  
No members cutt, nor murthered heapes lay dead.

But as in *Autumns* first and fairest *Prime*  
The angrie wrath of heauins reuengefull King  
For hell bred sinns, furth of sterne *Boreas* clime  
Scharp shours of hail with bluitring winds doth bring  
So heir the shours of arrous lairger tyme  
Darkens heauins face whill throw the air they sing  
A heaune new framd of yron cloudes they view  
Whoes pearling beames the vitali blood furth drew  
Ther stormes poudr doune whoes haell wer yrone stinge  
And funde no earth but couerd horse and men  
And eche a wakening wound or death furth brings  
Heaune sends doune suddane harme noi know they whē  
Chance seemis trew fate hape killith hopes disignes.  
But aim the archer spends no shaft in vane  
The brauest kills triumphing our his foe  
But he is kild of whome he doeth not kno.

This was the  
Lord Mer-  
shall & heght  
Robert  
Keith.

*Scotts* worthie King that seis the harmefull wrong  
Done to his men by *English* archers kene  
Fieue hundreth horsmen sends freshe hardie strong  
Led by the euer famous *Keith* I wene  
Who goes about and at their baks ere long  
With stiff strong launces all in reast were sene  
Through all their ranks they brak with furious might  
And beats them to the earth with sad affright.

*Scotlands* greate *Mershall* heir suche *Valor* shew  
As maks his glorie leue in endles fame  
For more then seuintie tims he did renew  
Vnequall fight with *Danger* most extreame  
Greate *Arandell* in fight he did subdew  
And by his onlie valors lightning beame  
Foyld fiftie thousand warlik men of pride  
Whill sears fite hundreth did with him abide.

Thur

Thus while the fronts of both the armies fight  
The greate *Battalion* of the *English Host*  
Fourth ouer the couered ditch his maichith right,  
Where more then threentie thousand horse almost,  
With groning Earth doth shake, and turns to flight,  
But such dreid *Thunders* earths wid bowells tott

As tumbling in her brest, doth vaune a way  
To swallow them in darknes hid from day

Some break their necks legs arms their horse below  
Some smird some crushd to Death with others weight  
Some horse and men with shaupt strokes perisid throw  
The liueles truncks semis carued stone in sight  
This fearfull accident doth ouerflow

Their fellous hearts with *Horror Fear* and *Flight*  
They stand not maitch amazed they look at lairge  
Till their bold foes gaue them a furious charge.

Thronging throu ranks & ech where stroues their way  
With *Horror Terror* Slaughter blood and *Fear*

In harvest so reapers reap without delay  
A feild of *White* of *Oars* of *Rye* or *Bears*  
And raizeth all the pleane nor maks no stay  
Till want of *Corn* mak them their task forbear  
And *Ceres* locks cut down in heaps doth ly  
Such heaps the *Scotts* still kills and passeth by.

Their angrie King that led them this doth view  
And brauelie from his troups doth furth aduance  
And where his steid he turnd or sword he drew  
The kild fell down, hurt fled his countenance  
From his fair ties dread Maiestie furth flew  
Manie fell down struk with the lightning glance

But better he whom he had kild before  
For these with teith and feet his curto tore

And their were killed by his Princelie hand  
Seuin valiant knights whoes names hath time forgot  
From rank to rank he marchd from band to band  
And whome he meits deat h sure must be his lot  
*Stratberns* old Erle their deid beneth his brand  
Whoes sone with sorrow prickd with furie hote  
Did ferlie him assaill but all in vaine  
Death made him soone forget his fathers paine

The Erle of  
Stratherne  
and his sone  
both kild by  
the King of  
England.

## The famous Historie.

These two  
war Sir  
geills of ar  
gentine and  
sir adamer  
de vallange.

Now I almost forgot the wondrous deids  
Of these bold champions set on ather hand  
Of this greate King who after him furth speids  
When first he left his battel garde and stand  
And still on death on blood and murder feids  
Marching from troupe to troupe from band to band  
Yea these thrie champions fearles bold and strong  
Cut furth thrie bloodie lains their foes among,

So doth thrie mightie *Cannons* shot at once  
A front an armie standing all in gro  
The heaune with lightning earth with thunder grons  
Eche firie bullet cuts the ranks in two  
Heir lyis the head and their the helmet shons  
A furlong thience the Bodie fells a foe (mark  
*Scheilds Arms and Legs* heir monts and their doth  
And mak wid windoes deip in curie rank.

And now the greate *Battalion* which they led  
Wher yer remand thrice twentie thousand horse  
By their example all encouraged  
Rushd foreward on their foes with wondrous forse  
And in a moment all the plaine was cleid  
With corps whereon they tred without remorse  
Proud fortun seimd to froune vpon the *Scot*  
And *victorie* to crowne the *Engl. soldier*.

Now seimd the *Scots* too waik against their foe  
Squadrons of barded horse still beats them down  
And these thrie championns that before them goe  
Thrie Wonder-wirkers conquering a croun  
Greate *Bruce* espyis this *Danger* wrak and woe  
With noble wrath Ielous of their reneune  
Wold with the strongest cop by fatall chance  
And to the *Argentine* doth furth aduance.

A gallant  
fight betwix  
the Bruce &  
the argen-  
tine.

O who had sene that fight so bold and strong  
Their was the *Schooll* that taught the arte of warr  
These Masters were and had the *Laureat Long*  
Nor *Mars* nor *Pallas* could the fight forbear  
Wondring on earth the mortalls all among  
To find such two as eune them selfs wold fear  
And think if these two onlie took in hand  
To conquer earth none could their force gainstand.

These



These matchles Lords these warriors bold did weild  
 Two heaue masts rather then lances strong  
 Two horse of *Spaine* furth bear them trough the feild  
 With force alike they met amid the throng  
 O sacred *Muse* some golden phraises zeild  
 T'enrich my verse and guild my lais along  
 Make of these lines a heaue reard throne renound  
 Where lett this famous fight for aie be croud,

The furious stroke made all the earth to quak  
 And Woods and montains echod bak the sound  
 Yet could it not these valiant champions shak  
 Nor beare them from their seat nor force a wound  
 In fleinders flie their spears their horses brak  
 Their necks, and both the riders lay on ground  
 Yet vp they they flie with swords they soone addres  
 By death warrs dreadfull sound for to suppress.

Both swordes weill couch'd eche at his ward doth ly  
 Their eies their handes their feit they wiselic guide  
 Then ceasles stroakes thrustes foines and blowes they try  
 They wardetrauerse reteir marchd leape a side  
 Both giues and both receaues both falsifie  
 Both shunes and both lyife garding wardes prouide  
 Both oppin stand for death like despirat louers  
 Which craft in th<sup>e</sup> one the others art discouers.

The Prince on fute was readie swift and light  
 And could with stand the *Argentins* bold sute  
 Who was on hots more skilfull in the fight  
 But he more stong more quik to execute  
 Sir *Gilles* hade more art and cunning flight  
 The King more painfull keim and resolute  
 More fearce he was; his toe more could and flie  
 And yet in arte both seemd a like to bee.

The Prince vpon the *Argentine* would enter  
 Shuning his down-right blow his strength to teame  
 Then at his heart the *Argentine* doth ventre  
 Which whill the Prince strikes by he doth reclame  
 And paintes his brest too cuning was the painter  
 For show of blood floues furth a bloodie streame  
 Which so inflammed the King with curage fire  
 Arte now reteird shaine brings reuenge and yre.

*The famous Historye*

This knew the knight but would not seeme to know  
Whill as greate *Bruce* his brest to daunger laid  
Whereat the *Argentine* soone reacht a blow  
But left his syid quite naeked to inuade  
The worthe King first shunes his furious throw  
And then a wound both lar ge and deip he made  
This his reuenge the prouerb old belied.  
Heir cunning Arte and furious *Rage* agreid.

Whill thus they striue and double wound on wound  
Bolt *Edward* matcht with *Pembrocks* Erle in fight  
Of whome fames sweet shrill trumpet shall resound  
From *Jude* to *Okades* their praise their might  
Deseruing weill with Glorie to be croud  
And in all age to shipe with glorious light  
Their woundrous strength their *Curage* ech did sho  
But nather side aduantage yet doth kno.

Now *Englands* King not one darres match at all  
Whome blood and death attends throu all the feild  
But woorthie *Hay* his curage did appaill

Hay Erle of  
Bull co. 104 -  
bill of scot -  
land.

No daunger maks him shrink or fear or yeild  
*Aleides* club with more strength did not fall  
Vpon that mightie *Tirrant Broufers* sheild  
Then on the helmet of this dreadfull King  
The Erle his feirce and furious bloes doth bring

Eune their wheir goold and perll and prarious stone  
Vpon the Prince his curious helm was wroght  
He lightis and cleft the cask which brightlie shone  
And to his horses crest his head doune brought  
For paine th'iraged King sendes furr h a grone  
Trembling for lie whill dreid reuenge he soght  
And on his helme he gius a blo so rood  
That from his noise and mouth lisht crimsons blood.

But to repay him when the warr-lik knight  
Hade list his sword gone was the Prince in rage  
Still where his furie ledd him through the fight  
No generall ought a combat for to waige  
But all this while in equall ballence right  
Both armeis stand conquest departes the staige  
But in the left winge with the *Douglas* bold  
Great *Glocester* a bloodie fight did hold.

This

This was the man that swear to Englands King  
To bring the *Bruce* captiue in chaines and cordes  
The *Douglas* fand him aiming at the thing  
A band of knights with him thairto accords  
But furth to combat *Douglas* did him bring  
In spight of all these Sold'ors knights and Lords  
A squadron strong at his command had foght  
With them and both almost were brought to noght:

These champions strong thus fought a Battell bold  
*Troy* neuer vied the like in all her wrack  
Their *Skull* their *Strength* their valor to vnfold  
My slender *Mase* darre noght in hand to tak  
But sure I know the worthie *Douglas* wold  
Noght leaue the fight till his proud foe he mak  
To yeild his nek beneath his conquering bled  
And for his fault his guiltie blood he shed.

This done he marcheth throw the host at last  
Working new wonders still wher euer he goes  
Close ranks he breaks and oppins as he past  
Before his face still fleis his featfull foes  
He seis braue *Randolph* halting conquest fast  
And craftie *Omphrauell* beat by his bloes  
*Steward* the great with *Hariesurd* striuing standes  
Whoe first should gett a kisse of conquests handes.

Long foght the knights but neither side wold yeild  
Equall their hope and equall was their feare  
Spears helms & swords were stroud through all the feild  
Heads arms and legs by headles bodeis were  
Some dicing look to heauin leans on their shield  
In deaths pane some blood from their wounds furth rear  
These ranks to marche reiteir or charge that minds  
Trods on the bodeis of their slauchtered freinds.

Their horses kild lay with their masters dead  
And he to death that did his foe persew  
Now in his bosome laid his heauie head  
The conqueror by him he overthrew  
Is prest to deareh and findeth no remeid  
O're all confusione tumult and terror flow  
Their nather silence was nor noyse perfire  
But sounds of *Death* paine pittie rage dispiht:



### *The famous Historie*

The *Glorious* arms that lait did glistring show  
Now blood and dust and myit had dinid their beams  
*Fear Horror Terror* on swch hight doth grow  
That sullen pryde sunck doune no honor clames  
Her glorie stround vpon the earth below  
O're all her beautie blood floues furth in streames  
Now *Greif* and *Sorrow* beats *Delight* fra thence  
And all doth look with wofull countenance.

Earths rarest King that all this while had fought  
With his fierce foe and geuin him many a wound  
Yet doubts who thence with conquest will be broght  
Such valor greate was in that knight renound  
At last to kill or die him self he thoght  
And with a strength far more then erst he found  
He thrustis againe and from his side furth tore  
A deadlie stream, a flood of blood and Gore.

Ah matchles Prince when thou hes knoune the man  
Whoes days by the mult now be broght to end  
Thou shalt be like to burst for sorrow then  
No confort shall thy conquest to the leud  
He was thy friend thy deir companioun when  
In th' *Englishe* court thy youth thou hapt to spend  
No *Fauor* he at all to the did sho  
But *Virtuous* minds lous *Virtue* in their foe.

The *Argentine* that seis this bloodie fight  
Bath'd in his louk-warne blood him self doth stay  
He in his fainting haire prolongs his might  
Feble his force for to renew the fray  
*Furie* *Disdaine* and *Raige* mantaind the fight  
For strength was gone and *Curage* was away  
Lyfe leaues his toure and in the breache remains,  
That death shou'd gaine so braue a hold disdaines.

Vnitting his spent pours a blow he lendes  
The Prince, that woundes his head and cuttes his cask  
With whoes last force and weyght doune he discendes  
Death winnes the breache, begins his endles task  
Furth from his hipps lifes aged Syre he sendes  
Then on his face he spreds his doolfull mask  
To heaune his soule flets throw the cloudie Air  
Whoes greate name som tyme all the *East* did fear.

In thrie set Battells thrice he did with stand  
 The *Saracins* and still with conquest croud  
 And twice beneath his all victorious hand  
 With chains of death their cheifest Lords he bund  
 But now when endles sleip did him command  
 No longer durst proud *Fortun* their be fund  
 Wheir *English* fight but shie and victorie  
 Rankt with the *Scotts*, vpon their enemies flie,

The *English* Irekt and wiered then disfrank  
 All flie yea eu' the boldest yeikd to flight  
 Their *Cullors* throune away with thankles thank  
*Threats Cryes* and *Plaints* redoubles their *Affright*  
 Their King still threats but still away they shrink  
 For yet with him vnbrokin byds the fight  
 Whole tuentic thousand horse with whom he wold  
 Their Fight, or *Die* or *Longer* vncontroll.

But as the seas when tempests past and gone  
 That rold her tombling waus vnto the shoars  
 Of lait past storms retanes some shoues anone  
 And heir and their sume swelling Billow roars  
 So thogh't faint feare triumph'd o're these allone  
 Some sponks of their spent *Valor* hope restors  
 Wheiron sustaind their task they new beginn  
 But wound on wound and death on death doth rinne

The *Carriers* of the *Scottish* camp arose  
 And see their Masters still mantane the fray  
 Both *Laks* *Carters* *Wemen* *Slaves* and those  
 That carage kept, came in their best array  
 And disperatlie wold assaill their foes  
 So al should winn or al should lose the day  
 Long napkins white vnto their staues they bind  
 These seru'd for *Ensigns* wauing in the wind,

Whill thus the *English* fighting loth to flie  
 Eune suddandlie appears into their sight  
 An armie freshe that seim'd in arms to be  
 With th'eir their siluer *Ensigns* wauing bright  
 They haste their pace and with a shout they sie  
 That these curagiouslie intend to fight  
 Disconfeir quite they now resist no more  
 But fies that wold haue fled long time before.

The Scotts persew them in a dispirat sort  
Some through the plains some to the montans flie  
Wher eu'r their headles fear doth them transport  
A whill wind seims to beare them haistelic  
Thousands the tumbling forth of lyte cuts short  
And thousands mo in flight their foes our hy  
Base deaths they seek but fleis the death which lend  
In *Glorious* fight a fare more *Glorious* end.

FINIS.





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